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The Forum

JANUARY, 1909

AMERICAN POLITICS

CONGRESS AND THE EXECUTIVE

BY HENRY LITCHFIELD WEST

**Anomalies in
Our Political
System**

THERE has been no lack of interest in politics since the din of the election died away. The convening of Congress, the preliminary steps taken by the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives in the matter of tariff revision, the resentment expressed in the House because the President uttered some views in his annual message which did not please the members of the lower branch of Congress, the resurrection of the Brownsville affair in a message from the President followed by a spirited debate in the Senate—these are but a few of the incidents which have afforded topics for discussion in the national capital.

The session last year was as calm and peaceful as a summer sea. The election was pending and inaction was the adopted programme. Now the elections are over and there is greater freedom on all sides. The members who have been defeated are under no obligation to remain quiet, while those who have been returned have not the fear of an immediate campaign before their eyes. This situation attracts attention to an anomaly in our political system. Some of these days, if the American people ever amend their Constitution, it will be worth while to give careful consideration to a proposition which will avoid participation by a defeated member in further Congressional deliberation. Under the present system an election is held in November and the Representative who has been repudiated by his constituents returns to Washington to wield a free lance. Sometimes defeated members do not take the trouble to return to the capital, and even if they do occupy their seats they are naturally under the disad-

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vantage of having been discredited at home. If there is no extra session—and these sessions are held very infrequently—the new member does not appear in Washington until thirteen months after he has been chosen. By that time the issues which were paramount in the campaign may have entirely disappeared, and, at any rate, it seems absurd for the newly elected Representative to remain away from his post of duty for more than a year. The English system seems more sensible. In Great Britain, as every one is aware, a Parliament is dissolved when the ministry is overthrown. The question at issue is at once submitted to the people, and when the result of the election has been made known, defeated members retire to private life and their successors enter immediately upon the discharge of their duties with the vital issue uppermost in their minds. If it were not for the extra session which Mr. Taft has decided to convene early next March, the members of the House elected in November, 1908, would not take the oath of office until December, 1909. It is a long interregnum, and some plan ought to be devised whereby it can be avoided.

There is another anomaly in our political system which ought to be corrected. No provision exists for filling the office of President between the time that formal declaration is made of the result of the count of the electoral votes and the fourth of March, should the newly elected President die or become disabled in the meantime. The Constitution does not, contrary to the general belief, provide that the President of the United States shall serve until his successor is elected and qualifies. The President's term of office is specifically limited to four years. He goes out of office at noon on the fourth of March. Up to the present time, there has never been occasion to discuss the question of his successor. If, through some ill fortune, the problem should be presented, it is difficult to tell how it would be solved.

Many years ago the late Senator Hoar, who was a great lawyer as well as an able statesman, emphasized the existence of this grave omission in our form of government and attempted to rectify it by suggesting a Constitutional amendment, which he proposed should be submitted to the several States for ratification, as follows:

Article XVI. In all cases not provided for by Article II, clause 5, of the Constitution, where there is no person entitled to discharge the duties of the office of the President, the same shall devolve upon the Vice-President. The Congress may, by law, provide for the case where there is no person entitled to hold the office of President or Vice-President, declaring what officer shall then act as President, and such officer shall act accordingly until the disability shall be removed or a President shall be elected.

This amendment was passed by the Senate, but failed of enactment

in the House. Consequently, if the calamity of Mr. Taft's death should befall the country, there is no Constitutional solution of the question as to Mr. Roosevelt's successor. It is barely possible, in such a contingency, that the electors in each State, although they had once convened and registered their votes for President and Vice-President, might again assemble, and, in a second ballot, vote for the Vice-President to fill the office of President, transmitting this record to the seat of government of the United States, directed to the President of the Senate. There is no Constitutional provision, however, for this second convention, and the proceeding would be, at best, a makeshift. It would be much better for Congress to realize that no provision has yet been made for a contingency such as has been suggested and remedy the defect as promptly as possible. It is not a political question, in the partisan sense of the word, but it deals most vitally with the uninterrupted continuance and stability of executive authority. It seems strange that no action has yet been taken, and so averse are the American people to altering or amending the Constitution that it will probably necessitate the occurrence of some catastrophe to awaken them to a realization of the situation.

The annual message of the President—a document, by the way, of more than usual interest and ability—contained one paragraph which aroused the resentment of Congress. After an investigation by the Committee on Appropriations, in which it was shown that the duties of officers of the United States Secret Service had been considerably diverted from the original intent of the law, Congress, at its last session, provided in the bill making appropriations for sundry civil expenses, that these secret service men should confine their work to the detection of counterfeiters. In commenting upon this legislation the President employed language which was not only critical but emphatic. Without quoting the entire paragraph, its tenor may be gathered from these three sentences:

**Will History
Repeat
Itself?**

It is not too much to say that this amendment has been of benefit only, and could be of benefit only, to the criminal classes.

The chief argument in favor of the provision was that the Congressmen did not themselves wish to be investigated by secret-service men.

But, if this is not considered desirable [the repeal of the law] a special exception could be made in the law prohibiting the use of the secret-service force in investigating Members of Congress. It would be far better to do this than to do what actually was done and strive to prevent or at least to hamper effective action against criminals by the executive branch of the government.

This declaration aroused considerable indignation in Congress, especially in the House, and a resolution was introduced and passed authorizing the Speaker to appoint a committee of five Members "to consider the statement contained in the message of the President and report to the House what action, if any, should be taken in reference thereto." This committee has requested the President to furnish to the House the basis of his statement and the Senate proposes an investigation of the secret service. The President is thus afforded opportunity to make further contribution upon the subject. The invitation of the House is undoubtedly most welcome to him, for he does not go into a struggle unprepared; and he must have foreseen that his utterance would not be accepted without rebuke. The episode is interesting because it recalls the famous incident of the vote of censure passed by the Senate of the United States in 1834, when the national bank question was the great issue in American affairs. The resolution was introduced by Henry Clay and declared "that the President, in the late executive proceedings in relation to the public revenue, has assumed upon himself authority and power not conferred by the Constitution and the laws, but in derogation of both." This resolution of censure was passed by a vote of twenty-six to twenty. The question of expunging the resolution from the records of the Senate came to be a test of party fealty in succeeding elections, but it was not until January, 1837, three years after the passage of the resolution, that the Jackson party secured a reversal of the Senate's action. The record is still to be seen in the Senate files. Heavy black lines are drawn around the page of the journal which contains the objectionable resolution, and across the latter are written the words, "expunged by order of the Senate, this sixteenth day of January, 1837." It will be interesting to see whether the House will pass a resolution of censure, and still more interesting to observe whether, in the future, the resolution will be expunged. Jackson felt very keenly the action of the Senate and regarded the final expunging as a personal victory. Mr. Roosevelt, if the House takes formal action, will certainly endeavor to convince the country that he had ample ground for his utterance; and that he is able, in a public debate, to handle himself with vigorous strength has been more than once demonstrated in the past.

If promises are not made to be broken, the next Congress will give the country genuine tariff revision. Mr. Taft has served notice upon the leaders in the House that he will be satisfied with nothing less than an honest reform in the schedules, and Speaker Cannon and Chairman Payne, of the Ways and Means Committee, have both indicated their desire to accomplish this result.

In considering revision, Congress will, of course, be confronted by local interests; and these interests are not confined to any particular section nor to one political party. In Massachusetts there is a demand for free hides from the Argentine Republic and a tariff upon boots and shoes and leather goods; in Texas and Wyoming and Iowa and Nebraska, the cattle raiser insists upon a tariff on hides and free entry for boots and shoes and leather goods; the wool grower in the West wants a tariff on his product, while the manufacturer in the East would like his raw material, as he calls it, to enter free; Alabama and Pennsylvania are combined in the effort to protect ore and steel; the builder and the contractor would like to know why steel rails sell more cheaply in England than they do in this country; the furniture manufacturer in the Northwest wants free lumber from Canada, and the owner of the pine forest in the South seeks to increase the duty on the Canadian product; and the beet sugar manufacturer in Michigan and California prays for protection against the sugar cane of the rest of the world. The hearings which are now being conducted by the Ways and Means Committee indicate the extent of these antagonistic views; and it will take wise statesmanship to adjust all the differences so as to avoid injustice.

Then, too, the gauntlet of the Senate must be run. For many years the Senate has had the final and all-important part to play in the framing of a tariff bill. This was especially the case when the measure which had been prepared in the House, under the leadership of the late William L. Wilson, came into the hands of the late Senator Gorman and was returned to the House with little remaining of the original bill except the enacting clause. In order to account for the decisive part played by the Senate in the final adjustment of the schedules, it is necessary to refer to the conditions which exist in the two Houses of Congress. In the lower branch the bill, when it has been reported by the Committee on Ways and Means, will be taken up for discussion. A few days will be devoted to general debate, and then, at a certain day and hour to be fixed by the Committee on Rules, a vote will be taken upon the measure, even though there may remain many pages of details which have not been considered. The Republicans will vote for it, the Democrats against it; and it will then go to the Senate. In that body, where there is no previous question and where the right of debate is unlimited, there will be thorough discussion of each separate item in the bill. Every schedule will receive consideration, and no vote will be taken until the last word has been spoken, no matter if three months are consumed in apparently tedious discussion. With the power in the hand of any Senator thus to command

**Tariff
Revision**

attention for those matters which are of vital importance to his constituents, the adjustment of schedules becomes a matter of extreme diplomacy. Usually the Senate, having arrived at a conclusion concerning the character of the measure, insists that the House shall follow its suggestions—an insistence which more than once has been successful.

No matter what the House may do, therefore, it is not worth while to regard the new tariff as a law enacted until after the Senate has disposed of the measure. There are high protectionists in the Senate as there are in the House; but it is reasonable to believe that they will recognize the demand for a thorough revision and agree to a law which will present a marked diminution in the schedules, certainly as respects the industries which can no longer be regarded as in the infant class. The great mass of the people want a tariff bill that shall lower, if possible, the price paid by the consumer without entailing either loss to the man who has money invested in manufactures or a decrease of the wages paid to the workingman. It is the reduction of the inordinate profits that will be viewed by the public without regret; and there is no doubt that many industries which have been pampered beyond reason under the régime of a high tariff can now afford to share some of their monopolistic gains with the consumer. There does not exist in this country a general sentiment for the abolition of the protective principle, but if the abuse of this principle can be remedied in the new law a great feat in constructive legislation will have been accomplished.

Once again much is being said regarding the necessity for changing the rules of the House of Representatives. It is not a new story. Representative Hepburn, of Iowa, who this year has gone down to defeat, has been strenuously urging some reform in the matter of the rules for many years. The fact that he has been leading a hopeless fight does not seem to have abated the grim determination of Representative Gardner, of Massachusetts, to undertake the struggle again. Mr. Gardner is an aggressive member, full of fight and seeking with the ardor of youth to write for himself a name upon the wall of fame. The likelihood is that he will gain nothing more than a brief notoriety, even though he discusses the question with more than usual common sense. "If we members of the House," he says, "continue to adopt rules abandoning our power and shifting our responsibility upon the Speaker's shoulders we must not go back to our constituents and cry 'baby' because he exercises that power, while we cheerfully leave him to bear all responsibility."

This is the situation in a nutshell. It is entirely within the province

**The Rules
of the
House.**

of the members of the House to frame rules which shall deprive the Speaker of the tremendous power he now possesses. The trouble in the past, however, has been that whenever these members were brought face to face with the responsibility for adopting a new method, they have meekly surrendered, and the Speaker has continued undisturbed in the exercise of his great authority. When the Republican caucus meets at the beginning of the next Congress some brave soul, like Mr. Gardner, will unquestionably propose a change; but when the vote shall have been taken it will be found that the opposition will have mustered little more than a corporal's guard. This does not mean, of course, that there is no necessity or reason for a change. It means that no one will be ready to offer a practical substitute for the present system, which will, therefore, be continued, while for the rest of the session disaffected Representatives will declaim against a condition which they refused to remedy.

The present House rules had their birth in the stirring days when the late Speaker Reed, finding the House Republican by the narrowest margin, undertook to obtain a working majority by ousting Democrats against whom the merest semblance of a contest could be made. During the exciting struggle which accompanied the eliminating process, it became necessary to govern the House with a rod of iron and the Reed rules, so called, offered the requisite machinery. They gave to the Speaker the most arbitrary and extended power. He appointed the committees, rewarding his friends and punishing his enemies, besides which he was enabled so to frame the personnel of each committee as to make it pigeon-hole or advance legislation in accord with his own views. He named the committee on rules, which decides what matters shall or shall not be considered by the House, and thus he was again supreme in the matter of legislation; and, last of all, he could recognize or ignore members upon the floor exactly as he was willing or not willing to allow the member to be heard. Under this autocratic system the House has been proceeding for some years. If it is unfair or arbitrary or unwise, there is no one to blame except the members themselves; and yet, notwithstanding all that has been said, it is very doubtful whether the insurgents can conduct a successful revolt against its readoption.

No one who knows Mr. Taft will credit for a moment the statements attributed to him to the effect that he proposed to make Congress obey his will even if he had to control the organization of the Congress and House. Unquestionably Mr. Taft has communicated to Mr. Taft Mr. Cannon his views upon the tariff, this being, however, merely advance information, inasmuch as the same views will be

expressed in a message to Congress at the opening of the extraordinary session. He has not undertaken to insist that Congress shall pass tariff legislation in accordance with his own views, with the threat that unless his wishes are complied with, he will exercise the right of veto, and, in the meantime, will see that a Speaker is elected who shall be subservient to his administration.

Mr. Taft is an able and experienced lawyer. He knows the Constitution, and no one is better aware than he that the province of the President is purely executive, while the legislature is a co-ordinate branch of the government. Above all, he is not likely to begin his administration with a fight between himself and Congress. He is too wise and tactful. He remembers how the administration of the late President Cleveland went to pieces in the storm that raged between Congress and the executive. Nothing could be more fatal to his peace and comfort, to say nothing of his hope of success, than to be engaged in a struggle with his own party at the Capitol. It goes without saying, therefore, that he will do nothing to invite this conflict. Congress will pursue the even tenor of its way, legislating according to the dictates of its best judgment, and Mr. Taft will afford encouragement and not throw obstacles in its way. He will emphasize his views whenever he believes they will be of value to his country and party; but the assertion that he will overthrow Mr. Cannon and then undertake to bend the House to his supreme will is as foreign to his character and purpose as can be imagined.

It seems now to be settled that Mr. Elihu Root will be the next Senator from the State of New York. The Empire State could not do a wiser or a better thing. Mr. Root is to-day one of the ablest men in the United States. He has made a great Secretary of State, developing in that position an instinct for diplomacy, in its broadest and best sense, such as has not been witnessed for generations. His latest achievement, the agreement with Japan, brings to a fitting climax an official career which has merited national appreciation. In the Senate Mr. Root will be a tower of strength to the Republican Party. He is a forceful and convincing speaker, and he is thoroughly acquainted with every phase of law, national and international. His ability, dignity, experience and great knowledge will combine to give him prominence; and while New York may honor him, none the less will he honor the State of New York.

Mr. Root
in the
Senate

Henry Litchfield West.

FINANCE

THE "AFTER-ELECTION BOOM"

BY ALEXANDER D. NOYES

THE three months which have just expired in the financial history of the American community comprise a most remarkable period, financially, industrially, and, it is not too much to add, psychologically. They embrace what seemed to be at one time a complete and absolute reversal of conditions prevailing in American industry and a return from dullness and stagnation to a pitch of trade activity such as had possibly not been witnessed since the boom of 1906. This led a very considerable number of people to the conclusion that the effects of the panic of 1907 were passed and gone for good in the industrial world. Furthermore, they were assumed to give the seal of fact to what had previously been recorded as a mere figment of the imagination—namely, the supposition that a result of the Presidential election of 1908, such as was favored by the financial community, would of itself instantaneously turn financial depression into actual "boom times."

Since much of the discussion of this period will, therefore, hinge upon the results of the election itself, a few introductory words will be in order regarding that event from the financial community's point of view. It will be recalled that in previous discussions of the year's financial events, attention has been attracted to the apparently confident assumption that Mr. Taft would be elected, and that none of the usually depressing influences of the Presidential contests *per se* need be apprehended. It will also be remembered that in the middle of September what was called an "election scare" spread suddenly throughout the financial community. It was never altogether clear whether the violent collapse which then occurred, during a period of two or three days, was due to an actual change in the community's expectations or to the mere fact that an over-done speculation, based on assumptions regarding trade which had turned out incorrect, was bound to crumble in any event and that the political argument had been trumped up as the most serviceable explanation of it. However that may be, the Bryan scare of September ended as suddenly as it began, and from that time on there was apparently no diminution in the financial community's belief that Mr. Taft would be elected. This was indicated by the extraordinary odds offered in the

betting on the curb. Two weeks before election, these odds were reported as three to one against Mr. Bryan. Immediately before election, they rose to the extravagant ratio of seven to one, which was exactly the same as was offered on Mr. Roosevelt on the eve of the election of 1904. More than this—and the fact has some bearing on what we shall have further to consider—there was a rather striking consensus of opinion in conservative circles, both at home and abroad, that whatever the result of the Presidential election might be, it could hardly affect materially the business situation. It was pointed out, in statements by American business men and in criticisms by foreign financial experts, that whatever his individual opinions, Mr. Bryan could have no power over legislation with a Senate that would certainly be hostile to him; and furthermore, that the currency, which was a vital factor in the Presidential contest of 1896, had no part whatever in the electoral discussions of 1908. As election day drew near, the market continued slowly to gain strength, and on the very eve of the vote of November 3d it was stated, in home and foreign financial circles, that the best financial judgment was for a vigorous rise in prices on the Stock Exchange immediately after election, to be followed by heavy realizing sales and a general reaction.

It is not necessary to go into particulars regarding the extraordinary popular vote and electoral majority which Mr. Taft received. From a financial point of view, that vote itself was highly interesting because of its reflection of financial and industrial conditions. From the time of the panic of October, 1907, it had been declared and reiterated that, whatever else could be said of election probabilities, the discontented vote, due to the enormous number of laborers out of work, was bound to make itself felt. The force of this argument was recognized all along by those who believed in the probability of Mr. Taft's success. They replied, however, that from the financial and the industrial, as well as the political point of view, there were three offsetting considerations. They admitted that no Presidential election in our history had ever followed a first-class financial panic without resulting in a transfer of the Presidency from the party in power to the opposition. They granted fully the force of the precedent, notably of the election of 1876, when the depression following the panic of 1873 turned the largest popular plurality ever gained by any party into an equally large plurality for its opponent; and the election of 1892, when Mr. Cleveland came in with a sweeping popular majority, replacing the Republican incumbent.

On each of these occasions the completed figures of the popular vote

show that not less than half a million voters had swung from the administration party to the opposition. But, granting all this, the following answers were made: First, the Republican Party had polled in 1904 no less a popular plurality than 2,500,000, whereas the popular plurality of the administration party, in the election before 1873, was 764,991, and in the election before 1893 only 369,066. In other words, the transfer of a half a million votes, which was fatal to the party's hold on power after the two preceding panics, would hardly be felt on the enormous Republican plurality of 1904. This turned out in the event to be strictly true; the revised figures appear to show a shifting of votes, due probably to that cause, as large in 1908 as in 1896 or 1876, but it left Mr. Taft with more than 1,000,000 plurality over Mr. Bryan. Second, there was the natural argument that even the laboring element had been led to associate Mr. Bryan's canvass with the hard times of 1896, and would therefore hesitate to prefer him now as a candidate. Third, and apparently most important of all, the discontented voter, who undoubtedly existed in the industrial East, could hardly be said to exist in the agricultural West. Throughout the farming States, it would hardly be correct to say that there has been any panic at all. The communities have been prosperous to a large degree and have continued to prosper throughout the period described as the after-panic reaction. Probably these three influences would explain the vote; it is only necessary to mention one rather remarkable fact, that it was in such industrial and manufacturing States as New York and Connecticut that Mr. Taft's popular majority actually increased over Mr. Roosevelt's of 1904, whereas several of the agricultural States show a substantial diminution of the majority four years ago. This would appear to indicate that the second of the above-named arguments was more important than the third—which, if true, would throw a singular light upon the general problem.

I have shown already what was the feeling of conservative classes in the financial and industrial community, regarding the probable effect of the election. All agreed that if Mr. Bryan were to be elected, there would be at least a temporary fall on the Stock Exchange, and at least a temporary reaction in business. How long such reaction could have continued under the circumstances, was a different question.

The Eve of Election

In the light of subsequent events, I think it perfectly safe to say that, notwithstanding the dislike with which the election of Bryan would certainly have been received in the financial and industrial communities, it would not have required many weeks for the real needs of the con-

suming classes, with merchants' supplies as low as they certainly were on the eve of election, to force quite as heavy a buying movement as actually occurred on the news of Mr. Taft's election.

Be that as it may. It is in any case a matter of conjecture, and does not concern the history of the past three months, except in so far as judgment on that point may have a bearing on the somewhat perverted view of trade conditions, which we shall now see has actually prevailed. In order to tell consecutively the whole story of the extraordinary reception given by the various markets to the news of the election, it will be as well to begin by describing the action of the Stock Exchange itself, which then, as always, moved in the same direction as did general trade, but with much greater rapidity.

The Stock Exchange was not slow in making arrangements for instantaneous discounting of the results of the election. The London Stock Exchange deals in American securities; it opens for trading at 11 A.M. London time; which, allowing for the difference between the two countries, is 6 A.M. New York time. Since Americans could thus be bought and sold on a regular stock exchange at that hour, it was obviously to the advantage of American speculators to be prepared to trade actively in London before the New York Stock Exchange should open, four hours later. The manner of placing such trading facilities at the disposal of their customers had been discovered by New York Stock Exchange houses as long ago as 1896. In that year three or four firms of brokers, who were the pioneers in this curious operation, engaged parlors at the Fifth Avenue Hotel for the whole of election night.

These parlors were only partially equipped with telegraph and cable connections, but the purpose of keeping them open was to give a headquarters for customers, who on receiving the actual news regarding the McKinley-Bryan contest, would be able to place buying or selling orders in their brokers' hands, those orders to be cabled as soon as possible to London and executed next morning on the London Stock Exchange. In 1900, when McKinley again ran against Bryan, the same plan of action was repeated, but on a very much larger scale. By that time many of the Wall Street commission houses were maintaining uptown offices. These they kept open throughout election night, having their own wires running into the offices, and such of their competitors as did not already have facilities of this sort very naturally engaged rooms in the same district for a similar purpose.

In both cases the result of the voting was what speculative Wall Street had wished, and brokers who had made this experiment were favored with large buying orders to be cabled to London. The result

in 1896 was an advance of two to four points in American securities abroad, before the New York market opened, and a corresponding rise of two to eight points in the first transactions on the New York Stock Exchange. Then came a halt, and next day an extremely heavy break on realizing sales. The election boom of 1896 was distinctly over. In 1900, the case was slightly different, because where industrial conditions in November, 1896, were by no means encouraging or promising, in 1900 they were the best that had probably ever been witnessed in this country. Nevertheless, even in 1900 the four-point rise in London before our opening, and the rise ranging from three to eleven points on the first transactions in New York, brought about a quick reaction on which Europe sold, so that the advance in prices was at least checked during a period of a week or more.

On neither of these occasions, however, nor in 1904, when there was much less excitement about the matter, was the "election night" trading practised on the scale of last November. In all, there were perhaps fifty Stock Exchange firms which kept open house for their customers during election night. The news of Mr. Taft's sweeping victory came in very early; the London end of this curious operation had so far adapted itself to the American plan that the brokers gathered on the curb at 7.30 A.M. London time, or three hours and a half before the formal Stock Exchange opening even in London. On this early curb trading were executed buying orders for New York account amounting to fully 200,000 shares—comparing, according to one estimate, with 75,000 shares thus bought on election night of 1904, 100,000 shares in 1900, and 175,000 in 1896.

By this use of the London curb market, American stocks had been bid up one to two and a half points before even the London Stock Exchange itself opened; the curious result being that

<p>The "Outside Public"</p>	<p>40,000 to 50,000 shares bought earlier on the curb were sold in London before business opened in New York. When the New York Stock Exchange opened business at 10 A.M., it had, therefore, a rather mixed initiative from London. Prices advanced, however, one to two points on the opening transactions; then, after taking breath, the market was suddenly flooded with a mass of outside buying orders from all parts of the country, which brought the volume of the day's business to the largest figures of the year. On Monday, for instance, the day before election, half a million shares changed hands on the New York Stock Exchange; on Wednesday, the day after election, 13,550,000 were sold.</p>
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This volume of business did not slacken; neither did the inpouring of buying orders from customers in New York and from clients who wired their orders from all parts of the country. Trading continued at a volume not far from 1,500,000 shares a day; on four days of the week after election, it exceeded that figure. On each of those occasions, it was the testimony of Wall Street commission houses that the outside public, for the first time since 1901, had absolutely taken the bit in its teeth and was running away with the market. Needless to say, the advance in prices under such circumstances was exceptionally violent. During the four days after election, advances of three to ten points were too numerous to require particular attention; in the next week, further advances of two to twelve points were equally numerous, and the movement continued, though at a slackened pace, during the three weeks after election.

So much, then, for the attitude of the outside public. Its motive in this violent and quite unexpected outburst of buying has been a matter of discussion ever since. It proved beyond question, to begin with, two facts—first, that the public at large was not in a poverty-stricken condition, but had money to spend or to waste. Second, it proved that the temper of the community was not only optimistic, but disposed to speculate on such optimism. On these two points there can be no possible dispute.

But so very extraordinary a movement as actually did occur cannot be wholly explained in that way. It is one thing to prove that the public was able to create such a demonstration; it is another thing to show why that particular time should have been chosen to do it. For example, the boom in stocks during July evoked no such support by the public. There are several possible answers to this curious question. That which will naturally occur to mind is the theory that, since the election of a candidate favored by the financial community in 1904 and 1900 had actually been followed by a great trade boom—in the case of 1900 by the quite unparalleled boom of 1901—the speculative public, and, perhaps, the investing public too, drew the deduction that the same thing would happen under what they regarded as similar circumstances now. Further than this, it must be observed that Mr. Taft's party, and Mr. Taft himself, had made the sure return of great prosperity in case of his election one of their principal arguments before the people. Mr. Taft himself had gone so far—not very creditably, it appears to me—as to predict not only such prosperity in the event of his own election, but adversity if his opponent were successful, and to intimate, in no very obscure or indirect way, that not only was the panic of 1893 caused by the Demo-

cratic experiments with the tariff in 1894, but that the fifty-cent price for wheat, which made farming unprofitable in 1896, was somehow a result of Democratic administration. Nobody need have very strong political leanings in either direction to treat these stump arguments with the contempt which they deserve; nevertheless, it must not be overlooked that a very great many people may have accepted such assurances at their face value, and may have acted accordingly in the market.

I have said that this sudden outburst by the speculative public was wholly unexpected by Wall Street itself, and by the conservative banking community as a whole. There is reason to believe that the large financiers who operate habitually in securities in this country had accumulated a considerable amount of stocks, which they expected to sell to the outside public during the boom of the first day or two after election, and to buy back again in the reaction which they believed would follow. This reaction did not come. Europe was a heavy seller of securities, tempted by the extravagant rise in prices a fortnight after election, and it was these sales which brought about the movement of foreign exchange against this country. The so-called "professional contingent" on the Stock Exchange was also a heavy seller, and apparently without producing any effect upon the market. Finally, the large inside operators themselves apparently sold stocks according to their plans, and those, too, were absorbed by the excited public in its after-election demand. To such a pass did this movement of outsiders come that it called forth the following statement by a very eminent financier, believed to have been Mr. E. H. Harriman, which was circulated among his colleagues in high finance about the middle of November:

"Business is good and it will be better, but the state of the Stock Exchange is unfortunate. The movement has gone beyond safe bounds. The pace has been too fast. Professional speculators, together with the outside crowd, have made the situation on 'change dangerous. A halt should be called.

"A slump is imminent, and if it occurs, financial leaders will be blamed. This would be unfair and unjust, for the leaders have deprecated the manipulation and the growing craze for some time. It is not so much a question of intrinsic worth as of wild and furious speculation on the part of people not easily controlled."

We have seen that this excitement of the outside public was based largely on a definite expectation of a great "trade boom." Now, the curious part of the history of last November is that the trade boom also seemed to have arrived according to expectation. That there would be

some considerable quickening of industrial activity after November 3d was expected by all merchants and manufacturers. The very obvious reason for it was, that a good many orders had been held back from the manufacturers, through doubt as to how the election would turn out and as to how the mercantile and consuming public would be affected in case Mr. Bryan were elected. It has been sometimes asked why there were no such held-over orders at the time of the 1904 election. The answer is, that in 1904 the actual demand from middlemen and consumers for immediate consumption was so heavy that no merchant could afford to let his stock on hand run low. Had he done so, he would have run the risk of being left without supplies a few weeks later, when his competitors might be able to fill demands and get his trade away from him.

The case at the end of October, 1908, was altogether different. Demand from real consumers was extremely slack; it was safe to have small stocks on merchants' shelves and in their yards; and, more than this, when hardly one-half of the country's producing capacity was busy, there was a minimum of risk in waiting to have orders filled a week or two later on. This explains sufficiently the holding up of orders; and the fact that a considerable volume of business was thus postponed from October gave assurance, in any case, that trade activity would be greatly stimulated after election. For obviously, it would be the desire of the buyers to get their materials in hand with reasonable promptness after the election had been settled. Therefore there need not in any case have been surprise at the substantial increase of activity in all the country's industries after November 3d.

It remains to consider exactly what happened in general trade to give ground for the extraordinary outburst of enthusiasm on the Stock Exchange which we have already seen. The deferred orders, which had been held back pending the uncertainty over the election, came into the market, as was expected, and in greater volume than had been supposed. During the two weeks following the election there was unquestionably a very substantial increase in general business. Middlemen who had allowed their stocks on hand to fall to very low figures lost no time in transferring their orders to the manufacturers, and the placing of so large a number of orders gave an aspect of unusual activity to almost all trades.

This, it may be observed, was in substance no different from what happened in February and again in July. The volume of business was, however, much greater than on those occasions; first, because the revival

occurred at a time of year when business is normally more active than at any other season; second, because the wheat crop, owing to the lowness of supplies in storehouses and the high price commanded on the market, was brought from farm to market and sold at an exceptionally early date. This last consideration is by no means unimportant. It was estimated, in the middle of November, that as much wheat from the harvest of 1908 had been delivered and sold by the farmers as is usually disposed of up to December 31st. The natural result of such an early marketing would be to put the agricultural community in ample funds and to give encouragement for merchants throughout that section of the country.

It may thus be seen that the sudden increase of business after November 3d was in itself neither abnormal nor surprising. But a little of the excitement which had seized upon the Stock Exchange took possession of the merchants and manufacturers also. The manufacturers in particular, seeing this active demand, began at once in many directions to mark up prices for their commodities. The first effect of this policy was to increase buying orders from the middlemen, who naturally feared that a still further advance might presently be made. But within two weeks they discovered another side of the question. In the first place, the consecutive marking up of prices began to bring goods to a level where the business judgment of the merchants made the operation somewhat doubtful; and at the same time, their own effort to dispose in advance of the goods for which they were contracting did not meet with quite the reception which they had looked for. Even in the agricultural districts, they found the retail buyers to be cautious and not over-enthusiastic; in fact, it has been a curious phenomenon of the season that what may be called the trade enthusiasm over the election has been experienced much less vigorously in the prosperous agricultural districts than in the centre of depression in the East.

That was what actually happened in the channels of trade. The story which the newspapers of the general public got was something very different. Day after day the leading newspapers of the country wrote up what they called "prosperity articles," describing the utterly abnormal volume of business which had suddenly swept over the entire country, and intimating in no uncertain way that the United States had suddenly—overnight, as it were—returned to the sweeping volume of trade and production of such years as 1905 and 1906. These accounts of the industrial boom had a very considerable effect in stimulating the excited feelings of Wall Street. They may have had some, even in stirring up

**What
Actually
Happened**

excitement in mercantile circles. The stories published, while this process was going on, were of a most extravagant order. One would hear that all the mills in a given industry were so choked with new orders that they could not fill them before March; if the account were to be believed, industry had taken a turn which, during the rest of the winter, would severely tax the available facilities of all our manufacturers.

It hardly need be said that these accounts were for the most part written by ill-informed newspaper reporters and correspondents, who were making the most of their story. When one turned to the important trade organs, he found no repetition of such extravagances. The *Iron Age*, habitually one of the most cautious and conservative trade authorities, described the outburst of enthusiasm as a "general hurrah of exaggeration and misstatement." Other trade publications took a similar tone—many of them, especially in the textile trade, urging the manufacturers to be careful about putting up their prices, at a time when real demand from consumers had not yet recovered from the prostration of panic. It stated that if they were to do this, they would run the risk of spoiling their own market, as actually happened, under not at all dissimilar circumstances, in 1895, when a premature belief that all the effects of panic had passed by led to a high speculation throughout the domain of American industry, with such advances in prices as drove off consumers, heavily increased the import of foreign goods, occasioned a very large import of gold, and eventually left the merchants at the end of the season with enormous amounts of unsold goods on their hands.

With all these warnings, and despite the much more cautious policy which manufacturers and merchants began to put into practice, the idea of a complete revolution in trade conditions continued to prevail. One reason for this was that no trustworthy statistics came to hand during several weeks to show exactly what the change had really been. It was not until the first week of December that the basic truth in the matter came into public view, in the shape of the figures of iron production in the United States during November.

Testimony
of
Figures

Those figures were naturally to be relied upon for providing sure testimony to what had actually happened in the way of trade revival—not alone because iron is the industry which reflects any general movement of the sort, but also because the newspaper stories of November had chiefly converged on the steel and iron trade. The statement for November showed that the country's iron production in that month had increased only 4 per cent. over October; that on December 1st, the producing ca-

capacity of the iron foundries was only 5 per cent. greater than on November 1st; that the daily rate of iron production in November was 13 per cent. less than even in the panic month of November, 1907, and 28 per cent. less than in November, 1906. What made this showing still more remarkable was the fact that the actual increase in November output, as compared with October, was 10,700 tons; whereas the similar increase in October over the preceding month had been 47,500; in September, 59,000; in August, 141,000; and in July, 126,000.

Following this statement came a carefully collated estimate, that the United States Steel Corporation, at the beginning of December, had only 58½ to 60 per cent. of its capacity. Other evidences, by no means confirming the enthusiastic views of November, came promptly to hand. For one thing, it was of course to be assumed, if industry had started up at the rate described, that employment of labor would increase along with it. But nothing of the kind happened. Since the beginning of the year, one of the most extraordinary indications of the existing state of things had been the fact that emigration of laborers from America had become greater than immigration. A few weeks after election, notwithstanding a rather large increase in the number of immigrants brought in, it was still possible to say that more laborers were leaving the United States at the Atlantic ports than were coming in; the excess for a single week at the close of November being 1,200. It should also be manifest that, if so great a trade revival were under way, railroad traffic would expand with it. Now, railroad traffic is to be measured, not alone by railway earnings, but by the number of cars in use. In the middle of November, 1907, the American Railway Association reported that the companies had 44,800 less cars than they needed for immediate traffic orders at the depth of the resultant period of trade reaction; it was reported, in the middle of April, that there was an idle surplus of 413,000 cars. This large number of side-tracked cars decreased gradually after that time, and the reduction became rapid when the wheat crop began its early movement. At the end of October, immediately before Election Day, the number of idle cars reported was 100,000. Instead of decreasing further, however—as it should have done, with the enormous trade supposed to be in progress—this total of idle cars actually increased to 109,000 on November 11th, to 123,000 on November 25th, and to 174,000 on December 9th. The railway men fully understood this part of the situation. Asked in the middle of November if the railways, with their supposedly increased traffic, would not now come into the market as heavy buyers of rails and equipment, Mr. James J. Hill replied:

“Conditions are improving undoubtedly, but we [the Great Northern Rail-

way] have fifty locomotives stored away which have never had steam in them. Until they are put in use, I do not think that we will place orders for new ones."

A week later President E. P. Ripley, of the Atchison, thus replied to the same question:

"I think it would be a mistake to assume that the improvement in business has been marked. There has been some increase on our lines in the general merchandise movement, but it is limited chiefly to supplies for farming communities. In new enterprises there has been very little improvement.

"I would not be surprised if it should turn out that the earlier movement of the crops this year has brought the railroads increased business at this time for which they will have to pay later. The roads are not likely, I think, to order any large amount of new material for some time to come. Last year and the year before the railroads overbought, and many of them will be able, I think, to go along for twelve months without buying any large amounts of material."

It must not be supposed, from the foregoing description, that the state of affairs was actually unfavorable, or that the reaction from the first fortnight of November must go further. On the contrary, general testimony was to the effect that the course of events in industrial circles, during November, as a whole, was distinctly favorable, and that the movement of recovery, though slow, was progressive and sure —not less so, indeed, from the fact that the exaggerated stories of November had turned out to be untrue. Various views are taken by people in a position to judge as to when a turn into genuine trade activity would come. At first there was rather a general prediction that such a change would follow the ending of the old year; later on, when it was seen that the aggressive demands of the first fortnight after election had subsided, these forecasts pushed the date along to the middle of 1909. On this point, opinion will probably continue to differ. It is safest to assume a moderate rate of progress, with the actual date depending on such considerations as next year's agricultural yield and the action of the speculative markets between now and then, but with the general tendency undoubtedly towards the return of better times.

**The
Real
Position**

On the Stock Exchange, the course of events, after it had plainly appeared that the stories of an after-election trade boom were unfounded, became such as to puzzle all observers. In the first place, the outside public, having had its two weeks' fling in speculation, abandoned the market, and prices broke sharply. It is probable that the best judgment then was to the effect that we should have a further break, a moderate recovery, and then a month or two of quiet markets. But this is exactly what did not occur. No doubt the professional speculators made up their mind

that they could not let go so promising an opportunity until they had fairly squeezed the orange dry. At all events, a most remarkable change came over the Wall Street market toward the end of November. Instead of the continuous and general buying of stocks for the outside public, the speculative issues were taken in hand by the most daring sort of manipulators, who would put up prices of one or another stock two or three points in a single day, without the slightest news to justify it and without the slightest reference to what other stocks were doing. In fact, there were days when one group of stocks would be rising, while another group was falling with rapidity. In time, the market was left practically to the auspices of two sets of reckless professional manipulators, one operating for the rise and the other for the fall. This lasted until well on in December, when the speculation reached its inevitable culmination.

That ending of the speculative movement came largely as a result of the money market's action. We have seen, in previous numbers of *THE FORUM*, how the bank position at New York grew to almost unexampled strength as a consequence of the keeping up of idle cash in the city reserves. At the close of August, the surplus reserve of the New York banks had reached the astonishing figure of \$65,000,000. From that time on, however, a progressive decrease had occurred. At the end of October, the surplus reserve was only \$33,500,000, which, however, was still larger by far than had been reported at that date in any year since the other after panic of 1894. With the November market, began, first an extravagant increase in loans to the Stock Exchange; next, a loss of cash, through subscription to the government's Panama canal loan, through which the surplus reserve began to crumble away at an amazingly rapid rate.

In the first week of December, a decrease of \$7,000,000 brought this surplus down to \$20,171,000; it was manifest that, if the ensuing weeks should witness a decrease at any such rate, the surplus, so far from maintaining a high record, would disappear altogether before the end of 1908. It was not likely that this would be allowed to happen; and, as a matter of fact, it did not happen. But the only means of preventing it was to allow the rate for money to advance, and thus to attract other lenders into the New York market. The rate for call money on the Stock Exchange, which had been 2 per cent. or thereabouts at election time, rose in the middle of December to 4 per cent., and this advance had a double effect. It did attract into the Wall Street market a mass of lending institutions, home and foreign, who would not put their money out at 2 per cent., but were attracted by the higher rate, and in the third week of December, the statement of the New York Associated Banks showed the amazing reduction in loans of \$48,000,000 for the week—something

wholly unexampled in the history of New York banking. This occurred through the virtual transfer of loans to trust companies and out-of-town banks, and it averted a deficit in reserves; though, even with this heavy transfer of liabilities, the surplus reserve fell to \$10,000,000, which was not far from the average of that date. But the second effect of the 4 per cent. money rate was to remove the strongest argument which had prevailed in the stock speculation—namely, that when money could be borrowed at 1 per cent. and invested in stocks paying 4, 5 or 6 per cent. dividends, there was a sure chance of profit on the difference. This chance now had disappeared, not only by the rise in money rates themselves to 4 per cent., but because prices of stocks were already on so high a level, that the net yield in dividends to the purchaser was very greatly reduced, and in many cases was less than the price which he must pay for money. The inevitable result was a break of great severity on the Stock Exchange, which by Christmas week had cancelled the greater part of the extraordinary rise achieved since election day. It was computed, on the basis of those prices of December 21st, that since election day Union Pacific stock had advanced $10\frac{7}{8}$ points and declined $10\frac{3}{8}$, that United States Steel common had gone up $10\frac{5}{8}$ and down $7\frac{1}{2}$; Reading up $10\frac{1}{2}$ and down $7\frac{5}{8}$, Amalgamated Copper up 8 and down $12\frac{5}{8}$; Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul up $9\frac{1}{4}$ and down 9; Northern Pacific up $11\frac{3}{4}$ and down $9\frac{1}{2}$. It remains of course to see what changes in prices hereafter will affect such comparisons. But, in the meantime, it is not unfair to say that this rise and relapse of speculative stocks measures, not unreasonably, the relative part which fiction and fact have played in the popular notion of the "trade boom" since election.

Alexander D. Noyes.

QUATRAIN

BY MURIEL RICE

I called you often when there was no need,
Only to speak to you and hear your name;
And it has grown so very much the same,—
My voice in calling,—you no longer heed.

Muriel Rice.

THE DRAMA

MELODRAMAS AND FARCES

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

Tragedy and Melodrama

TRAGEDY and melodrama are alike in this,—that each exhibits a set of characters struggling vainly to avert a predetermined doom; but in this essential point they differ,—that whereas the characters in melodrama are drifted to disaster in spite of themselves, the characters in tragedy go down to destruction because of themselves. In tragedy the characters determine and control the plot; in melodrama the plot determines and controls the characters. The writer of melodrama initially imagines a stirring train of incidents, interesting and exciting in themselves, and afterward invents such characters as will readily accept the destiny that he has foreordained for them. The writer of tragedy, on the other hand, initially imagines certain characters inherently predestined to destruction because of what they are, and afterward invents such incidents as will reasonably result from what is wrong within them.

It must be recognized at once that each of these is a legitimate method for planning a serious play, and that by following either the one or the other, it is possible to make a truthful representation of life. For the ruinous events of life itself divide themselves into two classes,—the melodramatic and the tragic,—according as the element of chance or the element of character shows the upper hand in them. For example, the assassination of William McKinley was melodramatic, because nothing in that gracious President's career pointed forward logically to its disastrous close. But, on the other hand, the assassination of Stanford White was tragic, because the strength of that great artist was so alloyed with weakness that his frailties pointed forward logically to some sort of retributive disaster. It would be melodramatic for a man to slip by accident into the Whirlpool Rapids and be drowned; but the drowning of Captain Webb in that tossing torrent was tragic, because his ambition for pre-eminence as a swimmer bore evermore within itself the latent possibility of his failing in an uttermost stupendous effort.

As Stevenson has said, in his *Gossip on Romance*, "The pleasure that we take in life is of two sorts—the active and the passive. Now we are conscious of a great command over our destiny; anon we are lifted up by

circumstance, as by a breaking wave, and dashed we know not how into the future." A good deal of what happens to us is brought upon us by the fact of what we are; the rest is drifted to us, uninvited, undeserved, upon the tides of chance. When disasters overwhelm us, the fault is sometimes in ourselves, but at other times is merely in our stars. Because so much of life is casual rather than causal, the theatre (whose purpose is to represent life truly) must always rely on melodrama as the most natural and effective type of art for exhibiting some of its most interesting phases. There is therefore no logical reason whatsoever that melodrama should be held in disrepute, even by the most fastidious of critics.

But, on the other hand, it is evident that tragedy is inherently a higher type of art. The melodramatist exhibits merely what may happen; the tragedist exhibits what must happen. All that we ask of the author of melodrama is a momentary plausibility. Provided that his plot be not impossible, no limits are imposed on his invention of mere incident: even his characters will not give him pause, since they themselves have been fashioned to fit the action. But of the author of tragedy we demand an unquestionable inevitability: nothing may happen in his play which is not a logical result of the nature of his characters. Of the melodramatist we require merely the negative virtue that he shall not lie: of the tragedist we require the positive virtue that he shall reveal some phase of the absolute, eternal Truth.

The vast difference between merely saying something that is true and really saying something that gives a glimpse of the august and all-controlling Truth may be suggested by a verbal illustration. Suppose that upon an evening which at sunset has been threatened with a storm, I observe the sky at midnight to be cloudless, and say, "The stars are shining still." Assuredly I shall be telling something that is true; but I shall not be giving in any way a revelation of the absolute. Consider now the aspect of this very same remark, as it occurs in the fourth act of John Webster's tragedy, *The Duchess of Malfi*. The Duchess, overwhelmed with despair, is talking to Bosola:

Duchess. I'll go pray;—

No, I'll go curse:

Bosola. O, fie!

Duchess. I could curse the stars.

Bosola. O, fearful.

Duchess. And those three smiling seasons of the year
Into a Russian winter: nay, the world
To its first chaos.

Bosola. Look you, the stars shine still.

This brief sentence, which in the former instance was comparatively meaningless, here suddenly flashes on the awed imagination a vista of irrevocable law.

A similar difference exists between the august Truth of tragedy and the less revelatory truthfulness of melodrama. To understand and to expound the laws of life is a loftier task than merely to avoid misrepresenting them. For this reason, though melodrama has always abounded, true tragedy has always been extremely rare. Nearly all the tragic plays in the history of the theatre have descended at certain moments into melodrama. Shakespeare's final version of *Hamlet* stands nearly on the highest level; but here and there it still exhibits traces of that pre-existent melodrama of the school of Thomas Kyd from which it was derived. Sophocles is truly tragic, because he affords a revelation of the absolute; but Euripides is for the most part melodramatic, because he contents himself with imagining and projecting the merely possible. In our own age, Ibsen is the only author who, consistently, from play to play, commands catastrophes which are not only plausible but unavoidable. It is not strange, however, that the entire history of the drama should disclose very few masters of the tragic; for to envisage the inevitable is to look within the very mind of God.

If we turn our attention to the merry-mooded drama, we shall discern a similar distinction between comedy and farce. A comedy is a humorous play in which the actors dominate the action; a farce is a humorous play in which the action dominates the actors. Pure comedy is the rarest of all types of drama; because characters strong enough to determine and control a humorous plot almost always insist on fighting out their struggle to a serious issue, and thereby lift the action above the comic level. On the other hand, unless the characters thus stiffen in their purposes, they usually allow the play to lapse to farce. Pure comedies, however, have now and then been fashioned, without admixture either of farce or of serious drama; and of these *Le Misanthrope* of Molière may be taken as a standard example. The work of the same master also affords many examples of pure farce, which never rises into comedy,—for instance, *Le Medecin Malgré Lui*. Shakespeare nearly always associated the two types within the compass of a single humorous play, using comedy for his major plot and farce for his subsidiary incidents. Farce is decidedly the most irresponsible of all the types of drama. The plot exists for its own sake, and the dramatist need fulfil only two requirements in devising it:—first, he must be funny, and second, he must

Comedy and Farce

persuade his audience to accept his situations for the moment at least while they are being enacted. Beyond this latter requisite, he suffers no subservience to plausibility. Since he needs to be believed only for the moment, he is not obliged to limit himself to possibilities. But to compose a true comedy is a very serious task; for in comedy the action must be not only possible and plausible, but must be a necessary result of the nature of the characters. This is the reason why *The School for Scandal* is a greater accomplishment than *The Rivals*, though the latter play is fully as funny as the former. The one is comedy, and the other merely farce.

The most interesting event of the last month in the theatres of New York was the immediate and absolute failure of *The Winterfeast*, by Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy, the gifted author of *The Servant in the House*. A failure by a dramatist who has proved himself to be important is worthy of studious and careful criticism. Many reasons have already been adduced by the newspaper reviewers to explain why this earnest and ambitious drama failed to please the public. The action passed in Iceland in the year 1020 A.D.; and it has been suggested that the period and the place were too remote to awaken the lethargic imagination of the many. The story was intricate and difficult to follow, and the piece was very much too long. It was conceived and projected with unwavering unity of mood; and since the mood was sombre and harrowing, the utter lack of relief palled upon the audience. Although only seven actors were needed to present the play, no less than twelve people suffered violent deaths before the catastrophe was completed. Besides a rather inefficient servant, only two characters were left alive at the close; and these two were the only people in the story who had done anything positive to deserve disaster. The action was frequently delayed by long and literary speeches, some of which were soliloquies delivered to the circumjacent air. But all of these accumulated dicta do not explain the failure of the play, because such incidental handicaps as these were discounted by the unusual merits of the performance. The piece was handsomely set, and (except for an occasional awkwardness of stage-direction) well produced; and the acting of the three leading performers was so unusually able and effective as to make up for a multitude of such minor demerits in the play as those which we have just enumerated.

No; we must look more deeply than this to discern what was irremediably wrong with *The Winterfeast*. I think that the true explanation of the matter lies in an evident inconsistency between the author's intention

and his actual accomplishment. It is quite evident from the tenor and the tone of the drama that he intended to make a tragedy; and it is just as evident, upon studious consideration, that he succeeded only in making a melodrama. To understand this centrally important point, we must examine the subject and investigate the plotting of the play.

Mr. Kennedy's purpose was to exhibit the ruinous effects of a lie told by one man to the detriment of another with the intention of benefiting some one else—a single lie, which, like a bit of snow loosened on a mountain summit, might gather weight and impetus as it descended, until it became an avalanche sweeping everything before it to destruction. This is a very fascinating subject; but it is an extremely difficult one to handle tragically, instead of melodramatically. In fact, a thorough contemplation of the theme will show that there is only one way in which it may be given a truly tragic treatment. That one way is by exhibiting a disintegration of character within the man who told the lie, produced by his own haunting consciousness of wrong committed—a disintegration so complete as to drag also to destruction the innocent people whose destinies are intertwined with his by filaments of falsehood spun out of his original mistaken purpose. With such a treatment of the theme, the action might be made at every point inevitable, and ruin might be wrought directly from defect of character, without the intervention of accidental circumstance. Here, obviously, was an opportunity to put in practice that maxim of Mr. Meredith's in *Modern Love*:

In tragic life, God wot,
No villain need be! Passions spin the plot:
We are betrayed by what is false within.

But instead of choosing this truly tragic rendering of the subject, and showing his characters betrayed by what was false within them, Mr. Kennedy adopted the melodramatic method of inventing a villain to motivate the plot from the outside. The author betrayed his characters by the blind accidents of chance; he showed them at all points dominated by his plot; and thereby he lost the lofty Truth of tragedy inherent in his theme.

Since *The Winterfeast* is published and is thereby made available for study,¹ a very brief summary of the story will be sufficient for the purpose of the present criticism. Thorkel, a viking, has a son, Valbrand, who is a skald, and a foster-son, Bjorn, who is a warrior. Both the young men love Herdisa. She prefers Bjorn, but Thorkel wishes her to marry

¹*The Winterfeast*. By Charles Rann Kennedy. New York and London: Harper and Brothers.

Valbrand. Therefore he fares forth overseas to Vineland, taking Bjorn with him and leaving Valbrand at home. Before the expedition starts, Herdisa, unasked, clearly indicates her love for Bjorn. Bjorn is by accident left behind in Vineland, but sends back a message of love to Herdisa. Thorkel lies about this message, saying that Bjorn sent Herdisa as a taunt the single word, "Unasked." Herdisa, stung by this, immediately marries Valbrand. By him she has a daughter, Swanhild; but she continues to love Bjorn, whom she supposes to be dead. Twenty years later Bjorn returns to Iceland with a son, Olaf, who has been born to him in Vineland. His return and Thorkel's old deception are discovered by Priest Ufeig, who for many years has been at feud with Thorkel, for some reason which the author never reveals. Ufeig, possessed of his enemy's guilty secret, proceeds to undermine him by the usual methods of blackmail. He secures a formal remission of the open enmity between them, and then tries to force a marriage between Swanhild and his son, Helgi. The aged Thorkel prevents this by killing the young Helgi; and, insatiate of carnage, slays also a full half dozen other sons of Ufeig.

Bjorn, after his return home, is left alone with Herdisa. Naturally he wonders why she ever married Valbrand. She tells him that she did so because of that bitter word of his, "Unasked." Thus confronted with the old lie, Bjorn, for some inexplicable reason, does not supplant it with the simple truth. Instead, he picks a querulous quarrel with Valbrand. The two men go forth to fight; and one of them slays the other. A thrall, named Odd, is present at their combat; but though the survivor speaks several sentences to him, Odd remains inexplicably ignorant as to which killed which. By chance he brings back a sword which indicates that Valbrand has been slain by Bjorn.

Olaf happens in, and falls in love with Swanhild at first sight. Herdisa makes him swear to kill the supposed slayer of Swanhild's father. Olaf, deeming from the accidental sword, that he has sworn to kill his own father, Bjorn, kills himself instead. His suicide leads to Swanhild's. Valbrand returns, a slayer but not slain. Discovering his daughter's fate, he madly rushes forth to kill himself. Herdisa dies of shock at this accumulation of arbitrary deaths. The villain, Ufeig, remains unscathed, except for the loss of his small army of sons at one fell swoop. The only other person (barring Odd) who remains unpunished, is the guilty source of all the trouble, Thorkel. Never during the course of the action has he exhibited any truly tragic compunctions of conscience. Only at the very end of the play does he feel ready to confess his ancient fault; and by that time, unfortunately, nobody is left alive to listen to his confession.

This summary, which I think is not unfair, must make it clearly

evident that the characters of *The Winterfeast* are controlled at all points by the fortuitous falling out of circumstance. Every detail of the catastrophe is the result of accident. Olaf kills himself, not because of any inherent necessity, but merely because a stupid thrall has brought back misleading tidings of a mortal combat. Since Olaf's death conditions Swanhild's, and her death conditions Valbrand's, all three deaths are due to chance. Also it must have been by some blind accident that Valbrand slew Bjorn, since the latter was admittedly the better warrior. The author offers no explanation of Thorkel's miraculous prowess in killing in a single combat seven men, all younger and stronger than himself. Herdisa, apparently, dies merely by contagion, because death is in the air. Surely, surely, the catastrophe of this play o'ersteps even the immodesty of melodrama; and of the inevitable doom of tragedy it offers not a trace.

At one all-important point in the second act, the play breaks entirely to pieces. When Herdisa hurls at Bjorn that rankling word, "Unmasked," we expect the simple-natured warrior to reply, "I never said that word; old Thorkel lied; the message that I sent to you was this." Assuredly some statement of this sort must have been made by Bjorn at that excited moment. But Mr. Kennedy tells us that, instead, the warrior remained silent a long time, and then remarked philosophically:—"So: that one word hath broken both our lives." If Bjorn had not thus untruthfully evaded telling the truth at that moment, the entire subsequent fabric of Mr. Kennedy's melodrama would have been rendered unimaginable. The avalanche is therefore launched by an evasion which belies an inherent necessity of character.

In the last act, Valbrand sits silent within an ingle-seat, in full view of the audience, while Herdisa and Swanhild exchange eighteen speeches, arguing whether or not he has been slain and cast into a fiord. During this protracted argument, it does not occur to Valbrand to interpose a word to stop the superfluity of drear contention. Previous to this, Herdisa has wasted a great deal of eloquence in a threnody over Valbrand, whom the audience already suspect to be alive. Throughout the writing of the dialogue, Mr. Kennedy evinces a mania for making his characters say very simple things elaborately, merely in order that their meaning may be misunderstood by those to whom they are talking. Melodrama may be made out of misunderstandings and evasions; but surely tragedy should be built out of simple and terrible revelations.

These details, doubtless, are enough to indicate that *The Winterfeast* is not a tragedy, and that even when considered as a melodrama it does not meet successfully the test of plausibility. The financial failure of

the play was due to its defects as a work of art. The great uncritical public was in this case right, as it almost always is. Yet the play has considerable literary merit, and is well worth reading. It is written in a sort of William Morris prose, eloquent with connotative archaism. It reveals a great deal of poetic feeling,—a strong sweep and a frequent grandeur of emotion. And for the reader it is rendered furthermore worth while by the potency of the author's personality,—his earnestness, his vigor, his enthusiasm, his sincerity,—qualities too great to be dimmed even by the failure of a lofty purpose.

The Patriot, by Mr. J. Hartley Manners and Mr. William Collier, is frankly a farce; and the plot which dominates its mirth-provoking caricatures is comfortably conventional. The story may be summarized in short-hand, as follows:— *Act I.* The hero is in hard luck. A sudden legacy is left him by an unsuspected uncle. Curtain. *Act II.* A condition of the legacy is that the hero shall marry a certain girl within a certain time. The girl and he are incompatible. The hero, to escape the girl, discards the legacy. Curtain. *Act III.* The hero returns to his former life, and marries a girl who has been a factor in it. Providence endows him with good luck. Curtain.

Obviously this short-hand summary would fit fully a dozen other farces of recent seasons just as well as it fits *The Patriot*. But that is nothing against the present piece; for in *The Patriot* the familiar formula is used as a basis for dramatizing the amusing personality of Mr. Collier, and individual personality is always new. The farce is vivified with pleasant playfulness and clever foolery, and is genuinely entertaining in detail.

In *The Stronger Sex*, by Mr. John Valentine, an impoverished young English nobleman marries a spirited American heiress. Immediately after the wedding ceremony, the heroine overhears a conversation between her husband and a former love of his, which reveals that he has married her merely for her money. She resolves to educate him up to worthiness. Refusing conjugal relations with him, she pays him a fixed allowance, and oversees his expenditures in detail. There is a strong struggle between them for dominance over their household, and the woman wins. As a result of the struggle the man grows worthy, and the two develop a genuine affection for each other, which results in a real marriage of love between them.

The second act of this play, which exhibits the brunt of the struggle between the husband and the wife, is genuinely interesting. The act is plotted with considerable theatric skill, and the material is so adapted as to make both a comic and a serious appeal. The third act is pleasant enough, though the author falsely emphasizes much material that is of minor importance. But the whole play is very nearly spoiled by the first act, which affords only a dull and tedious exposition of the story. The eavesdropping scene is arbitrarily theatrical. People who become really characters later in the play are merely caricatures in the initial act. Evidently Mr. Valentine did not secure control of his material until his material secured control of him.

Mr. Clyde Fitch has made a very ludicrous and entertaining farce in his adaptation from the German of Alexander Engel and Julius Horst, entitled *The Blue Mouse*. A young man, who is secretary to a railroad president, desires to be advanced to a more lucrative position. He knows that the president may be easily cajoled by pretty women of a safely respectable sort. Therefore he hires a clever chorus lady to pass herself off as his wife, and introduces her, in this capacity, to the president. Since both the president and the secretary are married, there is plenty of opportunity for complex misunderstandings between the hired wife and the actual ones. The plot affords an amusing succession of counter-crosses; the machinery is very cleverly managed; and the merry spirit of the entertainment is enhanced by slight suggestions now and then of harmless naughtiness.

Mary Jane's Pa, by Edith Ellis, rises above the level of mere farce, and deserves consideration as a comedy. It sets forth an interesting struggle between the humorous charm of vagabondia, made incarnate in a man, and the striving steadfast practicality of a woman. Portia Perkins is a successful printer and editor in a tiny Indiana town. She has two young daughters and is presumably a widow, but nobody knows anything about her husband. The fact is that he has wandered away and disappeared many years before. Unexpectedly he reappears, and makes himself known to his wife. He has lived in many lands, and looked with humor on the habitable world, and returns with the ripe mind of the contemplative philosopher; but he is still a skulker, despite his literary graces, and his practical wife will take him back into her house only on the terms of a hired man. He amusedly consents, and

becomes housekeeper and cook. Scandal is awakened in the town by the presence in Portia Perkins's house of a man supposedly a stranger; but after many amusing struggles the two acknowledge to the world that they are man and wife. The husband, presumably, is cured of vagabondage, and there is a prospect of happy home life ever after.

This unusually interesting story is very pleasantly rendered by Miss Ellis. The play is a little unsteady in structure, and seems to have been too much rewritten and revised. The minor parts are caricatured, and occasionally mar the reality of the general impression; but the hero is a genuine character. The piece conveys at all points the charm of a sincere and worthy purpose. The dialogue is lacking in literary distinction; but the writing is simple and sincere, and therefore adequate. Miss Ellis is to be congratulated on having created a real and interesting character, and having told a human story with honesty and earnestness.

Mr. William Gillette's latest play, which, with the title of *That Little Affair at the Boyds'*, was first produced last spring in Washington, and has since been seen in Chicago, was recently shown, with the new title of *Ticey*, at a special matinée performance in New York. It proved to be a commingling of farce and comedy and melodrama, set forth with Mr. Gillette's accustomed theatric skill. The theme of the piece is the same as that of *She Stoops to Conquer*; and this latest rendering of the old, familiar material indicates anew its value for the purposes of entertainment. The hero is a young man who writes plays which are too elaborately literary for production, and who will not accept advice from anybody else. The heroine is a popular actress, whom he loves in secret, and who secretly loves him. The actress makes-up as a common drudge, and secures employment as a serving-maid in the playwright's household. Without allowing him to grow aware of what she is effecting, she teaches him the necessity of simple reality in his dialogue and in the conduct of his scenes. As a result, the playwright composes a play which is accepted and produced, with the actress performing the leading part. Not knowing that he owes his success to her, he woos and wins her; and as the curtain falls, she remarks that some day she may tell him something.

This pleasing story is rendered with considerable humor and a touch of sympathetic sentiment. The first act is too processional in its sequent exposition of material; but in the second and third acts, the commingled sentiment and fun stiffen into pleasantly exciting melodrama. The last act, on the other hand, declines in interest because it is unduly intricate.

Clayton Hamilton.

ARAMINTA¹

BY J. C. SNAITH

CHAPTER VII

A THROWBACK

Andover entered bearing a small parcel with a certain ostentation.

"Caroline," said he, "as I was coming out of Truefitt's I remembered that for the first time for forty years I had forgotten to give you a present on your birthday. Last year I gave you a Bible. This year I have bought you this."

He cut the string of the parcel and handed the present to Caroline Crewkerne.

With a grim but not ungraceful inclination of the second best turban the recipient began to relieve the present of its numerous trappings. A small but expensive hand glass was presently revealed.

"Thank you, Andover," said the old lady. "A very charming present."

"I hope it pleases you, my dear Caroline," said Andover with quite the bel air. "You have so long defied time that I felt it to be an interesting memento of his impotence."

"Thank you, Andover," said the redoubtable Caroline. "It is very kind to remember an old woman."

"A woman is as old as she looks," said Andover, "as Byron says."

"Byron?" said the old lady.

"I ascribe every truism to Byron," said Andover. "It makes it sound important and it is perfectly safe. Everybody pretends to have read Byron yet nobody has."

"Burden has read him, I believe," said the old lady.

Miss Burden sighed romantically.

Lord Andover shook his finger at Miss Burden with considerable solemnity.

"No boy under the age of twenty should be permitted to smoke cigarettes," said he. "And no woman under forty should be permitted to read Byron."

Caroline Crewkerne snorted.

"By the way," said Andover, "now I am here I must pay homage to my duchess."

He took a half turn in the direction of the sofa. Miss Perry was

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still seated upon it in her pensive attitude. She was still gazing into vacancy, and she was somewhat in the shadow.

Immediately to the left of Miss Perry, intervening between her and Aunt Caroline, was the object that claimed for the moment the whole of Andover's attention. Rightly so, indeed, for it was nothing less than one of the world's masterpieces. It was a full length portrait in a massive gilt frame; a truly regal canvas in the full meridian splendor of English art. Under the picture in bold letters was the magic legend: "Araminta, Duchess of Dorset, by Gainsborough."

Araminta, Duchess of Dorset, was a young girl in her teens, in an inordinately floppy hat of the period. Her countenance, ineffably simple, was a glamour of pink and white; her lips were slightly parted; the wonderful blue eyes were gazing into vacancy; and one finger was unmistakably in her mouth.

Andover, having fixed his glass with some elaboration, slowly backed a few paces, and gave expression to the adoration he always affected in the presence of this noble work.

In silence he stood to absorb the poetry, the innocence, the appeal of youth. He sighed profoundly.

"Caroline," he said, "I would give a whole row of Georgiana Devonshires for this. In my judgment it has never been equalled."

"Grandmamma Dorset wears well," said Caroline with a grim chuckle.

"It ought to be called 'Simplicity,'" said Andover. "It ought to be called 'Innocence.' Upon my word of honor, Caroline, I always feel when I look at the divine Araminta that I want to shed tears."

Caroline Crewkerne snorted.

"Andover," said she, "I have noticed that when a man begins life as a cynic he invariably ends as a sentimentalist."

"Caroline," said her old friend, sighing deeply, "you are a pagan. You have no soul."

"Burden has a soul," said the contemptuous Caroline. "In my opinion she would be better without it."

"How ironical it is," said Andover, "that you who distrust art so profoundly should have such a masterpiece in your drawing-room."

"I am given to understand that a committee will buy it for the nation one of these days," said Caroline indifferently.

"Caroline," said Andover, "you promised years ago that if the time ever came when money could buy Araminta she should be purchased for the Andover Collection."

"Well the time has not come yet."

"When it does come I shall hold you to your promise."

While Andover continued his examination of Gainsborough's masterpiece, Caroline Crewkerne said to her gentlewoman, "Burden, get my spectacles."

Andover turned away from the picture at last. Naturally enough his gaze alighted on the sofa. Sitting in the centre thereof was the wonderful Miss Perry. She was still at Slocum Magna. She had got to her third slice of bread and jam. Polly was pouring out a second sensible cup. Dearest papa had just made one of his jokes. Charley and Milly were conducting an argument as to who was entitled to the cake with the currants in it. Miss Perry's blue eyes were unmistakably moist; and although she was not actually sucking her finger there could be no doubt that at any moment she might begin to do so. And the inverted vegetable basket that crowned her seemed to flop more than ever.

It was no wonder that Andover gave a little exclamation. A lover of beauty in all its manifestations, he had an eye for nature as well as for art. And here, side by side with Gainsborough's masterpiece, making due allowance for a number of trifling details which did not in the least affect the subject, was an almost exact replica of that immortal work. Andover, in spite of his foibles, had the seeing eye. Notwithstanding Miss Perry's preposterous clothes, one thing was clear. Here was Araminta, Duchess of Dorset, in the flesh.

He swung round to the redoubtable Caroline with the glass leaping out of his eye.

"Caroline," he cried, "a throwback!"

That old woman gazed through her spectacles at the occupant of the sofa with concentrated grimness. Miss Perry still at Slocum Magna was seriously debating whether a fourth slice of bread and jam was within the range of practical politics.

"Andover," said Caroline coolly, "I believe you are right."

Surprise and enthusiasm began to work great havoc with that nobleman.

"Upon my word," said he, "it is the most wonderful thing I have ever seen in my life. A pretty trick of old Mother Nature's."

"Don't be a coxcomb, Andover," said Caroline warningly.

"A perfect throwback," said that amateur.

Once more his gaze was brought to bear on the distracting occupant of the sofa whose hair was the color of daffodils, and whose eyes reminded him of the sky of Italy. He approached her with his most exquisite air.

"I have no need to ask," said he, "whether the famous duchess is your kinswoman."

Miss Perry returned from Slocum Magna with a little start. She removed her finger from her lip, yet her thoughts were not of famous duchesses.

In the meantime the redoubtable Caroline said nothing. All the same she was watching everything with those relentless eyes of hers.

Miss Perry exhibited no surprise and no embarrassment at being summoned so peremptorily from Slocum Magna by such a distinguished looking gentleman. Perhaps her wonderful blue eyes opened a little wider, and she may or she may not have hoisted a little color, but it really seemed as though her thoughts were more concerned with bread and jam than with Lord Andover.

"Will you pardon an old worshipper of your famous ancestress if he asks your name?" said he. "I hope and trust it is a legitimate curiosity."

Miss Featherbrain made an effort to cease wool-gathering. She smiled with a friendliness that would have disarmed a satyr.

"My name is Araminta," she drawled in her hopelessly ludicrous manner, "but they call me Goose because I am *rather* a Sil-lay."

Andover gave a chuckle of sheer human pleasure. He was to be pardoned for feeling that a new delight had been offered to an existence which had long exhausted every æsthetic form of joy.

"Your name is Araminta," he repeated by a kind of hypnotic process, "but they call you Goose because you are *rather* a Silly."

Miss Perry rewarded Lord Andover with an indulgent beam. Her frank smile assured him that he had had the good fortune to interpret her correctly. It was not easy for that connoisseur to withdraw his enchanted gaze. However, at last he contrived to do so. He turned to his old friend.

"Caroline," said he, "the fairies have fulfilled my wish. I have always wanted to meet a Gainsborough in the flesh and to hear her speak. And now I have done so, I know why Gainsborough painted 'em."

"Faugh," said the old lady vigorously, "sentimentality is the national bane."

"No, Caroline," said Andover sadly, "you've no soul. Why don't you present me?"

"My niece, Miss Perry," said Caroline. "Lord Andover, my old friend."

"Oh, how do you do," said Miss Perry, shooting forth her hand in

her own private and particular manner to Aunt Caroline's old friend, "I hope you are quite well."

The manner in which Andover enclosed the ample paw of Miss Perry, which nevertheless was long and slender, in his own delicately manicured fingers, was almost epic.

"Miss Perry," said he, "this is a great moment in my life."

"Don't be a coxcomb, Andover," said Caroline Crewkerne with great energy. No one made fuller use than that old woman of the privilege accorded to age of being as rude as it pleases. But it was so necessary that the wearer of the vegetable basket should not get notions under it before she had been in Hill Street an hour.

"My dear Miss Perry," said Andover with the magniloquent air with which he occasionally asked a question in the Hereditary Chamber, "are you acquainted with the vast metropolis?"

"Oh, no," said Miss Perry, "I have always lived at Slocum Magna."

"Really," said Andover with an insincere surprise. "By the way, where is Slocum Magna?"

Doubtless owing to the fact that she was a duke's granddaughter, Miss Perry had excellent if somewhat rustic breeding. Brains were not her strong point, but she had been long enough in London to anticipate almost instinctively Lord Andover's question. Moreover, her astonishment at the ignorance of London people was softened by the friendly indulgence she extended to everybody on the slightest pretext.

"Slocum Magna," said Miss Perry without the least appearance of didacticism, "is the next village to Widdiford. They haven't quite got the railway at Widdiford yet, but it is only three miles away."

The absence of the railway at Widdiford appeared to decide Andover upon his course of action. With the air of a man whose mind is quite made up, he addressed Miss Perry.

"As an old friend of your accomplished aunt's," said he, "of many years' standing, I feel that during your sojourn in the vast metropolis it is only wise and right that I should act in *loco parentis*."

Now although Miss Perry's papa was a very good classic, he had been unable to communicate his excellence in the dead languages to his second daughter. Miss Perry made no secret of the fact that she would like a little more enlightenment.

"A sort of combination, you know," said Andover lucidly, "of a courier and a cicerone and a sincere well wisher. One feels sure it will help you at first to have some one to guide you through the traffic."

"Burden is quite competent to see that she doesn't get run over," said the accomplished aunt of Miss Perry.

"Also, my dear Miss Perry," said Andover mellifluously, "you may require a little advice occasionally from a man of the world. The vast metropolis is full of pitfalls for your sex."

"We have poachers at Slocum Magna," said Miss Perry.

"The metropolis is different," said Andover. "I regret to say it harbors every known form of wickedness."

Miss Perry's eyes opened so wide that they seemed to magnetize Lord Andover.

"Are there r-r-robbers?"

"A great number," said Andover. "They lurk in every street. If you have never been to London before you will certainly need advice and protection."

"What fun!" said Miss Perry. "I shall write to tell Muffin."

"Would it be an unpardonable curiosity if one inquired who is Muffin?"

"My sister, don't you know," drawled Miss Perry. "Her name is Elizabeth, really. But we call her Muffin because she is *rather* a Ragamuffin."

"Your family appears to be a singularly interesting one," said Andover.

"Papa says we are none of us very bright," said Miss Perry with her ludicrous drawl, "but we are all of us very healthy, except Doggo, who has had the mange twice."

Andover found it necessary to repeat the dictum of Miss Perry's papa. He then sat down beside her in a truly paternal manner.

"Tell me about your papa," said he musically. "I am immensely interested in him. One feels one ought to have so many things in common with such a papa as yours."

"Papa is just a sweet——" began Miss Perry with a frank appearance of pleasure. But she got no farther.

Aunt Caroline uplifted an immutable finger.

"Araminta," said she, "it is time you went up to dress. Burden, take the creature to her room."

Miss Perry rose at once with a docility that was charming. She bestowed her most frankly indulgent smile upon Andover and quitted the drawing-room in Miss Burden's custody.

Andover screwed his glass into his astonished eye to gaze after her magnificence.

"A goddess," said he. "Juno. A great work of nature."

He prepared to take his leave.

"I am afraid, Caroline," said he, "your memory begins to fail a little."

"Rubbish," said Caroline robustly.

"Do you know how long it is since you asked me to dine with you?" said Andover.

"You refused three times running," said Caroline truculently. "I am determined that no human being shall refuse a fourth."

"Well you know," said Andover coolly, "you were just a little difficult the last time I dined with you, and the wine was abominable. And with all that excellent claret that you have, and that '63 port, and that really priceless madeira—really, Caroline, considering what your cellar can do if it chooses, the wine was unpardonable. Still I am in no sense a vindictive man. I'll dine with you this evening."

"Thank you, Andover," said Caroline dryly. "Eight o'clock."

"Eight o'clock," said Andover.

My lord took his leave with a jauntiness that recalled the vanished era of his youth.

Two hours later the noble earl was back in Hill Street. He looked particularly *soigné* in the choicest of evening clothes. They fitted his corsetted form to perfection.

"Where is the fair Miss Araminta?" said he, giving his arm to his hostess.

"My niece is dining upstairs this evening," said Caroline Crewkerne.

Profoundly distrusting the appearance of the sherry and the claret, Andover made a modest demand for whiskey and soda. The fare was scanty, but what there was of it was not ill cooked. Also Caroline was not so tiresome as he had anticipated. Doubtless she was a little exhilarated by the doings of the day. She was a very sharp-witted old woman. Her shrewdness had already foreseen that the appearance of a highly original niece in a somewhat moribund *ménage* might bring renegades back to Hill Street craving pardon. A glimpse of the immediate future was afforded by the spectacle of a peculiarly spick and span Andover seated between Miss Burden and herself.

The turn of events lent an old-time pungency to what had once ranked as the most malicious tongue in London.

"Upon my honor," said Andover, who was enchanted, "my dear Caroline, you are quite at your high water mark."

Caroline valued that kind of compliment, and she acquiesced in it grimly. Andover's remark was quite sincere, and in order to attest his *bona fides* he told a story that caused Miss Burden to spill the salt, while only the intervention of a miracle averted a more signal disaster to the claret.

Andover was duly rewarded. By the time they had got to the

mahogany—Caroline Crewkerne was a stickler for old fashions—the hostess said in an aside to Mr. Marchbanks, “The madeira and the ’63 port wine.”

There can be little doubt that Andover was sustained throughout this not specially exhilarating function by the hope of seeing the peerless Miss Araminta in the drawing-room after dinner. In this, however, he was disappointed. The tardy minutes passed, but Miss Araminta did not appear. At last in desperation he was moved to inquire:

“Where hides the reluctant fair?”

“Speak English, Andover,” said Caroline.

“The adorable Miss Perry.”

“The creature is in bed,” said Caroline incisively. “It is a long journey from Slocum Magna for a growing girl.”

“Is one given to understand,” said Andover, “that she made the whole journey in a single day?”

“In something under twenty-four hours, I believe,” said Caroline. “Express trains travel at such a remarkable rate in these days.”

In the circumstances there was only one thing for Andover to do, and this he did. He took his leave.

In the privacy of his hansom on the way to the Gayety Theatre he ruminated exceedingly.

“That old woman,” he mused, “has got all the trumps in her hand again. A disagreeable old thing, but she does know how to play her cards when she gets ’em.”

The stall next to Andover’s was in the occupation of no less a person than George Betterton.

“Hallo, George,” said Andover, “you in London.”

“Ye-es,” said George heavily. He did not seem to be altogether clear upon the point. “The War Office people are in their usual mess with the Militia.”

“But *she* is at Biarritz,” said Andover.

“I have another one now,” said George with brevity.

The noise and flamboyance of the ballet rendered further conversation undesirable. However, Andover took up the thread of discourse at the end of the act.

“George,” said he with considerable solemnity, “like myself, you have grown old in the love of art.”

George’s assent was of the gruffest. Andover was going to be a bore as usual.

“You remember that Gainsborough of Caroline Crewkerne’s?”

"Ye-es," said George. "I offered her twenty thousand pounds for it for the Cheadle Collection."

"Have you though," said Andover. "Well, mind you don't renew the offer. The refusal of it was promised to me in Crewkerne's lifetime."

George Betterton began to gobble like a turkey. He looked as though he wanted to call some one a liar.

"Well, it's too soon to quarrel over it," said Andover harmoniously, "because she doesn't intend to part with it to anybody at present."

"She's a perverse old woman," said George, "and age don't improve her."

"I mentioned her Gainsborough," said Andover, who was on the rack of his own enthusiasm, "because a very odd thing has happened. The original of that picture has found her way into Hill Street."

"What, Grandmother Dorset!" said George contemptuously. "Why, she's been in her grave a hundred years."

"An absolute throwback has turned up at Hill Street," said Andover impressively. "If you want to see a living and breathing Gainsborough walking and talking in twentieth century London call on Caroline Crewkerne some wet afternoon."

George Betterton was not at all æsthetically minded. But like so many of his countrymen, he always had a taste for "something fresh."

"I will," said he. And he spoke as if he meant it.

Then it was that Andover grew suddenly alive to the magnitude of his indiscretion. Really, he had acted with consummate folly! He had a clear start of all the field, yet through an unbridled natural enthusiasm and a lifelong love of imparting information, he must needs within an hour set one of the most dangerous men in England upon the scent.

George Betterton had his limitations, but where the other sex was concerned he was undoubtedly that, as Andover had reason to know. A widower of nine and fifty, who had buried two wives without finding an heir to his great estates, there was little doubt that he meant to come up to the scratch for the third time, although, to be sure, of late his courses had not seemed to lead in that direction. But Caroline Crewkerne, who knew most things, seemed quite clear upon the point.

Yes, George Betterton's "I will" had a sinister sound about it. Andover himself was five and sixty and a bachelor, and in his heart of hearts he had good reason to believe that he was not a marrying man. He had long owed his primal duty to a great position in the world, and to the scorn of his family and the amusement of his friends,

he had not yet fulfilled it. He was too fond of adventures, he declared romantically—a confession that a man old enough to be a grandfather ought to be ashamed to make, declared the redoubtable Caroline with her most fearsome snort. More than once, it is true, Andover had thought he had seen the writing on the wall. But when his constitutional apathy permitted him to examine it more closely he found it had been written for some one else.

However, he had come away from Hill Street that evening in such a state of suppressed enthusiasm, that in his present mood he was by no means sure that he had not seen the writing again. It was certainly odd that a man with his record and at his time of life should have any such feeling. But there is no accounting for these things. Therefore, he left the theatre with an idea taking root in him that he had been guilty of an act of gross folly in blowing the trumpet so soon. Why should he help to play Caroline's game? He should have left it to her to summon this Richmond to the field.

"Caroline will lead him a dance though," mused Andover on the threshold of Ward's. "And I know how to handle the ribands better than he does. He's got the mind of a dromedary, thank God!"

In the meantime the cause of these reflections was lying very forlorn and very wideawake in the most imposing chamber in which she had ever slept. The bed was large but cold; the chintz hangings were immaculate but unsympathetic; the engravings of classical subjects and of august relations whom she had never seen with which the walls were hung, the austere magnificence of the furniture and the expensive nature of the bric-a-brac made Miss Perry yearn exceedingly for the cheerful simplicity of Slocum Magna.

Almost as far back as Miss Perry could remember it had been given to her before attempting to repose to beat Muffin over the head with a pillow. But in this solemn piece of upholstery, which apparently had been designed for an empress, such friendly happenings as these were out of the question.

However, she had Tobias with her. The wicker basket was on a little laquered table beside her bed. And as she lay with a slow and silent tear dropping at regular intervals out of her blue eyes, she had her right hand resting firmly but affectionately on the lid of Tobias's local habitation. That quaint animal, all unconscious of the honor done to him, was wrapped in slumber with his ugly brown nose tucked under his lean brown paws.

Thus was Miss Perry discovered at a quarter to eleven that evening when Miss Burden entered to embrace her.

"I want to go home to Slocum Magna," said Miss Perry with a drawl and a sob whose united effect must have been supremely ridiculous had it not been the offspring of legitimate pathos.

Miss Burden offered her the consolations of one intimately acquainted with pathos. Every night for many long and weary years she had longed to go home to her own rustic hermitage, which, however, had no existence outside her fancy.

"Dearest Araminta," said Miss Burden, caressing her in a very genuine manner, "you will soon get used to the strangeness."

"I want to go home to Slocum Magna," sobbed Miss Perry.

"I am sure you are a good and brave and noble girl," said Miss Burden, who believed profoundly in goodness and bravery and nobility.

"Papa said I was," sobbed Miss Perry, settling her hand more firmly than ever upon the basket of Tobias.

"To-morrow you will feel happier, Araminta dearest," said Miss Burden, bestowing a final hug upon the distressed Miss Perry.

Miss Burden was guilty of saying that which she did not believe, but let us hope no one will blame her.

CHAPTER VIII

CAROLINE CREWKERNE'S GAINSBOROUGH

From the moment that "Caroline Crewkerne's Gainsborough" came upon the town there was no denying her success. She was a new sensation; and happy in her sponsors the diminished glories of Hill Street emerged from their eclipse. If old Lady Crewkerne derived a grim satisfaction from the absolute possession of the nine days' wonder, Andover was one of the proudest and happiest men in London. He took to himself the whole merit of the discovery.

"I assure you," he declared to a circle of the elect, "that blind old woman would never have seen the likeness. It was quite providential that I happened to look in and point it out."

In matters of art Andover's taste was really fastidious. And in addition to his other foibles no man was more susceptible to beauty. Every morning for a week he called at Hill Street, to view his discovery more adequately in the full light of day. It was in vain, however, that he tried to surprise her. She was kept very close.

For one thing the creature had positively no clothes in which to submit to the ordeal of the public gaze. Almost the first thing Caroline Crewkerne did was to send for her dressmaker, who was commanded to

make Miss Perry "appear respectable," and was given only three days in which to perform the operation.

"I assure your ladyship it is impossible in three days," said the dressmaker.

"If that is your opinion," said her ladyship, "I shall go elsewhere."

As it was her ladyship's custom to pay her bills quarterly, on the morning of the fourth day Miss Perry came down to breakfast in a blue serge costume. It was rigid in outline and formal in cut. In fact it had been chosen by Miss Burden, and had been wrought in the style affected by that model of reticent good breeding.

It was in this attire, surmounted by a straw hat of the regulation type in lieu of the inverted vegetable basket, that Andover saw Miss Perry for the second time.

"What are you thinking of, Caroline?" said he tragically. "Where is your instinct? It is a gross act of vandalism to consign a genuine Gainsborough to the tender mercies of a woman's tailor."

"Pooh!" said Caroline.

All the same Andover was roused to action. At noon next day a cab appeared at the door of Caroline's residence. It contained a milliner and twenty-two hats in divers boxes. The milliner said she had instructions to wait for Lord Andover.

The redoubtable Caroline's first instinct was to order the milliner off the premises.

"Gross impertinence," she declared.

However, the perverse old woman had a liberal share of reason. Andover had his foibles, but emphatically he knew on which side of the bread to look for the butter. In all matters relating to this world, from race-horses to French millinery, wise people respected his judgment.

At five minutes after midday Andover himself appeared in the company of an amiable, courteous and distinguished foreigner.

"What, pray, is the meaning of this invasion?" said Caroline with a snort of hostility.

"This is Monsieur Duprez," said Andover, "the great genius who comes to London twice a year from Raquin's at Paris."

Monsieur Duprez, overwhelmed by this melodious flattery, very nearly touched the Persian carpet with his nose. Caroline scowled at him.

"Andover," said she, "who has given you authority to turn my house into a dressmaker's shop?"

"I have the authority," said Andover, "of a pure taste unvitiated by Whig prejudice and Victorian tradition. Miss Burden, will you have

the great goodness to summon Nature's masterpiece so that Art, her handmaiden, may make an obeisance to her; and might I also suggest that you procure Lady Crewkerne's knitting."

Miss Burden, thrilled by the unmistakable impact of romance, waited with animation for permission to obey Lord Andover.

"I will not have my niece tricked out like a play-actress or an American," said Caroline. "Andover, understand that clearly."

Andover, feeling his position to be impregnable, was as cool as you please. As is the case with so many people, his coolness bordered upon insolence. Caroline was so much the slave of her worldly wisdom that in a case of this kind she would be compelled to bow the knee to an array of acknowledged experts. Besides, it was so easy for Andover to justify himself in the most dramatic manner. He pointed with a dramatic gesture to the world famous Duchess of Dorset.

"Caroline," said he, "if you will take the advice of an old friend, you will attend to your knitting. Three experts are present. They can be trusted to deal with this matter effectually. Indeed, I might say four. Miss Burden, I know you to be in cordial sympathy with the highest in whatever form it may manifest itself. Therefore, I entreat you, particularly as the time of Monsieur Duprez and Madame Pelissier belongs not to themselves, nor to us, but to civilization, to produce our great work of nature in order that her handmaiden, Art, may deck her."

Caroline's hostile upper lip took a double curl, a feat which was the outcome of infinite practice in the expression of scorn.

"I hope you will not put ideas into the creature's head, that's all," said she. "Fortunately she is such a born simpleton that it is doubtful whether she is capable of retaining any. Burden, you may fetch her."

It was a charming April morning and the sunshine was flooding the room. It made a canopy for Miss Perry as she came in simply and modestly through the drawing-room door. At once it challenged that wonderful yellow mane of hers that was the color of daffodils, which on its own part seemed to reciprocate the flashing caresses of the light of the morning. The yellow mane appeared to grow incandescent and shoot out little lights of its own. The glamour of pink and white and azure was very wonderful, too, as the sunlight wantoned with it in its own inimitable manner. Here was Juno, indeed, and none recognized the fact so fully as the Prince of the Morning.

Monsieur Duprez's eyes sparkled. Madame Pelissier gave a little exclamation.

"You have here a great subject," said Lord Andover to those rare

artists, "and there you have the manner in which the great Gainsborough treated it."

Madame Pelissier disclosed her creations. Hat after hat was fitted to the daffodil-colored mane. Andover walked round and round the young goddess, surveying each separate effect from every point of view. His gravity could not have been excelled by a minister of state.

"They must be enormous," said he with ever-mounting enthusiasm. "They must sit at the perfect angle. They must be of the hue of the wing of the raven. Yes, feathers, decidedly. And they must flop almost absurdly."

"Andover," said the warning voice, "don't be a coxcomb."

"Yes," said Andover, "I like that wicker-work arrangement. The way it flops is capital. It will do for week days. But there must be one for Sunday mornings in which to go to church."

Madame Pelissier was inclined to be affronted by Andover's extreme fastidiousness. There was not a single creation in the whole collection which had quite got "that," he declared, snapping his fingers in the manner of Sir Joshua.

"Madame Pelissier," said he solemnly, "it comes to this. You will have to invoke your genius to create a Sunday hat for Juno. You observe what Gainsborough did for her grandmamma. Mark well that masterpiece, dear Madame Pelissier, for *je prends mon bien où je le trouve*."

"*Carte blanche, Milor?*" said Madame Pelissie with a little shrug.

"*Absolument*," said my lord. "Give a free rein to your genius, *ma chère madame*. Crown the young goddess with the noblest creation that ever consecrated the drab pavement of Bond Street."

"I warn you, Andover," said the aunt of the young goddess, "I will not have the creature figged out like a ballet dancer or a female in a circus."

"Peace, Caroline," said Andover. "Where is your knitting?" He shook a finger of warning at her. "Really, Caroline, you must refrain from Philistine observations in the presence of those who are dedicated to the service of art."

The old lady snorted with great energy.

In the meantime Monsieur Duprez, crowing with delight, was absorbing Gainsborough's masterpiece.

"I haf it," said he, tapping the centre of his forehead, "ze very ting."

"May it prove so, my dear Duprez," said Andover, "for then we shall have a nine days' wonder for the town."

Thus it will be seen that in the beginning "Caroline Crewkerne's Gainsborough," as she was so soon to be christened by the privileged few who write the labels of history, owed much to Andover's foresight, judgment and undoubted talent for stage management.

She really made her début at Saint Sepulchre's Church, in which sacred and fashionable edifice, I regret to say, her Aunt Caroline was an inconstant worshipper—and afterwards in Hyde Park on the second Sunday morning in May.

At least a fortnight before Andover had declared his intention to the powers that obtained in Hill Street of making Miss Perry known to London on the first really bright and warm Sunday morning. Thanks to the behavior of providence her church-going clothes arrived the evening before the weather; whilst only a few hours previously a deft-fingered jewel of a maid had arrived expressly from Paris, at the instance of the experts, who was learned in the set of the most marvellous frocks and hats, and who also was a rare artist in the human hair.

Therefore, let none confess to surprise that Miss Perry was the innocent cause of some excitement when she burst upon an astonished world. Mr. Marchbanks was the first to behold Miss Perry when on this historic second Sunday morning in May she quitted the privacy of her chamber fittingly clothed to render homage to her Maker. He beheld her as she came down the stairs in an enormous black hat with a wonderful feather, a miracle of harmonious daring, and in a lilac frock, not answering, it is true, in every detail to that in which her famous grandmamma had been painted by Gainsborough, but none the less a triumph for all concerned in it. However, to judge by the demeanor of shocked stupefaction of the virtuous man who first regarded it, who himself was about to accompany Mrs. Plunket to divine worship, this was an achievement that was not to the taste of everybody. In the opinion of Mr. Marchbanks, it might be magnificent but it was not religion.

By one of those coincidences in which real life indulges so recklessly, Miss Perry had not reached the bottom of the stairs when Andover, duly admitted by Mr. Collins, and himself armed *cap-à-pie* for divine worship in a brand-new wig, with freshly dyed moustache, light gray trousers, lilac gloves, white gaiters, and a single bloom in his buttonhole appeared on the parquet floor of the entrance hall.

His greeting was almost as melodramatic as his appearance.

"A positive triumph," he cried. "My dear young lady—my dear Miss Perry—my dear Miss Araminta, the highest hopes of a sanguine temperament have been exceeded. Art, the handmaiden, has done her work nobly, but, of course, the real triumph belongs to nature."

"Isn't my new frock a nice one?" said Miss Perry.

"Incomparable."

"It is almost as nice as the mauve one Muffin had last summer but one," said Miss Perry.

It seemed to Andover that the drawl of Miss Perry was absurdly suited to her clothes. He led her proudly to the morning room.

"Caroline," said he, "prepare for the conquest of London."

That old woman had never looked so fierce. As a preliminary she snuffed the air.

"Burden," said she, "cease behaving like a fool and have the goodness to get my spectacles."

Miss Burden obeyed her in a kind of delirium. The scrutiny of Caroline Crewkerne was severe and prolonged. There was no approbation in it.

"An old-fashioned respect for the English Sunday," said she, "precludes my going to church with a *tableau vivant*."

Andover scorned her openly.

"You perverse woman," said he, "why are you so blind? Here is a triumph that will ring through the town. Are you prepared to identify yourself with it or are you not?"

Caroline Crewkerne subjected her niece to a second prolonged and severe scrutiny.

"Humph," said she ungraciously.

However, she was a very shrewd old woman. Further, she was a very clear-sighted old woman who knew herself to be what Andover did not hesitate to proclaim her. She was a Philistine. Upon any matter which impinged upon life's amenities she was far too wise to trust her own judgment. Andover, on the other hand, in spite of an inclination toward the bizarre and the freakish, she allowed to have taste.

"I shall go to church," she announced to her gentlewoman.

She spoke as if she were flinging down a gauntlet.

The Church of Saint Sepulchre, as the elect do not need to be told, is quite near to Hill Street. Caroline Crewkerne was ready to start ten minutes before the service began.

"Easy, Caroline," said Andover, studying his watch reflectively; "there is no hurry."

"Even if they bore one," said Caroline, "it is not good manners to be disrespectful to the officiating clergy."

Andover, however, although he advanced no positive reasons why disrespect should be offered to the officiating clergy, showed a marked disposition for divine service to begin without him. He loitered and

loitered upon absurdly flimsy pretexts. And just as the procession was about to start from the door of Caroline's residence he mislaid his umbrella.

CHAPTER IX

IN WHICH ANDOVER DROPS HIS UMBRELLA

"Never mind your umbrella," said Caroline tartly.

"I must mind my umbrella," said Andover plaintively. "If one attends divine worship in London in the middle of the season without an umbrella, one is bound to be taken for an agnostic."

"Collins," demanded Caroline, "what have you done with his lordship's umbrella?"

"You placed it here, my lord," said Mr. Collins, indicating an umbrella with an ivory handle and a gold band.

"Nonsense," said Andover. "I don't own an umbrella with an ivory handle."

Mr. Collins looked at the gold band and assured his lordship imperturbably that his name was upon it. Andover examined it himself.

"It is the name of my father," said he. "How the dooce did an umbrella with an ivory handle come into the possession of my father!"

The clock in the hall slowly chimed eleven. The procession started for Saint Sepulchre's with the redoubtable Caroline in a decidedly unchristian temper, with Miss Burden profoundly uncomfortable, with Miss Perry innocently absorbed in her new frock and preoccupied with the modest hope that the passers-by would notice it; while Andover walked by her side apparently without a thought in his head save the philosophic significance of an ivory-handled umbrella.

"I remember now, my dear Miss Araminta," said he. "It was given to my grandfather as a token of esteem by that singularly constituted monarch George the Fourth."

"I am sure it must be almost as nice as Muffin's was," said Miss Perry. "That old gentleman with the white moustache turned round to look at it."

"Did he?" said Andover, fixing his eyeglass truculently.

"Muffin's was mauve," said Miss Perry. "But I think lilac is almost as nice, don't you?"

"It is all a matter of taste, my dear Miss Araminta," said Andover. "Fancy one entering a West End church with an umbrella with an ivory handle."

"Why shouldn't one, pray?" snorted Caroline from the recesses of her bath chair.

"My dear Caroline," said Andover, "it looks so worldly."

"Humph," said Caroline.

Scarcely had the procession reached the outer precincts of Saint Sepulchre's when its ears were smitten with the sound of a thousand fervent voices uplifted in adulation of their Creator.

"There, Andover," said Caroline, "now you are satisfied. We are late."

This fact, however, did not seem to perturb Andover so much as it ought to have done. He even deprecated the alacrity with which Caroline left her bath chair, and the determined manner in which she prepared to head the procession into the sacred edifice.

"Easy, Caroline," said he. "Let 'em get fairly on to their legs."

As the procession filed very slowly down the central aisle with the fervent voices still upraised and the organ loudly pealing, more than one pair of eyes took their fill of it. There was not a worshipper within those four walls who did not know who the old woman was with the hawklike features and the ebony walking stick. Nor were they at a loss for the identity of the distinguished if slightly overdressed gentleman who came in her train. Moreover, the wonderful creature in the picture hat and the lilac frock did not fail to inspire their curiosity.

Caroline Crewkerne's pew was at the far end of the church, next but two to the chancel. The procession had reached the middle of the central aisle when there came a brief lull in the proceedings. The organ was muffled in a passage of peculiar solemnity; the fervor of the voices was subdued in harmony; there was hardly a sound to be heard, when Andover had the misfortune to drop his umbrella.

The sound of the ivory handle resolutely meeting cold marble at such an intensely solemn moment was really dramatic. Not a person throughout the whole of the sacred edifice who could fail to hear the impact of the ill-fated umbrella. For the umbrella was indeed ill-fated. The ivory handle lay upon the marble shattered in three pieces. Almost every eye in the church seemed to be fixed upon the owner of the umbrella. A wave of indignation appeared to pass over the congregation, which seemed to make the air vibrate. Not only did the owner of the umbrella come late to church, but he must needs disturb the sanctity of the occasion by mundanely dropping his umbrella with extraordinary violence and publicity.

From a little to the left of Andover, as he stood ruefully surveying the wreck of his umbrella, there penetrated cool and youthful tones.

"My aunt!" they said, "who is the gal the old fossil's got with him?"

"Sssh, Archibald," came a sibilant whisper; and then arose a louder and more decisive, "Overdressed!"

A drawl that was remarkably friendly yet of a length that was really absurd seemed to float all over the church in the most delightfully subtle convolutions.

"What a pity," it could be heard to say clearly by all in the vicinity. "It cannot be mended. They couldn't mend Muffin's when she dropped hers at the Hobson baby's christening."

With a naturalness so absolute did the Amazon with the daffodil colored mane stoop to assist her companion to retrieve the fragments of the shattered umbrella that it seemed almost to the onlookers that she had mistaken the central aisle of Saint Sepulchre's at 11.15 A.M. on the second Sunday in May for the middle of Exmoor.

"My aunt!" said the cool and youthful tones, "the gal's tophole."

"Sssh, Archibald," said the sibilant whisper. "Dear me, what loud manners! Sssh, Archibald, don't speak during the confession."

Caroline Crewkerne and her gentlewoman had been kneeling devoutly upon their hassocks for at least two minutes by the time Andover and Miss Perry arrived at the second pew from the chancel. Andover bore in his right hand a fragment of ivory; in the left the decapitated body of his umbrella. Somehow his expression of rue did not appear to be quite so sincere as the circumstances and the surrounding warranted. In the right hand of Miss Perry was a prayer book; in the left two fragments of ivory. The gravity of her demeanor was enough to satisfy the most sensitive beholder.

After the service, as Caroline Crewkerne's party was moving out of the church, it was joined by no less a person than George Betterton. Like Caroline herself, he was an inconstant worshipper at Saint Sepulchre's.

"Hallo, George," said Andover, "what the dooce has brought you to church?"

Andover was not sincere in his inquiry. He knew perfectly well what had brought George to church. The responsibility for his appearance there was his entirely.

"The weather, Andover," growled George solemnly. "Fine mornin' to hear a good sermon."

"I don't approve of candles on the altar," said Caroline Crewkerne in a voice that all the world might heed. "Far too many Roman practices have crept into the service lately."

"You are perfectly right, Caroline," said Andover. "That is my own opinion. I intend to lodge a complaint with the vicar."

"How are you, Caroline," said George with affability. "It is a great pleasure to see you at church."

"It is a pleasure you might afford yourself oftener," said Caroline grimly.

George cast an envious eye to the front. Andover walking with the lilac frock and the picture hat ten paces ahead of the bath chair appeared to be coming in for a good deal of public attention.

"How does it feel, Caroline," said George Betterton, "to go to church with Grandmother Dorset?"

"Do you mean my niece, Miss Perry?" said she with a scant appearance of interest.

"Perry, eh? A girl of Polly's?"

"Don't you see the likeness?" said Caroline with a little snort.

"No, I don't," said George. "She resembles Polly about as much as Andover resembles a Christian."

"I agree with you, George," said Caroline Crewkerne.

"She reminds me of what you were in the Fifties, Caroline," said George, obviously trying to be agreeable.

"A compliment," sneered its recipient.

"Gal's on the big side," said George, "a reg'lar bouncer, but by George——!"

His grace paused on the apostrophe to his natal saint.

"Carries her clothes like Grandmother Dorset," said he.

"It is a great responsibility," said Caroline, "for a woman of my age to have a creature like that to look after."

"Money?"

"Not a penny," said Caroline bluntly.

"Pity," said George, whose standards were frankly utilitarian. "Fine looking gal. Andover appears to think so."

By now the space between the bath chair and the first pair in the procession had been increased to twenty paces.

"Andover," called the old lady, "this is not a coursing match."

Andover checked politely to await the arrival of the powers.

"Dear me," said he, "are we walking quickly? Miss Araminta moves like a deer."

"Girl," said the old lady, "don't walk so quickly. You are now in Hyde Park, not in a lane in Devonshire."

"You come from Devon," said George Betterton, addressing Miss Perry with an air of remarkable benevolence, "where the cream comes from, eh?"

If I assert positively that Miss Perry made a gesture of licking her lips

in a frankly feline manner, I lay myself open to a scathing rebuke from the feminine section of my readers. They will assure me that no true lady would be guilty of such an act when walking in Hyde Park on a Sunday morning with the highest branch of the peerage. I am by no means certain she did not. At least the gesture she made was highly reminiscent of a feat of that nature.

"They promised to send me some from the parsonage," said Miss Perry wistfully, "but it hasn't come yet."

"Shame," said his Grace with deep feeling. "I'll go round to Buszard's first thing to-morrow and tell 'em to send you a pot."

"Oh, thank you so much," said Miss Perry.

"Pray don't mention it, my dear Miss—" said the duke with a somewhat heavy, yet by no means unsuccessful air.

"My name is Araminta," drawled Miss Perry in her delightfully ludicrous manner, "but they call me Goose because I am *rather* a Sillay."

"Charmin'," said his Grace. "Call you Goose, eh? Charmin' name."

"A silly name, isn't it?" said Miss Perry.

"Charmin'," said George Betterton, "charmin' name. I'll call you Goose myself, if you have no objection."

"Oh, do please," said Miss Perry, "then I shall know we are friends."

"Capital," said George. "Shall I tell you, Miss Goose, what they call me?"

"Oh, do please," said Miss Perry.

"They call me Gobo," said his Grace, "because I gobble like a turkey."

"What fun!" cried Miss Perry. "What a splendid name! I shall write to tell Muffin about it."

Miss Perry's clear peal of laughter appeared to excite the curiosity of a particularly well-groomed and well-gowned section of the British Public which occupied the chairs along the path. At all events it eyed the slow-moving procession very intently.

"Here comes that gal," said the proprietor of the cool and youthful tones removing a silver mounted stick from his mouth. "She's got another old sportsman with her."

"Sssh, Archibald," said the sibilant voice, "that is the Duke of Lancaster."

"He's a lucky old fellow," said the voice of youth. "But if I was that gal, I wouldn't walk in the park with a chap who has a face like an over-ripe tomato and who gobbles like a turkey."

"Sssh, Archibald, *dearest!*"

The procession was now almost alongside the youthful critic. Miss Perry, a positive queen challenging the superb May morning in its

glamour and its freshness, with her chin tilted at a rather proud angle, for she could not help rejoicing simply and sincerely in the attention that was paid to her new frock, was flanked upon the one hand by Andover, on the other by George Betterton. Ten paces in the rear came the bath chair with its hawklike occupant. Beside it was Miss Burden with Ponto on a lead.

"I tell you what, mater," said the voice of youth. "If those two old bucks are not ridin' jealous they will be very soon."

"Sssh, my pet," said mamma, placing a particularly neat suède over the mouth of young hopeful.

"If you call me Goose," the deliciously ludicrous drawl was borne on the zephyrs of spring, "I may call you Gobo, may I not?"

"'Arry," said a bystander with a gesture of ferocious disgust to a companion who embellished a frock coat with a pair of brown boots, "that's what they call claws. It fairly makes you sick. That's what comes of 'aving a 'ouse of Lords."

The proprietor of the brown boots assented heartily.

"If I was a nob," said he, "I would learn to respect meself."

The voice of command came forth from the bath chair.

"George," it said, "have you noticed the tulips?"

"No," said George, "where are they?"

He looked down at his feet to see if he had trodden upon them.

"Burden," said the old lady, "take the dook across the road to see the tulips."

Somewhat reluctantly, it must be confessed, his grace permitted himself to be conducted by Ponto and the faithful gentlewoman over the way to look at a bed of flowers.

"Andover," said Caroline Crewkerne, "to-morrow you must take my niece to view the National Gallery."

"That will be too sweet," said Miss Perry.

Andover bestowed upon his old friend and adversary a look of wariness tempered with gratitude.

(To be continued)

QUO ABEO?

BY GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

THE flood flows down, the sails are spreading,
The destined voyage must begin;—
A quiet farewell, and then, undreading,
I enter in.

But far at sea—"Sir Captain, shelter
Awaits us whither? What harbor saves?"—
Nor sound nor motion but the welter
Of heavy waves.

"Yet tell me—there shall be an ending?
Some port with hope of us is lit?
Within *some* haven we find friending?
Ah, teach me it!

"Captain, . . . these seas . . . are not uncharted?
We voyage not in blind amaze,
Growing forever fainter-hearted,
Unending days?"

No word,—until I fall entreating:
"If here we wander evermore,
If there shall never be a meeting
Again, ashore,—

"Oh why the vessel, why the sailing?—
Sink we to rest beneath the sea,
Unsought, unlonging, unavailing,
No more to be?"

Silence—that stings me with the daring
To spring and seize that Shape unknown:
O God—'tis *I* with whom I'm faring
Alone, alone!

George Herbert Clarke.

SPECIAL ARTICLES

THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE

BY SIR OLIVER LODGE

By thought transference I mean a possible communication between mind and mind, by means other than any of the known organs of sense: what I may call a sympathetic connection between mind and mind; using the term mind in a vague and popular sense, without strict definition. What do I mean by sympathetic connection? Take some examples:

A pair of iron levers, one on the ground, the other some hundred yards away on a post, are often seen to be sympathetically connected; for when a railway official hauls one of them through a certain angle, the distant lever or semaphore arm revolves through a similar angle. The disturbance has travelled from one to the other through a very obvious medium of communication—viz., an iron wire or rope.

The pulling of a knob, followed by the ringing of a bell, is a similar process, and the transmission of the impulse in either of these cases is commonly considered simple and mechanical. It is not so simple as we think; for concerning cohesion we are exceedingly ignorant, and why one end of a stick moves when the other end is touched no one at present is clearly able to tell us.

A couple of tuning forks, or precisely similar musical instruments, isolated from each other and from other bodies, suspended in air, let us say. Sound one of them and the other responds—i.e., begins to emit the same note. This is known in acoustics as sympathetic resonance; and again a disturbance has travelled through the medium from one to the other. The medium in this case is intangible, but quite familiar, viz., atmospheric air.

Next, suspend a couple of magnets, alike in all respects, pivoted on points at some distance from each other. Touch one of the magnets and set it swinging, the other begins to swing slightly, too. Once more a disturbance has travelled from one to the other, but the medium in this case is by no means obvious. It is nothing solid, liquid, or gaseous; that much is certain. Whether it is material or not depends partly on what we mean by material—partly requires more

knowledge before a satisfactory answer can be given. We do, however, know something of the medium operative in this case, and we call it ether.

In these cases the intensity of the response varies with distance, and at a sufficiently great distance the response would be imperceptible. This may hastily be set down as a natural consequence of a physical medium of communication and a physical or mechanical disturbance; but it is not quite so. A couple of telephones connected properly by wires are sympathetic, and if one is tapped the other receives a shock. Whatever is said to one is repeated by the other, and distance is practically unimportant; at any rate, there is no simple law of inverse square, or any such kind of law; there is a definite channel for the disturbance between the two. The real medium of communication is still the ether.

Take a mirror, pivoted on an axle, and capable of slight motion. At a distance let there be a suitable receiving instrument, say a drum of photographic paper and a lens. If the sun is shining on the mirror, and everything properly arranged, a line may be drawn by it on the paper miles away, and every tilt given to the mirror shall be reproduced as a kink in the line. This may go on over great distances; no wire or anything else commonly called "material" connecting the two stations, nothing but a beam of sunlight, a peculiar state of the ether.

So far we have been dealing with mere physics. To poach a little on the ground of physiology, take two brains, as like as possible, say belonging to two similar animals; place them a certain distance apart, with no known obvious means of communication, and see if there is any sympathetic link between them. Apply a stimulus to one and observe whether the other in any way responds. To make the experiment conveniently, it is best to avail one's self of the entire animal and not of its brain alone. It is then easy to stimulate one of the brains through any of the creature's peripheral sense organs, and it may be possible to detect whatever effect is excited in the other brain by some motor impulse, some muscular movement of the appropriate animal.

So far as I know, the experiment has hitherto been principally tried on man. This has certain advantages and certain disadvantages. The main advantage is that the motor result of intelligent speech is more definite and instructive than mere pawings and gropings or twitchings. The main disadvantage is that the liability to conscious deception and fraud becomes serious, much more serious than it is with a less cunning animal.

It by no means follows that the experiment will succeed with a lower animal because it succeeds with man; but I am not aware of its having

been tried at present except with man. A simple mode of trying the experiment would be to pinch or hurt one animal and see if the other can feel any pain. If it does feel anything it will probably twitch and rub, or it may become vocal with displeasure.

There are two varieties of the experiment: First, with some manifest link or possible channel, as, for instance, where two individuals hold hands through a stuffed-up hole in the wall; and, second, with no such obvious medium, as when they are at a distance from one another.

Instead of simple pain in any part of the skin, one may stimulate the brain otherwise by exciting some special sense organ; for instance, those of taste or smell. Apply nauseous or pleasant materials to the palate of one animal and watch the countenance of the other; or, if human, get the receptive person to describe the substance which the other is tasting.

These experiments have been tried with human subjects, and they have had a fair measure of positive result. But I am not concerned with making assertions regarding facts, or expecting credence at present. A serious amount of study is necessary before one is in a position to criticise any statement of fact. What I am concerned to show is that such experiments are not on the face of them absurd; that they are experiments which ought to be made; and that any result actually obtained, if definite and clear, ought to be gradually and cautiously accepted, whether it be positive or negative.

It may be objected that my mode of statement involves some hypothesis. The nerves of an individual, *A*, are stimulated, and the muscles of another individual, *B*, respond. How do I know that the *brain* of either *A* or *B* has anything to do with it? Why may it not be an immediate connection between the peripheral sense organs themselves? This is improbable, and we are driven by probability to ascend at least as high as brain in order to explain such facts as I have postulated as possibly true. I have not the slightest wish to dogmatise, and only to save space do I make that much assumption.

An experiment with a sound or smell stimulus is manifestly not very crucial unless the intervening distance between *A* and *B* is excessive. But a sight stimulus can be readily confined within narrow limits of space. Thus, a picture can be held up in front of the eyes of *A*, and *B* can be asked if he sees anything; if he does, to describe it or to draw it. If the picture or diagram thus shown to *A* is one that has only just been drawn by the responsible experimenter himself; if it is one that has no simple name that can be signalled; if *A* is not allowed to touch *B* or to move during the course of the experiment, and has never seen

the picture before; if, by precaution of screening, rays from the picture can be positively asserted never to have entered the eyes of *B*; and if, nevertheless, *B* describes it, however dimly, and is able to draw it, in dead silence on the part of all concerned, then the experiment would be a good one.

But not yet would it be conclusive. We must consider who *A* and *B* are. If they are a pair of persons who go about together and make money out of the exhibition; if they are in any sense a brace of professionals accustomed to act together, nothing is solidly proved by such an experiment, for cunning is by no means an improbable hypothesis. Cunning takes such a variety of forms it is best to eliminate it altogether. That can be done by using unassorted individuals in unaccustomed rooms. True, the experiment may thus become much more difficult, if not quite impossible. Two entirely different tuning forks will not respond. Two strangers are not usually sympathetic, in the ordinary sense of the word; perhaps we ought not to expect a response. Nevertheless, the experiment must be made, and if *B* is found able to respond, not only to *A*1, but also to *A*2, *A*3, and other complete strangers, under the conditions above stated, then the experiment may be regarded as satisfactory. I am prepared to assert that such satisfactory experiments have been made.

Whenever I use the term thought-transference, I never mean anything like public performances, whether by genuine persons or impostors. The human race is so constituted that such performances have their value—they incite others to try experiments; but in themselves, and scientifically, public performances are useless, and often tend to obscure a phenomenon by covering it with semi-legitimate contempt.

Suppose *A* and *B* left alone, and not stimulated by any third person, *C*; it is quite possible for *A* to combine the functions of *C* with his own functions and to stimulate himself. He may look at a picture or a playing card, or he may taste a substance, or he may, if he can, simply think of a number, or a scene, or an event, and, so to speak, keep it vividly in his mind. It may happen that *B* will be able to describe the scene of which *A* is thinking, sometimes almost correctly, sometimes with a large admixture of error, or at least of dimness.

To go a step further. Let *A* and *B* be not thinking of experimenting at all. Let them be at a distance from one another, and going about their ordinary vocations, including somnolence and other passive as well as active occupations of the twenty-four hours. Let us, however, not suppose them strangers, but relatives or intimate friends; still better, *perhaps* (I make no assertions on any of these points), twin brothers.

Let something vividly excite *A*; let him fall down a cliff, or be run over by a horse, or fall into a river; or let him be taken violently ill, or be subject to some strong emotion; or let him be at the point of death.

Is it not conceivable that if any such sympathetic connection between individuals as I have been postulating exists, that a violent stimulus, such as we have supposed *A* to receive, may be able to induce in *B*, even though inattentive and otherwise occupied, some dim echo, reverberation, response, and cause him to be more or less aware that *A* is suffering or perturbed? If *B* is busy, self-absorbed, actively engaged, he may notice nothing. If he happen to be quiescent, vacant, moody, or half or whole asleep, he may realize and be conscious of something. He may perhaps only feel a vague sense of depression in general; or he may feel the depression and associate it definitely with *A*; or he may be more distinctly aware of what is happening, and call out that *A* had a fall, or an accident, or is being drowned, or is ill; or he may have a specially vivid dream which will trouble him long after he wakes; or he may think he hears *A*'s voice; or lastly, he may conjure up an image of *A* so vividly before his "mind's eye" that he may be able to persuade himself and others that he has seen his apparition—sometimes a mere purposeless apparition, sometimes in a setting of a sort of vision or picture not unlike what is at the time elsewhere really happening.

I confess that the weight of testimony is sufficient to satisfy my own mind that such things do undoubtedly occur; that distance is no barrier to the sympathetic communication of intelligence in some way of which we are at present ignorant; that the danger or death of a distant child, or brother, or husband may be signalled to the heart of a human being fitted to be the recipient of such a message. We call the process telepathy—sympathy at a distance; we do not understand it. What is the medium of communication? Is it through the air, like the tuning forks; or through the ether, like the magnets; or is it something non-physical, and exclusively psychical? No one can as yet tell. We must know far more about it before we can answer that question, perhaps before we can be sure whether the question has a meaning or not.

Meanwhile, plainly, telepathy strikes us as a spontaneous occurrence of that intercommunication between mind and mind (or brain and brain) which, for want of a better term, we at present style thought-transference. We may be wrong in thus regarding it, but as scientific men that is how we are bound to regard it unless forced by the weight of evidence into some apparently less tenable position. The opinion is strengthened by the fact that the spontaneously occurring impressions can be artificially and experimentally imitated by conscious attempts to

produce them. Individuals are known who can by an effort of will excite the brain of another person at a moderate distance, say another part of the same town, possibly further—I am not sure of that—so that these second persons imagine that they hear him call or they see his face. These are called experimental apparitions and appear well established.

What is the meaning of this unexpected sympathetic resonance, this syntonic reverberation between minds? Is it conceivably the germ of a new sense, something which the human race is, in the progress of evolution, destined to receive in fuller measure? or is it the relic of a faculty possessed by our animal ancestry before speech was?

I have no wish to intrude speculations, and I cannot answer these questions except in terms of speculation. I wish to assert nothing but what I believe to be solid and verifiable facts. Suppose I discover a piece of paper with scrawls on it. I may guess they are intended for something, but as they are to me illegible hieroglyphics, I carry it to one person after another and get them to look at it, but it excites in them no response. They perceive little more than a savage would perceive. But not so with all of them. One man to whom I show it has the perceptive faculty, so to speak; he becomes wildly excited; he begins to sing; he rushes for an arrangement of wood and catgut, and fills the air with vibrations. Even the others can now faintly appreciate the meaning. The piece of paper was a lost manuscript of Beethoven.

What sort of thought transference is that? Where is the *A* to whom the ideas originally occurred? He has been dead for years; his thought has been fossilized, lain dormant in matter, but it only wanted a sympathetic and educated mind to perceive it, to revive it, and to make it the property of the world. Idea, I call it; but it is not only idea: there may be a world of emotion stored in matter, ready to be released as by a detent. Action of mind on matter, reaction of matter on mind—are these things, after all, commonplaces, too?

If so, what is not possible?

Here is a room where a tragedy occurred, where the human spirit was strung to intensest anguish. Is there any trace of that agony present still and able to be appreciated by an attuned and receptive mind? I assert nothing, except that it is not inconceivable. I do not regard the evidence for these things as so conclusive as for some of the other phenomena I have dealt with, but the belief in such facts may be forced upon us, and the garment of superstition is already dropping from them. They will take their place if true, in an orderly universe, along with other not wholly unallied and already well-known occurrences.

Is it credible that a relic, a lock of hair, an old garment, retains any

indication of a departed, retains any portion of his personality? Does not an old letter? Does not a painting? An "old master" we call it. There may be much of the personality of the old master thus preserved. Is not the emotion felt on looking at it a kind of thought-transference from the departed? A painting differs from a piece of music in that it is constantly incarnate, as it were. It is there for all to see, for some to understand. The music requires incarnation, it can be performed, as we say, and then it can be appreciated. But in no case without the attuned and thoughtful mind; and so these things are, in a sense, thought-transference, but deferred thought-transference. They may be likened to telepathy, not only reaching over tracts of space, but deferred through epochs of time.

Think over these great things and be not unduly sceptical about little things. An attitude of keen and critical inquiry must continually be maintained, and in that sense any amount of scepticism is not only legitimate but necessary. The kind of scepticism I deprecate is not that which sternly questions and rigorously probes, it is rather that which confidently asserts and dogmatically denies. But this kind is not true scepticism, in the proper sense of the word, for it deters inquiry and forbids inspection. It is too positive concerning the boundaries of knowledge and the line where superstition begins.

Phantasms and dreams, and ghosts, crystal-gazing, premonitions, and clairvoyance: the region of superstition; yes, but possibly also the region of fact. As taxes on credulity they are trifles compared to the things we are already familiar with—only too familiar with—stupidly and inanely inappreciative of.

Let superstition envelop the whole of our knowledge and existence if it envelop any, but let it be called by a less ignoble name.

A FORGOTTEN AMERICAN POET

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

It was with rather more than a dash of scepticism that I read the letter from a friend, who was delving in the John Carter Brown library in Providence, announcing that he had discovered nuggets of pure gold in a volume of American verse by Frederick Goddard Tuckerman, a poet whose work finds no place in Mr. Stedman's anthology, and who is probably unknown to most of the readers of *THE FORUM*, as he was to me. I sent an order for his book, however, to a dealer in Boston, and then forgot the incident.

A year later the book came, evidently after long search. It was the second edition, published in Boston by Ticknor and Fields in 1864, bound in the familiar brown of that famous house. The first edition was printed in 1860. My copy bore this inscription on the fly leaf: "Mrs. H. B. Stowe, with the compliments of the author." I looked within for marginal notes, but if Mrs. Stowe read, she had made no comments. The only inserts were newspaper clippings about the Beecher family! The gold nuggets that my friend promised, however, were there, and as I read I wondered why poetry such as this had found no tiniest place in an American anthology, why this introspective, withdrawing, contemplative man, for all the metrical faults and the slender bulk of his verse, was so absolutely unknown in the history of American letters. It did not seem just or right. I should like if possible to shed a tiny ray back upon his memory. His was a rare, if imperfect poetic faculty; and certain portions of his verse are worthy of perpetuation.

About his history I have been able to learn little. He was born in 1821, of a distinguished Boston family. Joseph Tuckerman, the noted philanthropist and Unitarian clergyman, was his uncle. His older brother was Edward Tuckerman, the famous professor of botany at Amherst College from 1858 to 1886. And one of his cousins was Henry T. Tuckerman, once prominent as a critic and poet. He entered the class of 1841 at Harvard, but left at the end of his Freshman year. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, a classmate, writes to me: "I never knew why he left my class, but perhaps from such family obstacles as his older brother met. I remember he came back among us at some kind of gathering during our college course and seemed very cordial and friendly to all. I remember him as a refined and gentlemanly fellow, but did not then know him as a poet. I see him put down as a lawyer in Boston [in Adams' Dictionary of American Authors], but have no recollection of that fact. His name appears in the list of the Law School, from 1840 to 1842, and he took his degree as LL.B." His class secretary, the Hon. John S. Keyes, of Concord, Mass., has not been able to supply me with further information. He published but the one volume of poetry, when he was thirty-nine, and nothing else. That poetry shows him as passing much of his time in the country, apparently in Western Massachusetts. He could hardly have taken an active part in the life of Boston—then a much smaller city—or Colonel Higginson, himself in the thick of everything, would have met him. Evidently his was the life of a recluse.

But perhaps the man is sufficiently self-revealing in his verse. At a period when the country was stirring to its depths with the great issues that precipitated the Civil War, he wrote of hare-bells in the woods and

the slow, quiet march of the seasons. At a time when Patmore's *The Angel in the House* was one of the six best sellers (fancy a book of verse ever having been a best seller!) he troubled little with narrative poetry. At a period when American poetry was only too full alike of moral platitudes and flowers of speech, his poetry was filled with the flowers of the field. A minute and faithful and tender rendering of the New England landscape about him was his interest—that, and his own moods. There may well be a trace of Thoreau and the Transcendentalists in his work. But mostly, even in its faults, it is but himself—a shy, thoughtful, imaginative man, withdrawing from the world, not so much scornful of its ways as little caring for them or understanding them. Lacking the philosophical depth and the sense of form and style which distinguished Edward Rowland Sill, he yet had Sill's gift of pensive introspection, with a love of Nature for its own sake quite his own. His famous brother could not handle plants and flowers more lovingly than he. His poetry deals almost exclusively with the Nature about him and his own moods in the face of it, and with the small but poignant ripples of his personal griefs.

His favorite medium is the sonnet; and yet there is not a perfectly formed sonnet in his volume. He either scorned or did not know the rules of the sonnet form. The sonnet mood, however, he knew very well, and could create with a kind of passionate dignity fourteen line stanzas that make the poetry of his cousin Henry, included in every anthology, look trivial and commonplace. Here are two, the one flowing out of the other, as was his unfortunate trick, that show him in one of his frequent moods of religious awe, and show, too, the flashes of pure gold in his imagination, as in the first three lines of the second sonnet:

The starry flower, the flower-like stars that fade
And brighten with the daylight and the dark—
The bluet in the green I faintly mark,
The glimmering crags with laurel overlaid,
Even to the Lord of light, the Lamp of shade,
Shine one to me—the least, still glorious made
As crownéd moon or heaven's great hierarch.
And so, dim grassy flower and night-lit spark,
Still move me on and upward for the True;
Seeking through change, growth, death, in new and old,
The full in few, the statelier in the less,
With patient pain; always remembering this—
His hand, who touched the sod with showers of gold,
Stippled Orion on the midnight blue.

And so, as this great sphere (now turning slow
 Up to the light from that abyss of stars,
 Now wheeling into gloom through sunset bars)
 With all its elements of form and flow,
 And life in life, where crown'd yet blind must go
 The sensible king—is but a Unity
 Compressed of motes impossible to know;
 Which worldlike yet in deep analogy
 Have distance, march, dimension and degree;
 So the round earth—which we the world do call—
 Is but a grain in that which mightiest swells,
 Whereof the stars of light are particles,
 As ultimate atoms of one infinite Ball
 On which God moves, and treads beneath his feet the All!

Turning the page we come on a poem called "The Question." "How shall I array my love?" he asks. He ranges the earth for rare robes and jewels, but, because his love is a simple New England girl, he rejects them all as inappropriate, even as unworthy, and closing sings:

The river-riches of the sphere,
 All that the dark sea-bottoms bear,
 The wide earth's green convexity,
 The inexhaustible blue sky,
 Hold not a prize so proud, so high,
 That it could grace her, gay or grand,
 By garden-gale and rose-breath fanned;
 Or as to-night I saw her stand,
 Lovely in the meadow land,
 With a clover in her hand.

It would be hard to excel the magic simplicity of these lines. Surely, here again is gold.

Tuckerman's powers of observation of natural effects might be illustrated by a hundred examples. Perhaps these opening lines to "The School Girl," a New England idyll, will serve as well as any:

The wind, that all the day had scarcely clashed
 The cornstalks in the sun, as the sun sank
 Came rolling up the valley like a wave,
 Broke in the beech and washed among the pine,
 And ebb'd to silence; but at the welcome sound—
 Leaving my lazy book without a mark,
 In hopes to lose among the blowing fern
 The dregs of headache brought from yesternight,
 And stepping lightly lest the children hear—
 I from a side door slipped, and crossed a lane
 With bitter Mayweed lined, and over a field

Snapping with grasshoppers, until I came
 Down where an interrupted brook held way
 Among the alders. There, on a strutting branch
 Leaving my straw, I sat and wooed the west,
 With breast and palms outspread as to a fire.

But these powers of observation are again illustrated in "Margites," a lyric of thirteen stanzas that may well stand to the reader of to-day as the essence of this forgotten poet's gift, and of his life. The poem begins:

I neither plough the field nor sow,
 Nor hold the spade, nor drive the cart,
 Nor spread the heap, nor hill nor hoe,
 To keep the barren land in heart.

After four stanzas in similar strain the reader comes upon this exquisite bit of landscape painting, as simple, as humble, yet as instinct with suggestion as any in the works of Tuckerman's unforgotten contemporaries:

But, leaning from my window, chief
 I mark the Autumn's mellow signs—
 The frosty air, the yellow leaf,
 The ladder leaning on the vines.

The maple from his brood of boughs
 Puts northward out a reddening limb;
 The mist draws faintly round the house;
 And all the headland heights are dim.

Then the poem continues to its close:

And yet it is the same as when
 I looked across the chestnut woods,
 And saw the barren landscape then
 O'er the red bunch of lilac buds;
 And all things seem the same. 'Tis one
 To lie in sleep, or toil as they
 Who rise beforetime with the sun,
 And so keep footstep with their day;
 For aimless oaf and wiser fool
 Work to one end by differing deeds;—
 The weeds rot in the standing pool;
 The water stagnates in the weeds;
 And all by waste or warfare falls,
 Has gone to wreck, or crumbling goes,
 Since Nero planned his golden walls,
 Or the Cham Cublai built his house.

But naught I reckon of change and fray;
 Watching the clouds at morning driven,
 The still declension of the day;
 And, when the moon is just in heaven,

I walk, unknowing where or why;
 Or idly lie beneath the pine,
 And bite the dry brown threads, and lie
 And think a life well lost is mine.

"A life well lost!" The phrase is pathetically revealing—and prophetic. Would it have been lost if Tuckerman had possessed a sense of style, or a care for style, so that in this poem just quoted, for example, the better stanzas had not been followed by the crudities of the rest? He was a poet by instinct, but not by trade. Too often his verse is valuable as the revelation of a personality to the curious seeker, not as music to the many. There is something precious, almost amateur, about it. There is a delicate Pharisaism in this sonnet, for instance, that may conceivably have grated on the sterner consciences of his neighbors:

"That boy," the farmer said, with hazel wand
 Pointing him out, half by the haycock hid,
 "Though bare sixteen can work at what he's bid
 From sun till set, to cradle, reap or band."
 I heard the words, but scarce could understand
 Whether they claimed a smile or gave me pain;
 Or was it aught to me, in that green lane,
 That all day yesterday, the briers amid,
 He held the plough against the jarring land
 Steady, or kept his place among the mowers;
 Whilst other fingers, sweeping for the flowers,
 Brought from the forest back a crimson stain?
 Was it a thorn that touched the flesh? or did
 The poke-berry spit purple on my hand?

And yet how far he was in soul from mere Pharisaism, how much this shy searcher for poke-berries and lover of the field flowers was troubled by the world-old problems, the two sonnet sequences at the end of his book attest. The first sequence closes with several sonnets depicting the discords in Nature,

For Nature daily through her grand design
 Breathes contradiction when she seems most clear.

The final sonnet—like all the rest departing, after the first four lines, completely from the established rhyme scheme—is surely none the less

touched with fire from the high altar; surely it flashes hints of an imagination that missed by ever so little poetic greatness.

Not the round natural world, not the deep mind,
 The reconciliation holds: the blue abyss
 Collects it not; our arrows sink amiss;
 And but in Him may we our import find.
 The agony to know, the grief, the bliss
 Of toil, is vain and vain! clots of the sod
 Gathered in heat and haste, and flung behind,
 To blind ourselves and others—what but this,
 Still grasping dust and sowing toward the wind?
 No more thy meaning seek, thine anguish plead;
 But leaving straining thought and stammering word
 Across the barren azure pass to God;
 Shooting the void in silence, like a bird—
 A bird that shuts his wings for better speed!

The sequence which closes the book is curiously intimate, almost it is a diary of the poet's moods of grief for the loss of the woman he loved. In an earlier lyric he describes a trip into the woods in April, where he finds Mayflowers pushing up through the mould, presaging summer. The poem closes with these stanzas:

Since I found that buried garland,
 Fair and fresh and rosy-cold,
 All has been its life foreshadowed—
 Woods in umbrage banked and rolled,

Meadows brimmed with clover, ridges
 Where through fern the lupine crowds,
 And upon the sandstone ledges
 Laurel heaped like sunset clouds:

But the wayward mind, regretful,
 Wanders through that April day,
 And, by fields forever faded,
 Seems to tread a vanished way,

Till it finds those low lights flushing
 Through the pine trees' mouldered spines,
 And hears still the mournful gushing
 Of the north wind in the pines.

A mind thus attuned to delicate melancholy could not but envisage a grief vastly deeper, more real, to linger over it and to make of it something piercing and beautiful.

Again, again, ye part in stormy grief
 From these bare hills and bowers so built in vain,
 And lips and hearts that will not move again—
 Pathetic Autumn and the writhled leaf;
 Dropping away in tears with warning brief:
 The wind reiterates a wailful strain,
 And on the skylight beats the restless rain,
 And vapour drowns the mountain, base and brow.
 I watch the wet black roofs through mist defined,
 I watch the raindrops strung along the blind,
 And my heart bleeds, and all my senses bow
 In grief; as one mild face, with suffering lined,
 Comes up in thought: oh, wildly, rain and wind,
 Mourn on! she sleeps, nor heeds your angry sorrow now.

Here is a poem worthy of a place in Mr. Stedman's or any other anthology of American poetry. It violates the metrical rule of the sonnet; but do not call it a sonnet, then, call it simply a stanza. Surely inspiration outweighs mere form. The bit of observation of the raindrops "strung along the blind" gives it a pictorial vividness not unlike Rossetti, and "the wet black roofs through mists defined," also. It has passion, sincerity; it stabs. Or, again, take this sonnet, even more irregular in form, but hardly less passionately sincere, and in its closing couplet truly and splendidly imaginative:

My Anna! when for thee my head was bowed,
 The circle of the world, sky, mountain, main,
 Drew inward to one spot; and now again
 Wide Nature narrows to the shell and shroud.
 In the late dawn they will not be forgot,
 And evenings early dark; when the low rain
 Begins at nightfall, though no tempests rave,
 I know the rain is falling on her grave;
 The morning views it, and the sunset cloud
 Points with a finger to that lonely spot;
 The crops, that up the valley rolling go,
 Ever toward her slumber bow and blow!
 I look on the sweeping corn and the surging rye,
 And with every gust of wind my heart goes by!

It must not be supposed that the predominant note of Tuckerman's one slender volume is elegiac; rather is it a note of tender, wistful contemplation of the quiet New England countryside, a contemplation at once of its pictorial charm and of its meanings for the soul of Man. But, for a poet so introspective, personal griefs were his profoundest passion. Possibly I cannot do better in closing than to quote one more of his

elegiac poems. Unlike all his other lyrics, it makes little pretence at keeping within metrical limitations, or at any rate limitations of rhyme. For that reason, perhaps, it is all the more characteristic. If Frederick Goddard Tuckerman is a forgotten poet it is his lack of a sustained and well-wrought style which has made him so, no less than his withdrawal from the ways of men into the still fields behind his home, than the frail, slender nature of his muse. Yet one wonders why this lyric, at least, has been so utterly obliterated by time, the more when one reads the scores by his contemporaries which have been preserved in the anthologies. Where will you find one of theirs, after all, with quite the simple, stinging grief of this, though it trip to rhyme ever so sweetly?—

I took from its glass a flower,
To lay on her grave with dull, accusing tears;
But the heart of the flower fell out as I handled the rose,
And my heart is shattered and soon will wither away.

I watch the changing shadows,
And the patch of windy sunshine upon the hill,
And the long blue woods; and a grief no tongue can tell
Breaks at my eyes in drops of bitter rain.

I hear her baby wagon,
And the little wheels go over my heart:
Oh! when will the light of the darkened house return?
Oh! when will she come who made the hills so fair?

I sit by the parlor window,
When twilight deepens and winds grow cold without;
But the blessed feet no more come up the walk,
And my little girl and I cry softly together.

Walter Prichard Eaton.

WHAT IS PRAGMATISM?

BY P. G. AGNEW

SINCE the intellectual renaissance brought about by the general acceptance of evolutionary theory, and the spread of its doctrines to a dominant place in every department of thought, there has been very little progress in the regular schools of metaphysics. And it is now agreed by friends and foes alike that at the present time there is but one live, *really live and growing*, subject in the whole field of philosophy. That subject is pragmatism.

As it claims to be merely a logical development of the scientific method, it is doubtless best to approach it from that standpoint.

To the lay mind it is very disconcerting to see the kaleidoscopic changes that are continually taking place in all branches of science. We have no sooner accepted the nebular hypothesis as one of the ultimate laws of nature than the geologist on the one hand and the mathematician on the other tell us that it will have to be abandoned. One generation of naturalists delights us by teaching us to believe that every coral island is built from the bottom of the ocean by the accumulated remains of millions of generations of polyps, and the next would have us believe that they are merely the caps of oceanic mountains.

For a century the very foundation on which chemistry was built was the doctrine that the mass, the total amount of things in the universe, was unchangeable, but now more chemists doubt it than believe it.

Sixty years ago Adam Smith was thought to have said all but the last word on economics, and his principle of laissez-faire was the holy of holies; but now laissez-faire has been abandoned and only a single one of his laws remains unchallenged.

And so it is in all lines; theories of inheritance, of chemical affinity, of disease, of health, of life, of death—all come and go so rapidly that we can scarcely keep pace with the procession. And when we look into any specialized phase of a subject, the host of ever-changing theories simply bewilders any but the extreme specialist.

And now the interesting part of it is that the man of science is the very one who is not worried by these shifting sands. He is too busy using the various theories to accomplish things. He seems to think no more of discarding one theory for another than he does of taking up a larger test-tube or beaker, or of adjusting his microscope to a different power.

Spencer has well said that the aim of science is prediction. Now your man of science wants, first of all, to predict correctly, and, secondly, to do it easily. Accordingly, he picks out the most workable theory, or, if none will do it well, he tries to invent a better, exactly as a carpenter would select the most suitable of *his* tools, or try to design a new and better one. The man who calculated eclipses by the cycles and epicycles of Ptolemy was no less an astronomer than he who uses tables founded on Newton's law.

Gibbon states that in Rome, "to the common people all religions were all equally true, to the philosopher all equally false, and to the politician all equally useful." Your man of science is a true politician when it comes to theories.

The old-time definition assumed that there were three stages in the development of a theory—hypothesis, theory, law—each indicating the amount of confidence that was placed in it at different stages of its evolution. But the newer view is to regard a theory as changing into a fact as it is shown to work in more and more cases. It is now a fact that the earth is round, though before Columbus it was a theory. His arguments and achievement, Magellan's feat, the shadows in eclipses, and, most of all, modern surveying, have shown that the erstwhile theory works, that it is so useful as to be necessary in many different fields and so is dubbed a *fact*.

A scientific fact, then, seems to be a scientific theory that has been verified. And it is worth while noting that *verify* literally means to *make* rather than to show to be true. In reading the narrative of the attempts of an investigator like Faraday to make headway in developing a new science, one can but liken him to a man getting out of a labyrinth. At every step a dozen different paths may be followed. The one that leads him out is the "true" one. There may be several "true" ones. Each path is a claim to truth, which has to be validated. The pioneer investigator must needs be interested in finding a "true" way, not the "truest" way, which means simply the most convenient way. That must be striven for by those who come after, surveying and resurveying; but they can never be sure that they have the method that is absolutely best, for who knows but some one will later find a still better path to tunnel out?

Now science is nothing but specialized common sense. We more or less unconsciously go through the same process a thousand times every day. We are startled by an unusual sound at night. A dozen explanations—that is, *theories*—each having a claim to truth, demand acceptance. The most of them work so poorly—that is, are so absurd—that we do not dare suggest them to our companions. One or two of these claims to truth seem to work better and we orally propose them. Each is tried to see if it fits in well with the great body of theories which we have found to work well enough so that we call them the facts of every-day life. One works undeniably the best, and we say that the cat has made an unsuccessful attempt to mount the pantry shelf.

A pragmatist would say that each one has made this fact for himself by showing that it, as a theory, is consistent with the body of theories which he has accepted until they have become facts, rather than that he has discovered a fact absolutely existent independently of him. In order to make this at all clear, or seemingly credible, we must go into it a little farther.

Several cases have occurred of a person born blind having the sight given by an operation. In each case the person had to learn to see. A landscape with people and objects in the foreground all seemed to one man as a mere indistinct blotch of colors, existing not in the outside world, but *within his own eye*. It is only by sorting the same maze of guesses, theories, that such a person classifies the complex into directions, distances, and objects, each one of which is a validated theory and conveniently labeled a fact. Psychology teaches that the new-born child has to pass through this same tedious process in each of his senses, and how much more difficult it must be for the child; for he has no developed senses to help him form guesses looking toward a working analysis of crude sensations, as had the man with the restored vision. Looking back one step more, we see that the race must have gone through a process infinitely slower and more tedious in evaluating its endless jumble of theories into working shape before they became facts. The idea of a cat as an automatic object was, then, a theory in the life of each individual, just as well as of the race, much as it used to be a theory that the earth was round, only it was unconscious and illy defined and had to be tested out just as well.

Let us take another illustration. The average man would decline to believe that the current in an ordinary electric lamp could change to and fro some millions of times per second. Yet a physicist would tell you that this very thing can quite easily be done and to him it is a real truth. It is by far the most convenient view he can take of it in order to understand what is going on in his experiments, and in order to make it do things for him, as, for example, to produce the waves for wireless telegraphy. Let us now examine a layman on his electrical facts. We snap a button and a lamp lights. The light does not fit in with his ideas of candle, kerosene, or gas. The wire-like loop is white hot. He knows that mysterious cables and wires are laid in conduits in the street and strung around the house; that wires have always to lead to street cars and motors before they can be made to run. The theory that the energy that lights the lamp comes through the copper wire fits in with his other facts. Still further, he has always heard that electricity is a marvellous force that even very wise men do not understand. He does not understand it. Excellent fit! So the theory that the power to light comes through the wire becomes for him a fact. At the same time, for the physicist it is a fact that the power does not come through the wire, but through the ether surrounding the wire, and to show his faith in his fact he gives us the wireless telegraph.

Let us once more restate it. For the pragmatist, the noise which

disturbed us at night, the cat, the shelf, the pantry, the electric lamp, the wireless telegraph, are each theories that each individual has found to work consistently among the mass of his other theory-facts.

A cynical writer has said that there are always three stages by which a great principle wins its way to popular approval: First, we say it is too absurd to merit consideration; second, that it is as old as the hills, anyway, and is to be found either in the Bible, Greek philosophy, or the Egyptian hieroglyphics; third, it is so axiomatic that we have always believed it.

Pragmatism is just now passing from the first into the second stage, and it is indicative of the political instinct of the pragmatists that they foresaw the conditions and have tried to disarm criticism by not only admitting that it is old, but claiming age as one of its virtues. They insist that they are only using the common-sense method of thinking that has been developing all down the ages, and trying to inject a little of it into the regular schools of philosophy. So Professor James entitles his last book *Pragmatism, a New Name for an Old Way of Thinking*. And the foremost English pragmatist, Mr. Schiller, harks back to pre-Socratic thought. He has translated a couple of papyri of the sophist Philonous, which remind one of the clear psychological essays of James himself.

In fact, Schiller would have us believe the much abused sophists to have been upon the right track, but that the path to progress was barred for nearly twenty centuries by the unfortunate advent of Plato.

Protagoras, the most eminent of the sophists, had made the maxim, "Man is the measure of all things" the core of his teachings. This is a most remarkable saying, being loaded with pragmatic meaning, making the truth or falsity of all things,—fact, fancy, law, theory, the absolute independence of the universe itself,—depend on how they fit into man's mental make-up, the body of his opinions, beliefs, accepted theories, *facts*. You will see that in the "Man is the measure of all things" of Protagoras is included most of the theory of knowledge which we have been trying to develop, and which is now called pragmatism.

Now one of Plato's books he named *Protagoras*, and in it he portrayed Socrates as making the most elaborate arguments to overthrow the whole philosophy which Protagoras built around "Man is the measure." To just what extent Socrates himself opposed Protagoras probably cannot be said, for if I understand the matter aright, we have not a single authenticated line of Socrates's writings. Only accounts of his sayings and teachings recorded by Plato and other contemporaries have come

down to us, and there can be no doubt that Plato has made his Socrates a mere mouthpiece to give his own ideas. In fact, some writers enclose the name of Socrates in quotation marks. Perhaps Shakespeare's speech of Mark Antony is about equally authentic historically.

Plato elaborated an ideal universe (not merely world) for himself, and then tried to bridge the chasm between it and everyday life. Idealism was the thing, and for him it would be prostituting his ideal to check it by experiment. Perhaps it seemed more dignified, also, to discuss for years the anatomical structure of an animal from an *a priori basis*, rather than to dissect an animal and find out the facts. This is the very opposite of the scientific or pragmatic method.

What Schiller means by Plato's being a barrier to progress was that his great dialectic genius allowed him to turn the whole Greek mind from the path of science to his own "intellectually suicidal idealism." He says that if ever a man was born to be a scientific genius it was Aristotle, and insinuates that the overshadowing genius of the teacher obfuscated the mind of the pupil. A similar case occurred in historical geology in the early years of the nineteenth century. Lamarck had definitely formulated the hypothesis of organic evolution. The attention taken by the overshadowing mind of Cuvier completely blocked progress until the advent of Darwin's work half a century later; only in the Greek world progress was retarded twenty centuries instead of fifty years.

Plato's absolute idealism still dominates, or tyrannizes over common thought,—according to one's point of view. No matter to what "ism" we subscribe we are always assuming that there is such a thing as the "absolutely absolute absolute," as Professor Bawden calls it, an already-made-to-order scheme of things. Schiller regards this tendency, which has become nearly second nature to the most of men, as opposed to the open-mindedness so necessary to progress, and he holds Plato responsible for the condition.

Pragmatists claim that the change in thought regarding logic is a step toward their attitude. Formal logic, as it came from the hands of Aristotle, was *the* method of correct thinking, a gift from the gods. But the view has changed. It is no longer considered an edict handed down, but merely a descriptive subject,—what grammar is to language, that logic is to thought. "Plural verbs follow plural subjects" is not an absolute rule, but a general statement of a habit we observe in those speakers and writers whose style we like. So the syllogism, in logic, is a brief description of the most useful mode of thinking.

Pragmatists go further and maintain that "pure reason" and the "purely intellectual" do not exist, that even the most severely logical

thought is not independent of human will and human emotion. One of James's first steps toward pragmatism was his *The Will to Believe*, whose subject indicates this viewpoint.

Some views recently put forth by a group of French mathematicians on the ultimate logical aspect of mathematical reasoning may make the meaning clearer. Mathematics is always held to be *the* logical science, the very citadel of logic. Consider in particular Euclidian geometry, the geometry we all were taught. Euclid erected it on a base of postulates, as they are technically called, assumptions, about points and lines, purely arbitrary, though of common experience. The most famous is about parallel lines. Now a Russian mathematician, Lobachevski by name, has developed an entirely different sort of geometry by taking all of Euclid's postulates, excepting the one on parallel lines, which he changed. His geometry seems very strange and uncanny. We are used to the idea that if we add up the three angles of a triangle we get exactly 180° . His geometry makes it always less than 180° . Another peculiar property is that according to his geometry we cannot have two objects the same shape but different in size. That is, we could not make a table the same shape as this one, only twice as large in each dimension. But his geometry is no whit less logical than that of Euclid.

Later, a celebrated German mathematician, Rieman, by another change in the parallel postulate, developed another geometry, which differs from the Euclidian in the exactly opposite sense from that of Lobachevski. For him, the angles of a triangle always add up to more than 180° . Again, it is just as logical as Euclid. We may express the relationships very crudely by saying that a people living under the reign of Rieman's geometry would be on the outside of a sphere; turn the sphere inside out and there we should find Lobachevski's people, while we, who believe in Euclid, would strike a balance and live on a flat or plane surface.

Poincaré, who is the leading mathematician of France, sums up the whole matter by saying that geometry is not true, it is not false, it is merely convenient. To determine which geometry is ultimately true would be like deciding which is the true method of counting money, dollars and cents, or pounds and shillings; or like discussing which is the true mode of locomotion, walking or automobiling. To generalize this, mathematics is an exquisitely convenient system of jugglery. For the pragmatist, then, mathematics is not a system of absolute immutable truths, but a *method of doing things*, whose value to the race is inconceivable. Carried to the subject of knowledge in general, the pragmatic method is to regard *action*, *accomplishment* as the primordial stuff out

of which and by which the world is to be explained. It adds a final step to evolutionary thought in making truth itself a growing thing.

I am not sure that pragmatism is a philosophy. It seems to me more like the antithesis of philosophy, in that it does away with the idea of there being any absolute, immutable scheme of things, to discover which is the business of philosophy; that it is like Pythagoras learning the secrets of the Egyptian mysteries, the secret being that they had no secrets and that there was no mystery. It seems that it would drive the last nail into the coffin of the spirit of orthodoxy, orthodoxy in the broader philosophical sense as well as in the more narrow religious one.

Pragmatism inspires the feeling that it is as yet very incomplete, but that it is a growing conception. In present times the standpoint was first clearly stated by Mr. C. S. Peirce, in an article in the *Popular Science Monthly* some thirty years ago, on "How to Make our Ideas Clear." It is interesting to note that while Peirce still champions pragmatism, he has recently stated that the doctrine to which it leads, of all meaning lying in action, appealed to him more at thirty than it does at sixty. The idea lay dormant for twenty years when Professor William James took it up, and he is now the acknowledged leader of the movement. He resigned his position last year in order to give his whole time to developing and spreading its teachings. Professor Dewey, of Columbia, is another leading exponent. Papini, in Italy, Poincaré, and a group of men of science in France are carrying on propaganda. Schiller, in England, is one of the most voluminous and polemic writers on the subject. Ostwald, the chemist, and Mach, who holds a chair of the history of science, are strongly influencing German thought along pragmatic lines.

The word pragmatism comes from the Greek "pragma," meaning thing or business. It really has more of the force of action than our word *thing*, being related to "prassein," meaning *to do*. In Hamlet's "The play's the thing," a better shade of the meaning is expressed. Mr. Schiller uses the word "humanism" instead of pragmatism. Probably most people take more kindly to it, as pragmatism really has a rather hard, materialistic sound. It also well expresses the old epigram of Protagoras, "Man is the measure of all things."

P. G. Agnew.

LITERATURE

THE CRISIS OF THE NOVEL IN FRANCE

(A PROPOS OF EDOUARD ROD'S PREFACE TO ALOYSE VALÉRIEN)¹

THE novel considered here is not the one merely intended to provide a few hours of pleasant reading by means of some sentimental story told possibly with a good sense of humor, but the novel which discusses for the general public, questions of general interest raised by the scientist, the social economist, or the moralist; let us say the novel which, for the layman, replaces treatises of philosophy—and discusses these questions of course, conscientiously, not only with the obvious purpose of defending a paradox in order to secure a large sale.

This serious novel has been cultivated with particularly great success in France during the whole of the nineteenth century. Many, many animated discussions of social problems—divorce, poverty, socialism, feminism, and so forth—were inspired by such works of fiction. And even for the most impersonal writers, the time came in their career, when they could not resist the temptation of becoming didactic. Maupassant would write his *Inutile beauté*, or his *Vagabond*, or his unfinished *Angélus*; Marcel Prévost, his feminist novels; Zola ended in a fit of enthusiasm for a general social reform, as expressed in his *Evangiles*; Bourget has more and more dropped the purely psychological novel in order to defend with passion traditional ideas in religion and ethics. . . . And now, if one looks back on the two or three years just elapsed, the fact will be realized that novels “à thèse” have become very scarce; all of a sudden the preaching has ceased almost completely among novelists that count.² Of course, let there be no misunderstanding: it would be a great mistake to believe that recent novel writers ignore those social problems. No, indeed! They realize as deeply as ever the existence of many puzzling questions regarding modern life; but precisely the point is that they *only* realize their existence; they see them, they mention them, they even discuss them, but they do not try any longer to solve them.

¹*Aloyse Valérin*. Par Edouard Rod. Paris: Perrin, 1908.

²This is true in part also of the drama. In the domain of the novel, we ought perhaps to except *in corpore* women novelists; a good many of them are still willing to be didactic; but intellectual women are seldom possessed with a sense of reality; they live generally either fifty years back of their age, or fifty years ahead; the result is that their influence on the intellectual development of their time amounts practically to nothing.

Those reflections came over us with peculiar force after turning the last page of Rod's recent novel, *Aloyse Valérien*. This author may well be taken as representative of the present state of mind among novelists. Let us therefore consider more closely his case in the light of the volume just mentioned.

Rod has always been one of our modern fiction writers who reflected most. But just on account of that, because he seemed to realize better the difficulties of the problems before him, he did not come out with brilliant theories, paradoxical standpoints, utopian promises like others. The reader was under the impression that this man was sounding the problems of sorrow and happiness of humankind more deeply than many of his colleagues; and if nothing definite had come from him yet, was not the public authorized to expect from him, who had withheld plain talk so long, perhaps a more practical hint for the future?—Well! it seems not, for just now, when one might have believed that his turn had come, this very man wrote, for his last novel, a short Preface—it is not two pages long, in rather large types, but very significant coming at this hour—to the effect that no such thing was to be expected from him. After studying modern conditions of life carefully, conscientiously, persistently, he warns his readers that, should they ask him what message he brought to his fellow-men, his answer would simply be: There is no message!

This, at least, is what the writer reads between the lines of the Preface which has been so widely commented in France. It contains, in its main part, a classification of Rod's novels as they appear to him at this moment of his career. Besides a few "*Œuvres de début*," he distinguishes between "*Études psychologiques*," "*Études passionnelles*," and "*Études sociales*." Regarding the first group, it is evident from the words used that descriptions of mental attitudes are all they pretend to provide. Regarding the "*Études passionnelles*," Rod has this to say: "It was not the author's intention to make in any of them a "*livre à thèse*" . . . never did he have anything in mind except to describe impartially the disturbances created in our lives by the cruel play of passions." In the "*Études sociales*," he wishes to show that: "the perturbations pictured do not find their causes in defects of social institutions and of laws, but in human nature and the everlasting opposition between human instincts and the requirements of social life."

It is always interesting to see how an author judges his own work; but, of course, this classification is an afterthought, and, as in the case of Balzac's "*Comédie humaine*," one cannot expect to find the novels fit in

exactly. Everywhere there is overlapping. No novel by Rod belongs exclusively to Number 1, 2, or 3.¹

This, however, is secondary. The important thing, I repeat it, is that Rod wishes us to consider his work as absolutely negative from the moral or social standpoint.

Now the question that I should like to raise is this: Did Rod originally start with the idea of writing merely descriptive novels, and really without any desire to impress some practical truths on his reader's minds? His *Course à la mort*, his *Sens de la vie*, for instance, can they really be taken as not being attempts to offer, gloomy answers it may be, but still answers to moral problems?—The very titles say: no! Rod gave up, to be sure, the conception of life described in the two famous novels. But, even after that, can it be said with certainty that he made no other attempt to enlighten morally? One thing strikes us: If Rod, suddenly one day, feels the necessity of telling us that his books contain no theory of life, does this not imply, to say the least, that he himself considers that his books could be read so as to convey a didactic impression? In case any intelligent reader could see plainly that there exists nothing of the sort, what would be the use of telling us? Therefore, is not the truth of the matter perhaps that, after all, Rod had actually tried to find an answer to the problems of life, but, finally, being dissatisfied with the results of his investigations, wished to avoid disappointment to his readers, or preclude criticism, in writing his Preface? Or let us express the same idea differently: Suppose for the sake of argument, that Rod had found an answer which was satisfactory to him (as e.g., Zola did), would he have withheld it from us?—Surely not! Thus when he says to-day: "No answer is to be found, only problems stated in my novels," does it not really mean that he found himself unable to give the right answer, and rather wished that his work be considered as offering none at all?—If this manner of understanding the Preface is a correct one, this gives an entirely new bearing to the whole discussion of it. But before we come to that, we must examine whether the novel following the Preface will support our interpretation.

The story runs thus: Aloyse Valérien, disappointed in her aspirations

¹Not to speak of the fact that the classification itself is not satisfactory from the logical point of view; the adjectives "psychologiques" and "passionnelles" are not on the same plan; "passionnelles" novels are sure to be always "psychologiques"; so that we ought to have something like: "Études psychologiques, (a) passionnelles, and (b) non-passionnelles. As to the "Études sociales" similar remarks can be made: it is clear that Rod could not write any "Études sociales" which were not at the same time "psychologiques" or "passionnelles"—even both—no more than he could do the reverse, write psychological novels which were not social.

for a higher life in marriage, loves a young artist. The latter, in a duel, kills the husband; but soon after he dies himself, out of grief, while the woman devotes her life entirely to the education of her daughter. People never know the true story, and admire the woman's faithfulness to the memory of Valérien; they see in her acts of remorse, acts of devotion. One person, however, knows of the real love-tragedy, Mazelaine, the friend of the killed husband, and the tutor of the little girl Agnès. Mazelaine has a son, Florian, but he takes good care that the two children shall meet as little as possible, being afraid of hereditary dispositions in the daughter of Aloyse. In fact, Agnès' destiny is remarkably the same as her mother's; she has a bourgeois sort of a husband, and her soul is sighing for true love, and happiness of a higher kind. The man she loves, and by whom she is loved is precisely Mazelaine's son. Both parents now try everything to prevent mishap; but even the most radical remedy, the revelation of Aloyse Valérien's true story, only postpones the catastrophe. . . . In the last scene, the poor woman is there pondering hopelessly over right or wrong; and the book ends on the word "fatality."

This short account shows already the position of a sceptic taken by Rod. But, this scepticism is not made out of resignation. On the contrary; never for one line does the author stop debating for us whether those who yield to their passions were right or wrong. If he had made up his mind in advance that everything was really "fatal," and that wrong and right were just mere words, what would be the meaning of this everlasting tone of discussion? Logically nothing more was justified than a plain objective psychological study. But no! Rod discusses; only he stops before pronouncing a verdict. For he cannot make up his mind—this seems as clear as daylight.

Take Aloyse the chief heroine, has she remorse or not? The book will not tell you, for it depends upon the exact meaning of the word remorse. Is the woman's feeling, as described by Rod, not perhaps mere regret concerning the social (distinct from moral) disorders that were brought about in consequence of her love (because she was found out), and which has such lasting effects, while her happiness did not last? or, is true remorse blended with fear lest her blood might condemn her daughter fatally to a life as shattered as her own? *She* surely does not know. But then, *ought* she to feel plain remorse? Rod is careful not to betray his own sentiment about it. Suppose she could begin her life over again, we ask naturally: would she, *must* she sacrifice even the few moments of happiness that she could enjoy, to the requirements of a social order that condemns her to unceasing sorrow? In other words: is the social order that brings happiness to no one but can at the utmost prevent some un-

pleasant things, more important than the disorder which actually carries with it happiness even of short duration to two people? Serious questions after all, extremely real questions, which thinking people cannot afford to ignore!—but, I repeat it, no answer comes from Rod's pen. Nothing but interrogative marks after constantly repeated and sterile discussions.

Like Corneille in his dramas, Rod has planned his novel so that all the chief characters are facing the same central problem, and are taking different attitudes toward it. The extreme views are best shown in father and son Mazelaine. The father "conservative by tradition, religious by deep conviction, patriotic by instinct . . . considered faith, the Church, property, family, indispensable things which could not even be discussed, indispensable to collective life. . . . And this sort of intellectual anarchism (of the new generation) frightened him like a poisonous product of social decomposition. . . . 'Your ideas are not going to give you any help in life,' he said one day to his son during a long conversation." Or, some other time: "Our old idea of duty has proved valuable, it can still prove so. No theory can take its place. Its orders are simple and clear; there is its advantage. . . ." And the son replies: "That is true; your ideas are good for social order; I believe in their social value. As to their moral efficiency: No!", and if those ideas, socially useful, are not true in themselves—what then? if there is something above social order, have we no right to sacrifice social order to that higher thing—which is perhaps love? "True love, which chooses, which lasts, which fills life, which remains a sublime thing even in its worst manifestations, is a phenomenon as rare as it is beautiful. So rare it is, father, that we can dispense with taking it into account, in our discussions regarding good and evil, duty and virtue!" elsewhere: "I have another doctrine than yours: one must live first the whole life, and then, afterward, discuss morality."

And once more we ask: what does Rod himself think of all that?—He cannot tell. On the one hand he is not willing to give up conscience, duty, and so forth; he speaks almost with contempt of those theories of "right of happiness," "duties toward oneself," "rights of the heart," "and other clichés popularized on the stage and in books." But on the other hand again, he allows the stern Mazelaine himself, who *has* accomplished that "duty" which robs his beloved son of happiness, to reflect thus: "I have done my duty! . . . But this word *duty* with which he tried to fill up his mind carried with it obscure scruples, persistent doubts."

* * * * *

Thus we have one of the keenest and clearest intelligences of our time

who has discussed moral and social truth in a sincere and disinterested manner, and in the spirit of modern thought: this man ends by acknowledging a failure, or at least giving up the idea of solving to his satisfaction the vital problems which humankind has to face. Far from us the idea of reproaching him for it; we realize too well through his books what a complex task it is. But there is something at the same time pathetic and great in the frank statement: "I, like others, I have failed; only, I prefer to say so." If only all would do the same who feel the same—and surely there are many—it would avoid much shallow talk that is going on simply owing to a lack of courage to admit a fact. The fact, I mean, that there is no use trying over and over again to seek a new philosophy of life in following beaten paths. We are tormented by the beautiful desire to run toward the goal of justice and happiness to all. We need not give that up; but someone must come and start a new line of thought which will enable us at last to satisfy the craving of modern conscience.

From what direction will the right suggestion come?—The answer cannot possibly be given here. But a close study of some recent currents of thoughts might possibly bring about some valuable revelation regarding this important problem.

Albert Schinz.

AN INTERRUPTED PAN RESUMES HIS PIPING¹

THERE aren't very many people who can sing out to us, "Come and play!", with that right alluring utterance that makes us cast aside our workaday concerns and fare forth again adventurous as in the wonder-years before we left off trailing clouds of glory. When Tusitala died, and the swarthy-skinned Samoans buried him beneath the wide and starry sky on the summit of that mountain, aloof above the huge Pacific seas, whose pines are evermore made musical by singing birds, it looked for a while as if nobody was left to play with us. Of course there remained that Barrie fellow who knows all the ducks in Kensington Gardens and agrees with us that it is very foolish to grow up; but he obstinately made up his mind to play only in a play-house thenceforward, instead of telling us stories as of yore. Then along came a chap named Kenneth Grahame, who had the true miraculous voice and reminded us of the dream days of our golden age. Surely he knew how to play! He had not forgotten that everything on earth is wonderful, that the meanest actuality is an expression of some august reality, that the commonest action is romance, that all work rightly undertaken is good fun, that hardship is adventure,

¹*The Wind in the Willows.* By Kenneth Grahame. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

that sorrow is poetry, and that happiness is religion. He remembered all the wise and simple truths that Wordsworth had forgotten before he penned that tragic opening to the saddest of all odes. He was the fellow for us; and we were just getting ready to wag our heads laughingly at grave grown-ups—when something very dreadful happened.

A forgetful and prosaic world remarked to Kenneth Grahame that "Business is business"—whatever that may mean. It told him solemnly that he was Secretary of the Bank of England—as if that were a matter of importance—and that it was his duty to dictate letters about sums of money. He knew better, of course; but that external and superfluous insistence made him rather sad and weary. As a result, he let ten years slip by without coming forth to play with us again. We were making up our minds that we should never, never forgive him; but lo! again his clear call, "Come and play!"—and like true children we forget the intervening, desultory years, and follow him gaily again into the world of glory and enchantment.

After all, it appears that he has not entirely wasted a drear decade with workaday concerns. He has listened to the wind in the willows and heard it as the fluting of an immemorial god. And now at last he tells a tale once more, to remind us that every hour of the light and dark is an unspeakably perfect miracle—lest we forget, lest we forget. . . .

The bother about most books is that they endeavor to explain away the wonder of the world. We pick up a volume with the simple, sane conviction that water is a lucid, cool, and gliding liquid which miraculously quenches thirst; and the author tells us, instead, that water is a chemical compound of two parts of hydrogen with one of oxygen. With unquestioning contentedness we had spelt the friendly fluid W-A-T-E-R; and we find ourselves complacently informed that we should henceforth spell it H_2O . This is both unsettling and annoying; for in place of our inherent and indisputable wisdom the author offers us merely a derived and demonstrable knowledge. But the books of Kenneth Grahame may be safely read, because they are haunted by the visionary gleam. He knows things simply, like a child; and he loves them for the great reason that they are wonderful.

The Wind in the Willows is a poem in praise of the glory that can never really pass away from the earth, unless we allow ourselves to grow up and forget—which, you may be sure, we shall never, never do, until what time the birds shall cease to sing about the tomb of Tusitala. It reveals anew the miracle of out-of-doors. The romance of the river, the allurements of the open road, the tremulous ecstatic terrors of the wild wood, the sad sweet tug of heart-strings by the sense of home, the poignant

wander-longing, the amusement of adventure,—all these moods of simple wonderment are told and sung in its enchanting pages. The author sent his soul through the visible to spell the secret of our earthly life; and his soul returned to him ere long with that deep message thus simply phrased by Robert Browning, in his most serene of poems:—

All is beauty:

And knowing this, is love; and love is duty.

What further may be sought for or declared?

Because of a pitiable tendency to degeneration in our speech, many lofty words, like *homely*, for example, have taken on a mean and vulgar connotation. Another word which thus has suffered is the magic adjective *amateur*. In the original and undefiled sense of the word, Mr. Grahame's work is worthy mainly because it is irradiated by the spirit of the *amateur*. He writes because he loves to: he is too child-like and playful to subside into the mere professional man of letters. *The Wind in the Willows* is fun to read because the author wrote it for fun. It ranges through all the moods of natural enjoyment: it is humorous and beautiful, it combines satire with sentiment, it is serious and jocund. An uproarious chapter, which satirizes the modern subservience to the latest fad, is followed by a chapter in which, mystically, we are brought face to face with the very God of out-of-doors. Mr. Grahame talks in whatever mood most enchants him at the time: his range is as various and as free as the æolian breathing of the wind in the willows.

The actors in the present rambling narrative bear the names of animals; and a certain inconsistency may be noted in the handling of them. At times they are endowed with human traits and used to satirize the foibles of mankind; and at other times they are exhibited as animals indeed, and are used to reveal an infra-human view of life. This inconsistency is sometimes jarring; and as a consequence, the critic is moved to set the book on a plane a little lower than that of the perfect expositions of the mood of wonder,—like *Alice in Wonderland*, for example.

Ten years ago, before his disquieting silence, Mr. Grahame demonstrated that he held command of the most finished and perfected English prose style that had been listened to since Stevenson's. *The Wind in the Willows* is written in the same style, ripened and matured. To be a great artist is, of course, a lesser thing than to be an undiscouragable child; but it is reassuring to record that Mr. Grahame is the one as well as the other. We need him, both to play with and to listen to. Those of us who refuse to grow up and forget are banking on his future. May he fulfil his future, even if he has to neglect his Bank!

Walter Clayton.

RECENT FICTION OF SOME IMPORTANCE

BY PHILIP TILLINGHAST

IT is the fate of fiction, as the youngest product of literary evolution, to be still the least stable of all the recognized forms, the most ambiguous as to scope and purpose and method, the most prone to sudden and startling innovations. Accordingly, while the importance of fiction as a whole has long since passed beyond debatable grounds, it must be frankly conceded that no other literary form approaches it in the production of volumes which the student of letters may conveniently ignore. Poetry, essays, criticism, are hedged around with certain safeguards, seldom finding their way into book form unless some one in the course of the process believes to have discovered in them evidence of literary and artistic worth—and the same may be said of published drama, thanks to a popular prejudice against reading plays. But so long as the elastic and much-abused term, novel, continues to be stretched to cover both the story that is literature and the story that is merely merchandise—the work of Henry James and Maurice Hewlett, as well as of Marie Corelli or Archibald Clavering Gunter—just so long the critic must hesitate to single out any of the current fiction as a “novel of some importance,” at least until he has rather carefully defined the principles upon which its claims to such distinction are to be determined.

In the first place, then, it seems only just to demand that a novelist, in order to make good his title to be recognized, even provisionally, as of some importance, shall have contributed something new and original, something quite his own, that seems likely to leave its mark, no matter how slight, upon the fiction of the future. The innovation may be merely some detail of technique, worked out in a new and daring manner; it may be the creation of a new type of character; it may be the formula of a new school of fiction; in any case, whether the novelist is a Conan Doyle, with a subtle trick for improving the Poe detective story; or a William J. Locke, with a *Beloved Vagabond*; or an Emile Zola, with a Rougon-Macquart series and a new literary creed, we are justified in bestowing conditionally the meed of praise conveyed by that none too generous formula, “some importance.” But at the same time, let us carefully bear in mind that the wideness of appeal, the popular success, the business profit of the transaction, is absolutely beside the question. From the critical point of view, Jane Austen is a more significant figure in the history of fiction than Sir Walter Scott, although she was scarcely read by her contemporaries; Stendhal at least bears even honors with Balzac,

although he had to wait half a century longer for recognition; and to-day, although George Barr McCutcheon often finds a place among the "Six Best Sellers," and Joseph Conrad does not, that does not alter the fact that *Lord Jim* is a novel of some importance and that *Beverly of Graustark* is not. Of course, if a novel of real artistic merit happens also to contain the elements of popularity, so much the better, because its influence is thereby correspondingly increased; and its imitators will probably help to give permanence to the real merits, which perhaps they do not perceive, along with the more superficial qualities, which they deliberately copy.

Furthermore, it does not follow, because a novelist has, after many years, deservedly attained the foremost rank, that every volume he produces must necessarily be a novel of importance. It may very well happen that even a Meredith or a Hardy, a Maupassant or a Bourget may occasionally produce a volume which, although written with the accustomed care and skill, has nothing vital to say, no new message, no perceptible advance upon his earlier work. In fact, to the zealous student of modern fiction there is apt to be more real profit from studying the new writers than the veterans—for to the new writers belongs the boldness of innovation; and it is seldom that a writer has ever attained general recognition without his early stories having been recognized as really important, by at least a few discerning critics.

With this definition of the adjective "important" kept carefully in mind, it may be said unhesitatingly that a surprisingly small proportion of the season's new fiction can make good its claim to recognition. Undeniably it has been what might be called an "off-season" in novels. There are, however, just a few volumes, which the average reader is quite likely to miss, and which, nevertheless, to those interested in the technique of fiction, offer some fairly valid reasons for consideration. And first among these is *When the Tide Turns*, by Filson Young.¹ By those who know him at all, Mr. Young will be remembered as the author of *The Sands of Pleasure*, a rather shapeless and overgrown story, which nevertheless contained some wholesome philosophy of life, a few vivid pictures of the Paris Latin Quarter, and a single character, a woman, whose laughing, mocking voice simply refuses to be forgotten. While his new volume does not show any notable gain in technique, it does give additional evidence of strong originality, keen vision, and an almost defiant independence of judgment. The special theme of the book is the career of an erratic young artist whose illustrations have suddenly taken

¹*When the Tide Turns*. By Filson Young. Boston: Dana, Estes and Company.

London by storm; and then, because his whole creed is summed up in the familiar catch words "art for art's sake," he unintentionally runs counter to established conventions both in his professional work and in his private life—and the ebbing tide of popularity leaves him stranded. With admirable impersonality, Mr. Young refrains from passing judgment, but it would seem as though both in this and in his earlier novel the particular philosophy he would preach is best summed up in the words of one of his characters:

Nothing that a man does of his own choice does him any harm, provided he sees all round it, and knows if it is good or bad. It is the knowing that matters, not the doing.

An equally unconventional attitude toward a familiar situation serves to emphasize the slim little volume, *The Gorgeous Isle*,¹ which is Gertrude Atherton's sole contribution to this year's fiction. The familiar situation is this: a certain man has been steadily drinking himself to death. A certain woman loves him well enough to run the risk of marrying him on the chance of bringing about a reformation. They are married; he keeps his word and his health is re-established. But it happens that this man is a poet, who is able to give the world immortal verse, provided he continues the use of alcohol. The choice lies between a long life of stagnation and a few brief years of meteoric glory. Has the woman the right to rob the world of great literature for the sake of one man's physical welfare? Mrs. Atherton's solution at least opens up some interesting discussions.

Anthony Hope has not infrequently produced volumes of some importance, for he has an inborn tendency toward trying experiments. His latest volume, *The Great Miss Driver*,² is of interest to the professional critic mainly on the side of its technique; because, whether consciously or not, he has consistently applied Mr. Henry James' extreme method of unity in point of view, and what is more, has done the trick so cleverly that unless you are deliberately searching for it you will not notice that from beginning to end he tells us absolutely nothing concerning the Great Miss Driver save what is personally known to a single one of the subordinate characters. But the book achieves one other thing of more general interest. In the character of Jennie Driver it creates a type new to fiction—the type of woman so greedy of adulation and of power that she cannot bear to lose the homage of even the most despicable

¹*The Gorgeous Isle*. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

²*The Great Miss Driver*. By Anthony Hope. New York: The McClure Company.

of men; who rather than sacrifice any part of her social sway allows herself to insult publicly the only man she loves; and then when it is too late to make atonement to him achieves a vengeance on the little world she moves in so complete and lasting that it will go down to history. *The Great Miss Driver* is likely to be definitely placed as the best of Anthony Hope's serious efforts.

The Immortal Moment,¹ by May Sinclair, is another of those books whose importance will be most appreciated by the reader with a keen eye for careful technique. There is nothing original in the underlying plot. A woman whose mode of life has for years placed her beyond the pale of society suddenly through the connivance of chance wins the sincere love and respect of a good man, who, in ignorance of her past, offers her marriage. As it happens, she also loves sincerely; and she is so hungry for peace and happiness and the shelter of a home that she might have kept up the deception had not the man's first wife left him a child. But because she feels herself unfit to play the rôle of mother to this child, she attains what Miss Sinclair calls her Immortal Moment, in which, having told him the truth, she takes her life. And this is absolutely all there is to the plot. The importance of the book lies in the rare artistry of its construction. The setting is a fashionable hotel on the Continent, the woman is shown to us in quite the casual way in which we might make the acquaintance of any fellow-tourist on a summer's jaunt through Europe. We catch stray glimpses of her in the hotel corridor, in the dining-room, out in the public streets; we overhear the curious gossip about her, admiring, envious, malicious by turns. But who and what she really is we have no better way of knowing than had the man himself whose whole happiness in life was to hinge upon this knowledge. And because of this very perfect piece of technique, *The Immortal Moment* must remain a book of some importance to all makers of fiction who are striving after a similar method of construction.

There is one more recent book which deserves a brief word of commendation as offering the claim of some importance to the readers as well as to the writers of novels—*Friendship Village*,² by Zona Gale. Structurally, it is hardly a novel at all, merely a series of episodes bound together by the loosest of threads—and yet the book leaves upon you much that same sense of unity of impression that one gets by actually living month after month in some small, remote New England town where all your

¹*The Immortal Moment.* By May Sinclair. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company

²*Friendship Village.* By Zona Gale. New York: The Macmillan Company.

neighbors know more of you than you know of yourself—call it Friendship Village or whatever other name best pleases you. There have been many other writers who have attempted to portray New England village types with the minute fidelity of a Jane Austen, but the work of Mrs. Wilkins Freeman may be cited as typifying all these attempts by the prevailing sombre colors of her pictures, the note of monotony and hopelessness, the pervading strain of pessimism. Miss Gale's *Friendship Village*, on the contrary, is as optimistic as the song of a skylark; yet for all that she sees life none the less truly as it really is. It is fraught with sympathetic understanding and cheerful friendliness and, what is perhaps equally rare, it possesses a very genuine charm of style.

BACK FROM THE HOSPITAL

BY LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

THIS is the face they let me bring you home,
The face you used to love and used to kiss,
Calling it beautiful. For that light word
I lost my soul. Is it a thing for smiles?
For you, I know—before these cheeks and lips
Had been so marked, you used to say my laugh
Was like a sun-burst. Now I dare not smile—
No, dare not. Hideous, more hideous—
You would not shrink from any vilest thing
More surely than the smile you used to call—
You were a lover once. I was half crazed
To be so loved, to have such flowers of speech
Fashioned for me, and now—oh, you may go,
May leave me here a scarred and wretched thing,
Just as you please. I know I could not be
More than a ghost beside the banquet board,
Where once, a month ago, if I had gone,
You would have been as proud as any knight
Presenting princes to his queen of love.
There have been women neither young nor fair
Whom still you would have taken and been glad,
Because, perhaps—I knew the time must come
When I should envy them their wit, their talk,
Their finer graces of the mind and heart,

Such women, women whom I used to see
With foolish pity. You who told me then
That being beautiful, no more than that,
Was all a woman's duty, art, or need,
You who so dared deceive me, tell me now
What shall a woman do who loses all,
Who starves her mind to nothing, shrivels up
The better instincts of her heart, and dwarfs
Her very nature, just because one man
Tells her be beautiful, be nothing else?
What then when in a little week, a day,
That beauty that was all slips like a mask
That hides a death's-head and she looks and sees
No friend, no lover? Oh, you cannot know
How horrible, how terrible—I think
You would not sit there with that dull disgust,
Half tolerating what I suffer too,
Because you soon will laugh with all the gay,
Who ask but idly for your wife at home.

It is an hour before you need to dress.
Give me that hour. Let us turn down the light.
In the half darkness, am I not the same?
My voice, the voice you praised, is just as low.
My eyes,—if you could see but just my eyes
Here in the shadows,—if your eyes could smile,
I think that they might glow as once they used,
Seeing the love you gave them. You forget,
Or would forget, with me forgetting too,
That what I am you made me. Years ago,
Before my life had felt the touch of yours,
I dreamed of things, I had some thoughts worth while,
And something of the glory of the world,
With all God meant that we should be and do,
Held me at times as in a trance of fear,
Of fear and joy and wonder and resolve.
You never knew, of course you could not know;
But I remember once, a night with stars,
When the great world was sleeping like a babe,
We walked, Jerome and I, across a marsh,
Along a causeway, while the water oozed

In little puddles, where we saw the heavens
A strange sweet beauty in the muddy pools.
We had been talking—no, that let me keep;
But I remember when we reached the end
We turned and looked and saw a thousand lights
There in the city. Something held us both,
A hush in that immensity of space,
The deep, still darkness and the souls on souls
Enwrapped within it, life within a pall,
And something seemed to catch me, bear me on
To those great wishes that the saints have felt
Before the sin and struggle, pain and doubt,
Through which the human gropes to the divine.
I think, that night, if he had only dared,—
Ah, God, if he had said the one great word,
And held me with a little mortal love
To all the immortalities I felt!
I should not then have flung myself away
And lost the things I was and might have been
For this mad life—if you could understand—
You do not care that I have empty hands,
That now, too, I must have an empty heart
Fed with the husks of kindness only felt
As something irksome. Going? Are you sure
You might not stay at home and not be missed?
I would not have you stay. Go, leave me, go!
If you can laugh, our common cup of joy
Is fuller, though the dregs are all my share.

Of course you would not leave me here alone,
If it were possible for me to go,
Or even possible for you to stay.
Why make apologies? Do I not know
The dull companionship I have to give?
Besides, I need to think, and I must learn
To shape a new life for the old I lose.
I half conceive the part I have to play,
Because I know we need not talk of love
After this hour. That somehow makes me free
To gather up those threads of old intent
Too doubtfully drawn out, and weave again

A something beautiful, the thing I was,
The thing I might have been before you came,
As I dare still believe—and then, and then—
You will not see, you will not seem to care.
Some other woman with bold laughing eyes
And cheeks half red with blood below the rouge
And piled hair for the smiles to glow beneath,
Some woman with a breast as full and warm
And limbs as roundly splendid and a step
That springs as freely with as great a joy
And lips as bravely human with the pulse
Of singing life—and then these cheeks, these cheeks!
You ought to pity me. I hate her now.
She should not dare be beautiful for you
When I have nothing, I who need so much,
Because you taught me how to ask and have,
And now, and now—of course I shall not ask
Or seem to care—how could I with this face?
Go; there are pretty women dressing, too,
Choosing the jewels for their round, white necks
That you may see them as they pause and pass
And love them idly,—all the evening through
Forgetting me, as if—there is no hell,
God could not make a hell beyond to-night
While I sit waiting in the quiet house
To catch your step—I should have died, have died
Rather than never hear you any more!
Tell me how beautiful I looked. There are—
I cannot tell how many—thousands, yes,
More beautiful, and you will praise them, too;
And I must know it, feel it, every hour,
And curse them every moment like a fiend
Shrieking in torments. Oh, these cheeks, these cheeks!
I wish—if God could only make you blind,
You might forget—and I—these poor, scarred cheeks!

No, leave the gas turned down and let me stay
Here in the darkness. You can face the glow,
Faultlessly dressed and faultless in yourself.
It is the darkness brings the truth to light;
It shuts away so many things untrue,

So many mockeries, so many shows
That lure and trick the fancy to our hurt;
And after all—I think that makes it clear.
I needed this, I needed losing you
To find the good to which my eyes were blind
And would have been forever. Leave me, go.
Pour out your tinkling rill of compliment
To other women. While I sit and wait,
Find some one fairer; let your fancy fly
In brave disdain of bonds that hurt the flesh.
Call yourself free, and so becoming free,
Kiss the first fresh-lipped girl you meet and dare
Tell her the lies I could not disbelieve;
Make her believe them—then—the last hard truth—
Tell me you kissed her. So I, too, am free,
And out of freedom I shall dare aspire
To all I lost in girlhood, all I lost,—
It seems so far away, so wholly lost,
And nothing left me, nothing,—oh, these cheeks,
This loneliness, this being so afraid!

Lewis Worthington Smith.

The Forum

FEBRUARY, 1909

AMERICAN POLITICS

THE OUTGOING OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S ADMINISTRATION

HENRY LITCHFIELD WEST

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is going out of office amid turmoil and splutter. Every day has its new sensation. Not since the time when Mr. Cleveland's second administration came to a close has the end of a Presidential term been marked by so much excitement as exists at present. The atmosphere, not alone of the national capital, but of the whole country, is surcharged with political electricity. The President, standing well out in the center of the stage, makes it evident that he is to be President until the last moment of his administration. His words, his actions, his commands, are, after all, the prime factors in the lively experiences of the past few weeks.

When on the fourth of next March, President Roosevelt lays down his cares and responsibilities, one of the most remarkable and interesting chapters in American political history will be finished. For seven eventful years, Mr. Roosevelt has administered the affairs of the nation as its chief executive and during that time he has impressed himself upon the country with more force and individuality than has been equalled in many years. His administration has been marked by extreme aggressiveness. His active and perceptive mind has intuitively, not to say impulsively, grasped the thing desired and his positive, determined character has secured accomplishment. It is no exaggeration to say that until his successor was actually chosen, he dominated Congress. If he wanted legal regulation of the railroads, Congress enacted the requisite

**Important
Laws
Secured**

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laws; if he appealed for a larger navy and especially for additional battle-ships, Congress supplied the demand; if he asked for an employers' liability law, Congress handed it to him on a silver platter; and when he gave notice that a law affording elasticity as well as stability to the currency must be given to the country, Congress acted with prompt acquiescence. It is true that just at the present time there is a different feeling in Congress; but none the less, the very existence of the present antagonistic sentiment only emphasizes the opposite attitude which was manifest as long as Mr. Roosevelt was the occupant of the White House for an uncertain length of time.

It is, indeed, a matter of no little interest to recall, now that the administration is drawing to a close, how closely Congress has followed the recommendations of the President. The railroad rate law, the employers' liability law and the currency law have already been mentioned. It was upon his suggestion, too, that the Department of Commerce and Labor was created, a department which has already taken foremost rank among the executive branches of the Government. He was an earnest advocate of the pure food bill and it was due to him that more effective national control was given to the beef packing industry. He urged, almost from the very beginning of his administration, the passage of a law, now upon the statute books, which would prohibit the contributions of corporations to the campaign expenses of any party; and his appeal for the publicity of campaign receipts and expenditures has resulted in the establishment of a custom that will not be ignored by any political organization in the future. He has asked, as a matter of course, for some legislation which has not yet been enacted, such as an inheritance and income tax and a postal savings bank system, but the record of his achievement in securing the enactment of laws which he especially advocated is unequalled in any previous administration. The fact that at this late day he has encountered some opposition in Congress only emphasizes the great results which have been accomplished in the past.

It would be impossible within the limits of a brief article to deal fully with the details of an administration so filled with multitudinous activities as the seven years during which Mr. Roosevelt has been in the White House. If there is one thing which, more than another, impresses itself upon the observer it is the enormous amount of work which the President has found time to do. Speeches on innumerable topics, important state documents, letters on varied subjects—all these have demonstrated his untiring industry in the matter of written and spoken utterance.

**The Versatility
of the
President**

These, however, have been a small part of the almost inexhaustible record. Take, for instance, the settlement of the coal strike—an inspiration which led him to create a commission which dealt successfully with a menacing situation. His proposal to settle the Japanese-Russian War was another stroke of genius, elevating him in a single hour from the position of a national ruler to that of an international arbitrator. His versatility of interest has been bewildering. At one minute he is off to Panama, to inspect personally the progress of an enterprise which he transformed from a dream into a reality, and the next he is organizing a commission to determine whether the housing conditions of the poor in the national capital can be improved. No task was too great to deter him, no detail too small to escape his attention. It was due to his prompt and effective co-operation that the cable across the Pacific Ocean is to-day an accomplished fact, and it is equally true that if it were not for him the fourth-class postmasters would still be outside of the protection of the civil service. While the memory of the conference of the governors at the White House to consider the conservation of our natural resources is still fresh in the public mind, he has undertaken, through another conference, to secure better treatment for dependent children. While these agencies are industriously engaged, another commission is investigating the conditions of the farmer with the view of devising means for the alleviation of agricultural conditions. Meanwhile the work which pertinently attaches to the position of President has not been neglected. There have been investigations into the organization and conduct of the executive departments and there has been infused into official life a sense of responsibility and conscientiousness hitherto unknown.

The President's fertile brain and perceptive mind have been supplemented by a physical condition which has been kept in perfect trim by constant exercise. In the entire seven years of strenuous existence he has not known a single day of illness. If it had not been for this rugged and iron-like constitution he would have long since succumbed to the tremendous drafts made upon his vitality. Even as it is, the wonder is that he has endured the strain. His daily routine would soon exhaust a man of average physical calibre. From the moment he entered his office in the morning until the hour for luncheon there would be an innumerable stream of callers, each discussing with him a subject of importance, while the luncheon simply afforded an opportunity to transfer the consideration of grave questions from the office to the dining-room. More work was then followed by a ride of many miles on horseback, while

Value of
Perfect
Health

the after-dinner hours were made the occasion for lengthy conferences impracticable during the busy moments of daylight or for the preparation of speeches or messages which required careful thought. Incessant, persistent labor has been the secret of the President's achievements.

Some of these days, when a competent historian writes the review of President Roosevelt's administration, he must, perforce, emphasize the sturdy health of the President as a most important factor in the results achieved by the administration. The President has never been compelled to waver in the steadfastness of his purpose because of bodily ailments. His natural tenacity and courage have not been weakened by introspective consideration of his physical frame. In other words, he has been able always to bring to the consideration of his work a mind untrammelled by bodily ills. To this perfection of physical condition he has added a resourceful and active mind, together with a temperament which lacked neither firmness nor courage, a combination certain to produce great results.

While the diversities of the President's mind have been as varied as the range of human thought, two important subjects have especially engrossed his attention. The first is the attitude of the Federal Government toward corporations which enjoyed monopolistic control of public necessities, and the second is the adjustment of the problems arising from the relations of capital and labor. His initial message to Congress dealt largely with the regulation of the railroads and, particularly, the abolition of railroad rebates, a system which gave undue advantage to the already greatly favored corporation. "Above all else," said Mr. Roosevelt, in one of his messages, "we must strive to keep the highways of commerce open to all on equal terms, and to do this it is necessary to put a complete stop to all rebates." This was the keynote of his position in the matter of discriminative charges. His language regarding "those big corporations commonly doing an interstate business, often with tendency to monopoly, which are popularly known as trusts," was very clear and emphatic. To quote his own words, he drew the line against misconduct, not against wealth. He admitted the inviolability of property but still insisted that society had the right to regulate the exercise of the artificial powers which it confers upon the owners of property, under the name of corporate franchises, in such a way as to prevent the misuse of those powers. "Corporations, and especially combinations of corporations," he said, "should be managed under public regulation. Experience has shown that under our system of government the necessary supervision

Attitude
Toward
Corporations

cannot be obtained by State action. It must therefore be achieved by national action." He disclaimed any hostility to corporations, but asserted that the evil in them should be eliminated and that they should be so handled as to subserve the public good. It was the first time in the history of our country that such sentiments had issued from the White House, and throughout the seven years of his administration Mr. Roosevelt has hewn steadily to the line.

While perhaps the President did not at any time specifically state the reasons which actuated him in the course which he has pursued, there is no doubt that he realized the danger which might threaten the nation if some curb was not placed upon all-powerful, selfish and aggrandizing corporations. There is no doubt that this was the foundation of his action. No one who has observed the drift of events during the past two decades can fail to believe that there was a basis for the belief that unless these monopolies were forced to respect the power of the people they would become unbearable. Socialism and discontent were growing in the land. High prices for necessities of life, due to the formation of trusts, were adding to the burdens of the poor. It needed some one with a wise foresight and unshaken courage to see this drift and check it. There was danger, of course, that the President's position would be misconstrued and that he would be charged with demagoguery; and there was the absolute certainty that he would arouse the antagonism of the great and wealthy interests which sought to control. The result, however, has fully justified his course. The trusts have learned that they must obey the law and that the rights of the people must be respected. The enormous popular vote cast for Mr. Roosevelt in 1904 and the demand for his further re-nomination evidenced the appreciation in which he was held by the masses. It is also interesting and significant that his successor was elected by an overwhelming majority largely because he announced early in the campaign that he would carry out the policies which Mr. Roosevelt had inaugurated.

It is still too early to view accurately the effect of Mr. Roosevelt's insistent demand for the regulation of monopolistic corporations. He certainly averted possible dangers; he brought the trusts to a realizing sense of their limitations under the laws; and he weakened the strangle hold which the trusts had upon the public. If he has done nothing else, this much is great achievement.

No other President, too, has been so fearless in his treatment of the relations between capital and labor. He has handled the question without gloves, stating his convictions at all times with great emphasis. "Or-

ganized capital and organized labor alike," he said in a message to the Congress, "should remember that in the long run the interest of each must be brought into harmony with the interest of the general public; and the conduct of each must conform to the fundamental rules of obedience to the law, of individual freedom, and of justice and fair dealing toward all. . . . Every employer, every wage-worker, must be guaranteed his liberty and his right to do as he likes with his property or his labor so long as he does not infringe upon the rights of others." Nor did the President preach and fail to practise. The opportunity to put his ideas into execution presented itself when the question of the employment of a non-union printer became an issue in the Government printing office. This may seem a minor matter; but it should be remembered that the Government printing office, the largest institution of its kind in the world, has always been the citadel of unionism and it took considerable nerve to attack organized labor in its great stronghold. The President did not hesitate. "There is no objection," he said, "to employees of the Government forming or belonging to unions; but the Government can neither discriminate for nor discriminate against non-union men who are in its employment, or who seek to be employed under it." This was a new doctrine and it made the "open-shop" possible.

On the other hand, the President's earnest sympathy with the wage-worker was made manifest whenever possible. He has treated the subject exhaustively in all of his messages to Congress. He has urged a larger share of ownership by employees of railroads, mills and factories. He has contended for provision for worn out and crippled workingmen, for the prohibition of child labor, the diminution of woman labor and the shortening of hours for all mechanical labor. The employers' liability bill which he urged upon Congress was the direct result of his eloquent appeals. He has shown his interest in the workingman, when that workingman obeyed the law and respected the rights of others; for the workingman who did neither he had no regard whatever. When the history of this administration comes to be written, therefore, the utterances and the actions of President Roosevelt in relation to capital and labor will form a most interesting chapter and will be found to have created a new era in our political existence.

If, therefore, in the last days of the administration differences between the President and the Congress should have unfortunately arisen, the fact remains that for seven years the executive and the legislative branches of the Government have striven hand in hand for the social and material

betterment of the American people. This is the record that will stand. Disputes over the actions of secret service, abstract questions as to the right of the Senate to demand certain reasons for executive action—all these and other troublesome and conflicting matters will be forgotten when the great results which have been accomplished are still potent factors in our national life.

Henry Litchfield West.

SONG FROM THE GARDENER'S LODGE

(Rhine Valley)

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

WEE, pretty jewels have I three,
Frolicking under the chestnut tree.
Two are my diamonds, one my pearl—
Those are my boys and this my girl.
My oldest shall be a sergeant tall
With a walk and a beard like a general;
And an arm for his king and a heart for a wench,
And an itch in his bones to stick the French.
My second shall learn the ways of peace,
Of spreading bloom and field's increase,
Of spade and hoe and clod and seed,
Of dropping fruit and clinging weed.
Not much he'll know of war and fame—
But every bud he'll call by name.
Oh, and the youngest, oh, my pride,
'Tis she will stay at her mother's side,
With broom and kettle and rag and pan
Till the good Lord send her a gardener-man,
And a lodge and children two or three
Frolicking under a chestnut tree.

Hermann Hagedorn.

SPECIAL ARTICLES

THE BALKAN CRISIS AND THE MACEDONIAN QUESTION

BY NORMAN DWIGHT HARRIS

(Professor of European Diplomatic History, Northwestern University)

VICTOR HUGO once remarked that when a person was killed in France, it was called murder. But when fifty thousand people were massacred in the Ottoman Empire, it was called a question. For over four centuries the Turk has had his foot on European soil and his rule has been considered a disgrace to the civilized world; yet it is still a "question" whether he will permanently reform or be forced out of Europe altogether.

By the treaty of Calowitz in 1699 definite limits were set to the Sultan's possessions in Southeastern Europe. They then reached from the river Dnieper to the Adriatic Sea, and from Belgrade on the Danube and the Transylvanian Alps to the southern confines of Greece. Since those days the European powers have been steadily forcing the Turks backward toward the Bosphorus.

Greece secured its independence in 1829 and the Ottoman dominions were reduced to the region known as the "Balkans." This stretches from the Black to the Adriatic Sea, and from the lower Danube, the Transylvanian mountains and the river Pruth to the northern boundary of Greece and the Ægean Sea. It occupies an area of 196,712 square miles—slightly less than that of Spain and more than the combined size of the States of Minnesota, Iowa and Wisconsin. Its position on the highway between Europe and Asia is unique. Possessing considerable natural wealth, an extended coast-line, and excellent harbors within easy reach of those of Russia, Italy, Asia Minor and Africa, there is no reason why it should not have become, long ere this, one of the great commercial centres of Europe, if its peoples had had a fair chance.

But it has been the battle-field of the nations. And, like the more familiar examples of Germany, Italy and Poland, it has suffered for centuries from invasion, from the ambition of European powers, from the local differences and animosities of its inhabitants, and from constant and deliberate misrule and oppression. It has been the last portion of Europe to receive the blessings of modern constitutional self-government, peace and an enlightened internal development—all but ill-fated "Macedonia."

The remarkable development along commercial, industrial and politi-

cal lines in Germany and Italy is well known. But the equally astonishing progress, during the same period, in those Balkan states whose independence was recognized in 1878, has been little noticed by the world at large.

Roumania was the first to secure local autonomy as a state. And this not at the hands of the European Concert, but rather in spite of the wishes of the prime movers in Near-Eastern politics. By the treaty of 1856 the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia were given separately the administration of their own affairs under Turkish suzerainty. They requested the privilege of forming a united government, but the powers in a conference at London voted against it. In 1859, however, the two districts elected the same person—Colonel Couza—as governor; and in 1862 the joint administration was quietly consummated. Prince Charles of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen was chosen ruler upon the forced retirement of Couza in 1866; and the kingdom of Roumania created, though not officially recognized till 1878.

Under the sane and efficient rule of King Charles, the country has made a noteworthy advance along all lines. With an area about equal to that of Louisiana and a population of 6,500,000, its yearly budget now approximates \$41,667,000. In 1905 its exports amounted to \$76,184,000 and imports to \$56,256,000. Besides a national militia, a standing army of 65,000 men and an annual war budget of \$7,500,000 are maintained. The army can readily be raised to a war-footing of 350,000 men. There are 1,831 miles of railway, 4,523 miles of telegraph, and 17,200 miles of telephone now in operation. An important commercial port has been established at Constantza; and great intelligence has been shown in the development of forestry preserves, agricultural and mining resources, and in the protection of petroleum and other industrial interests.

Roumania—economically and politically—is now the leading state in the Balkans; and her citizens, of whom 92.5 per cent. are Roumans, outrank the other peoples of that district in general culture and intelligence. Her foreign policy—uniformly moderate, peaceful and consistent—has been a constant factor in her success. Although hindered at times by Russian intrigue, her statesmen have always maintained a dignified, conservative attitude. They have courted successfully the friendship of their neighbors and deserve the confidence of all the European states.

Early in the nineteenth century Serbia began fighting valiantly under Kara George and Milosch for her freedom; but it was not until 1856 that her people actually acquired liberty of worship, of trade and of self-government. Complete independence was accorded her in 1878; and in 1881 Serbia became a constitutional kingdom under Milan I. The unscrupu-

lous ambition and inherent personal weakness of her rulers, notably Milan I, who set up an absolute monarchy in 1883, and Alexander II, who with his intriguing consort—Draga—was assassinated in 1903, seriously retarded the development of the country. The intrigues of ambitious neighbors like Austria have increased the difficulties and the general confusion.

Nevertheless, a constant improvement in conditions has been noticeable; and, since the accession of the more conservative Peter I, Kara-geevich, a consistent and enlightened policy is rapidly bringing Serbia to the forefront. This is due more to the intelligent management of the present prime minister, Nicholas Pachitch, and his colleagues, than to the royal family.

Territorially Serbia possesses about the combined area of Vermont and New Hampshire. It has a population of 2,493,000, of whom 2,298,000 are Serbs, and 96 per cent. of whom are members of the Greek orthodox church. Since 1904 she has been out of debt and presents a yearly budget of \$18,100,000. Her army numbers 35,600 men, but it can easily be raised to 150,000 in case of war. There are in active operation 394 miles of railway, 2,040 miles of telegraph, and 860 miles of telephone wires.

Servia's programme is one of peace and internal development. Her interests and sympathies, however, bind her closely to the Greek Christians and Serbs of the Balkans. Her foreign policy centres about the protection and welfare of the great Serb peoples of Southeastern Europe, of whom there are some 10,000,000 all told. Out of these Servia hopes to create a "Greater Servia" some day; but it will require the most expert management on account of the local jealousies of the various branches of the Serb family and the opposition of Austria. The latter has been actively engaged for years in fighting this Serb propaganda, and in crushing by economic and political means not only every move of her own Slavs toward national autonomy, but also each advance of Servia in the direction of internal development or national expansion. This is but the continuation of the policy of Count Andrassy, who said to Lord Salisbury upon the introduction of Austrian military administration into Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1878—"J'ai mis le pied sur la tête du serpent."

Little Montenegro—the size of Porto Rico or slightly greater than Yellowstone National Park—has enjoyed independence, too, since 1878, although it was nominally a free state for many years prior to that date. Under its able prince, Nicholas, it has been as successfully administered as any of its neighbors. To-day it is a progressive and prosperous com-

munity; and its ruler enjoys the respect of all European rulers and statesmen.

The terrible massacres of 1876 in Bulgaria and the Russo-Turkish war of 1877 led to the establishment of a fourth independent community in the Balkans. Its area was materially limited at first owing to the mistaken policy of England, who thought the salvation of these Danube peoples lay in a reformed Turkey rather than in a division of the region among the Powers. Great Britain saved the Ottoman Empire and advanced her own interests by this action, but left European Turkey and the Armenians practically at the mercy of the Sultan.

Prince Alexander of Battenberg was the first ruler of Bulgaria. He was friendly to Russia and supported by her officials in the early part of his reign; but in 1883 he gave his people a constitutional government and went over to the national party led by Stephen Stambulov. All Russian officials were replaced by native leaders and a genuine Bulgarian revival took place. In 1855, Southern Bulgaria, known as Eastern Roumelia, was quietly annexed by popular vote. Servia alone actively opposed the movement, but was badly defeated at Slivnitsa. Great Britain came to the aid of Bulgaria, and by skilful diplomacy kept the powers inactive and secured the acquiescence of the Porte. This marked a new epoch in the attitude of England toward the Near-Eastern question. Her change of front is best described in the message of Sir R. Morier, English ambassador at St. Petersburg, to Sir W. White at Constantinople—"If you can help to build up these peoples into a bulwark of independent states and thus screen the 'sick man' from the fury of the northern blast, for God's sake do it."

Prince Alexander was kidnapped, however, at the instigation of Russian officials. Popular feeling was so pronounced against this action, that he was speedily returned to his palace. The Russian disfavor continuing so great, he felt compelled to abdicate in 1886; and the present ruler, Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg, was chosen in his stead.

Ferdinand, though self-seeking and fond of pomp and display, is a statesman of considerable ability. Under this rule the state has progressed steadily and rapidly. It possesses an area of 38,080 square miles, a little greater than Indiana or Portugal, and a population of over 4,000,000. Of these five-sevenths are Bulgarians—a composite of Tartar and Slavic blood, but an intelligent and industrious people. So thrifty have they become and so extensively have the farms and landed estates passed into the hands of the tillers of the soil, that Bulgaria has earned the title of the "Peasant State."

In the ten years from 1895 to 1905 the exports of Bulgaria rose from

\$15,537,200 to \$29,592,000 and imports from \$13,804,000 to \$24,450,000—nearly double in both instances. There are 972 miles of railway, 355 miles of telegraph, and 867 miles of telephone wires now in active service. And Bulgaria possesses the largest and most efficient army in the Balkan provinces. Its regular enrolment is about 64,000; but this can be readily raised to a war footing of 375,000 men. Her annual war-budget is \$5,000,000 and the entire national budget reaches a total of \$45,400,000.

Bulgaria's foreign policy is conservative and peaceful. She desires friendship with her neighbors and opportunities for internal development and commercial expansion. She cannot ignore the demands of her compatriots in Macedonia; and she has large interests in that district. But she can safely be relied upon to act with caution and conciliation, and not to jeopardize her position by forcing an appeal to arms.

Thus four free and independent states have been successfully created out of European Turkey in the latter half of the nineteenth century and the territorial possessions of the Sultan in the Balkans reduced by nearly two-thirds. This is primarily the result of the misrule of the Sublime Porte—of the corruption under Abdul Hamid in particular—and of the interference of the European powers. Yet it must be acknowledged that the real success of the new states has been due to causes lying almost entirely outside the sphere of activity of the European statesmen. Chief among these was the fact that there existed within each of these Balkan communities one homogeneous group of people bound together by ties of blood, language and custom, who constituted 90 per cent. or over of the entire population, and who could furnish a nucleus of resource and power sufficient to ensure the success of a national organization. Such as the Serbs of Servia, the Roumans of Roumania, and the Bulgars of Bulgaria. To this, accompanied by the rapid growth of the spirit of nationality among these peoples, more than to anything else, is the salvation of the Danube principalities to be attributed.

A second and hardly less important factor was the rise of gifted native leaders, like Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, Pachitch of Servia, and Stambulov of Bulgaria, whose patriotism and devotion equals anything Europe has ever seen, and who possessed constructive political ability of a high order. The introduction of religious toleration removed one of the most serious obstacles to reform—namely, the strife between the theological sects of the Near-East, whose name is "legion." National churches were organized under their own heads, like the Bulgarian Exarch at Constantinople and the Metropolitan of Servia at Belgrade, and their own governing bodies. And a distinct separation of church and state followed. In this way a free hand was secured for the new governments.

The transference of the lands of the excluded Turks to the peasant farmers removed the chief difficulty in agrarian reform. And the abolition of the old Turkish methods of taxation and collection of revenues opened the way for an enlightened financial régime and a progressive economic development that have placed each state upon a sound basis.

The term "Macedonia" does not appear on modern maps, but is commonly used as a general name for the three Turkish vilayets of Salonika, Monastir and Kossovo, lying between the districts of Adrianople and Albania. For the purposes of this article, we will apply it to the whole region in Europe still retained by the Sultan. Its total area, leaving out Bosnia and Herzegovina, is 68,190 square miles, or a little less than the state of Missouri. It is a district of considerable natural wealth and of unrivalled commercial possibilities, with two ports of the first rank—Constantinople and Salonika. It possesses one of the most cosmopolitan populations in the world. Of the 6,000,000 inhabitants, 70 per cent. are Turks, Greeks and Albanians, and the remaining 30 per cent. includes Serbs, Roumanians, Bulgarians, Italians, Armenians, Magyars, Gypsies, Jews and Circassians. No one nationality constitutes more than 30 per cent. of the whole; and this lack of a determining element in the population—one sufficiently powerful to assume the leadership and ensure an independent organization for the district—is one of the main causes for the failure thus far to solve the "Macedonian question."

Another serious difficulty lies in the racial antipathies and jealousies of the resident nationalities—specially those who are related to the citizens of the neighboring free states. The moment one attempts to secure the ascendancy, the others begin to fight tooth and nail against it. When Bulgaria permitted its people to aid the Macedonian revolutionists in 1903-4, Servian and Greek bands penetrated the country and assisted the Turks in the devastation of the district and the suppression of the revolt.

A third element in the problem is the religious situation and the unique position of the great Metropolitan leaders. There are Greek, Bulgarian, Latin and Armenian Christians, Mohammedans, Jews, and other denominations, each under its particular religious head. The Greeks enjoy the protection of his holiness, Joachim III, Patriarch of Constantinople, and the Latins that of Pope Pius X at Rome. The Bulgarian Christians have their own Exarch at Constantinople, who represents their interests with the Sultan. The Armenians are divided into two groups, one Roman Catholic and one Gregorian, with its own patriarch at Constantinople. And the Jews have their chief Rabbi, called "Chacham-Baschi," living also in the Turkish capitol. All of these prel-

ates have immense influence and considerable strength. Each must protect his own people; and none are willing to favor any movement which would materially reduce their power or affect their position—such, for example, as the Bulgarian Exarch might experience if the Bulgar Christians of Macedonia were removed from his immediate jurisdiction. Then no group of one religious persuasion wishes to see one of another belief placed over them. The experience of the Christians under Mohammedan rule has made them all particularly sensitive on this point.

Yet it would be quite possible to surmount successfully these difficulties, if the fourth obstacle to the complete pacification and reorganization of Macedonia were once removed. There are a number of states—large and small—vitally interested in this question, without whose co-operation and consent no solution is possible. Every effort to secure unity upon a sane plan and to promote an intelligent and effective execution of such a scheme has, to date, resulted in signal failure. Individual interests have uniformly triumphed over general advantages and the real issues at stake. The greater powers have steadily refused to permit the smaller, like Bulgaria and Roumania, to participate actively in the general discussions concerning a settlement of the problem. And well-intentioned propositions, like the “Muerzsteg programme” of 1903, have received only a tardy recognition and a support utterly inadequate to insure a genuine trial.

Russia, the recognized leader of the Slavs and the self-appointed protector of the Greek Christians, has constantly permitted her own interests to dictate her Balkan policy. Defeated in her plan of reaching around the Black Sea to Constantinople by the session of the Drobuja to Roumania in 1878 and the creation of greater Bulgaria in 1885, she still hopes for some solution that will leave her with a predominance of power around the Bosphorus. She is unwilling either to let any other strong power take over the administration of European Turkey or to see powerful states created out of that district. Nor is she specially pleased to see a revived Turkish rule. The weaker the “sick man” becomes and the more quarrelsome and petty the states of the Balkans remain, the nearer her goal appears and the easier it becomes to advance her own interests. The recent active co-operation of Russia with England in favor of a congress of the powers indicates that she is at present in a more conciliatory mood. It is quite probable that she can be counted upon to support the movement for a free and self-governing Macedonia.

England, sitting like a watch-dog at Cyprus, insists that no settlement shall be made detrimental to her Egyptian and Asiatic interests. Yet her statesmen have been in the main true friends of the much abused resi-

dents of the Danube principalities, if we except their serious blunder of 1878. In recent years her influence has been steadily and consistently used for the protection and assistance of the new Balkan states. She is opposed to the occupation of European Turkey and Constantinople by any Continental state, but would receive with favor any other reasonable proposition for the reorganization and government of Macedonia, that takes into full consideration the liberties, rights and welfare of the inhabitants of that province.

For twenty years Germany has occupied the place in the advisory councils of the Porte that England filled so successfully during a large part of the nineteenth century. She has used her advantage well and to-day possesses more commercial advantages and industrial rights in both Asiatic and European Turkey than any other power. Germany's trade with these regions is so important and her financial interests so extensive that she is certain to oppose strenuously any change in the Sultan's domains that shall seriously affect her position or that of her merchants.

Italy, also, is vitally interested in the problem. She would gladly acquire once more a portion of Dalmatia and Albania, which belonged to the Republic of Venice for several centuries, and where many Italian speaking people live to-day. In addition, her royal family is closely related to those of Montenegro and Servia and she has large commercial interests in the Balkans.

Bulgaria pursues steadily a peace policy. Even during the strenuous days of the Macedonian revolt of 1902-4 she remained officially neutral; and in the present crisis her conciliatory spirit gives evidence of her peaceful intentions. It is necessary to her own security and prosperity. Yet she has her dream of a "Greater Bulgaria," looks with longing eyes on Macedonia, and watches every move there with the profoundest interest.

Greece is very ambitious. She desires not only to regain that portion of Thessaly lost to Turkey by the foolish rising of 1898, but also puts forth large claims to Macedonia on the ground of old traditions and the present numerous Greek population of that region. She has permitted for years the intrigues of her citizens in the Balkans for this very end; the commercial and financial investments of her citizens in Macedonia are most extensive and continually increasing.

To Servia, expansion into Macedonia seems an imperative necessity and an outlet on the sea practically indispensable, if it is to escape the dominance of Austria and to work out successfully its own future and that of the Serbs of Southeastern Europe. Austria has furthered the discord between king and people, and hindered the economic develop-

ment by high tariffs on Servian goods and exorbitant charges on the Salonika railway, in order to keep the country poor and cause the ultimate failure of the Government. So serious has the situation become that Servia is even now considering the construction of a railroad from Kragooyevatz across the Kapaonic mountains to Prisrend and thence via Skodra to San Giovanni di Medua on the Adriatic.

Austria-Hungary's general policy is one of territorial recompense in the Balkans for her losses in Germany and Italy by the wars of 1859 and 1866. This was the basis of a secret understanding of the Emperors of Russia, Germany and Austria in 1872; and the recent incorporation of Bosnia and Herzegovina in her domains is but an incident in the working out of this programme. Austria would accordingly welcome an extension of her possessions southwards through Albania and Macedonia to the important port of Salonika; and she has already constructed a railway from the main Budapest—Constantinople line at Nisch to that port via Uskub.

It is claimed that the ambition of the heir presumptive to the throne, Archduke Francis Ferdinand, is to make Austria the leading Slav power of Europe and to give all the Slav peoples of Southeastern Europe a chance to work out their destinies under her protection. Such a policy is fraught with grave danger. In the first place Austria, while having made a fair start in the direction of constitutional rule, has not yet solved successfully her own governmental problems. Is it wise to take on more and greater burdens, before the fundamental difficulties to a satisfactory administration have been removed? In the second place, the Slavic elements in the kingdom have always been a serious menace and a constant source of trouble to the Government. Can she afford, before she has discovered a satisfactory system for the management of these peoples, to embarrass herself greatly with more of the same kind?

Undoubtedly any large increase of the Slav element will mean the ultimate loss of the German portion of Austria. For those who have thus far enjoyed a monopoly of power in Austrian affairs will not relinquish it easily or gracefully; and to them union with Germany is preferable to Slav domination or even equality. Is the Hapsburg family ready for such a sacrifice? And are they sure the compensations are real and can be made permanent?

The only practical course open for Austria, if she insists upon expansion in the southeast, is through the organization of a federal state that shall be largely Slav in composition and be erected with Hungary as a nucleus. The Hungarians are natural politicians, can safely be relied upon as leaders, and already possess immense commercial interests

in all the Balkan states. If Austria-Hungary had to-day a federal organization with a workable scheme for the incorporation of new territory, like the United States, the problem would be an easy one. But she is not a federal state or a united people. And, if the greatest care is not perpetually exercised, the prophecy of Prince Gortschakov at the Berlin congress, "The tomb of Austria is in the Balkans," may become a fatal reality.

Now that there is a promise of a new European congress on the Balkan situation, one inevitably asks the question—Is there any real hope that the "Macedonian question" will be definitely settled? Judging from the events of the past five years, the prospects of a satisfactory and permanent solution of this knotty problem are brighter than ever before. It will be remembered how the terrible atrocities in Macedonia in 1903-4 aroused the statesmen of Europe, and how the now famous "Memorandum" of Bulgaria—an appalling indictment of Turkish rule in Macedonia—was perused in every council-chamber on the Continent. After considerable delay and under heavy pressure from the other powers, Austria and Russia produced the "Vienna programme" in February, 1903; and, through the persistent efforts of England and France, the more workable plan—known as the "Muerzsteg programme"—was evolved in October of the same year. This latter included reforms in finance, in civil government, in taxation and in the gendarmerie, and a European commission of control. Yet it failed completely for lack of serious support by its framers, and the opposition of the Sultan and Germany. It has been demonstrated that the loss of life during 1905-6 was almost as great as in 1902-3.

Matters dragged on until the summer of 1908, when Sir Edward Grey and M. Ivolksi put forward an energetic plan for the pacification of Macedonia. This embraced, among other provisions, the restoration of peace and security through the medium of a large military force commanded by Turks but assisted by European officers, the organization of the district into an independent province under the control of the Porte, and the creation of a new civil administration based upon principles employed in all modern governments.

In July, before this programme could be put into operation, the revolution occurred in Turkey followed by the triumph of the "Young Turk" party and the restoration of the constitution. The leaders of the new movement promised reform and local autonomy in Macedonia; and at the urgent request of their representatives at Monastir, the final adjustment was postponed till after the opening of the Turkish parliament in December. All recent reports are a convincing proof that this is no

temporary upheaval to be followed by the usual relapse into a corrupt and despotic rule, but a reform movement of intelligence and strength, sure to attain a large success and permanence. And the National Assembly now in session enjoys the confidence of the whole people, and is taking hold on the problems of state with enthusiasm and intelligence. The leaders are just as concerned to promote security and good government in the local units, as they are to preserve the integrity of the empire and to maintain constitutional government.

The annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria, the declaration of independence by Bulgaria, and the vote of Crete for union with Greece, in September, complicated the situation. But there is no good reason why these events should seriously impede the solution of the Macedonian problem; and in the proposed European congress on the Near-Eastern question, the powers should take active steps to co-operate with Turkey and render this movement a prompt success. A more worthy work could hardly be imagined. There is at present no other practical way to reorganize successfully European Turkey except through an autonomous Macedonia under the suzerainty of the Porte. It does not endanger the integrity of the Sultan's empire, or affect materially any individual interests of the Balkan states. Yet, at the same time, it will afford protection for life and property, and give the people full scope for the development of self-government. To facilitate the reconstruction, local officials might be imported from neutral states like Switzerland and Holland, and financial and civil advisers be furnished the administration by the powers. Troops and money could be loaned if necessary.

In the event of the failure of the reform movement in Turkey, or if, after a careful and thorough experiment, it is found that the inhabitants of Macedonia are incapable of self-government, there will remain but one thing for the European Concert to do. The district should be purchased from Turkey at a reasonable figure and divided among the neighboring states of Montenegro, Servia, Bulgaria and Greece, on an equitable basis in accord with the number of persons in Macedonia racially related to the peoples of those states. The burden of the Turkish indemnity would, of course, be assumed by the Balkan governments.

In any case the whole of the Balkans should be permanently neutralized. All the states should be placed, like Switzerland and Belgium, under the protection of the powers, so they can neither make war nor be attacked. The time has now come for such an action. None of the greater states will ever consent to one of their number taking possession of the region. Economically neutralization would be one of the greatest blessings to the young and weak Balkan kingdoms. And why should the

district not form a "buffer state" between Austria, Russia and Turkey, as Switzerland does between the nations of Western Europe? With the integrity and independence of the Danube states guaranteed, and the co-operation of a reformed Turkey and the powers in Macedonia an accomplished fact, all fear of war would vanish and the old bugbear of the "terrible Turk" would disappear from Europe forever.

Norman Dwight Harris.

FRENCH POETRY AND ENGLISH READERS

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

IN the leisurely eighteenth century, the age of ample prose, when every man seemed to have for his own use all the time there was and when he was ever ready to bestow a full share of eternity upon the elaboration of lucubrations called forth by any topic that chanced to float within reach—in those easy-going days, before the virtues of the strenuous life had been insistently proclaimed, the full and proper title for the casual suggestions which are here to be set down, might shape itself into something not unlike this: "On a certain Ineffectiveness of French Poetry for those Readers who have English as their Mother-tongue."

Probably few of us would be prepared to dispute the statement that a very large proportion of those whose native speech is English and who yet have acquired more or less facility in reading other languages, both ancient and modern, find French poetry less satisfying than the poetry of the Greeks and of the Latins, of the Germans and of the Italians. Some of us feel this so strongly that we are even a little surprised to discover that the French themselves do not feel it at all, and that they are not prepared to admit any inferiority of their poets or any inadequacy of their language as a medium for poetry. It has seemed to some English critics almost a wilful freakishness, a personal perversity, when they beheld a French critic as clear-eyed and as open-minded as Taine contrasting Alfred Tennyson and Alfred de Musset, and then concluding with the declaration that after all he preferred Musset.

Brunetière was unable to discover any sufficient reason for the fact he admitted ungrudgingly, that although French prose conquered all the nations of Europe, French poetry had been unable to win a firm foothold outside of the confines of its own language. That the French are the

modern masters of prose is undeniable. Why are they not also the masters of poetry? Why is it that a list of the chief French authors, whether this roll-call contain a dozen names, or a score, or a hundred, would be illuminated chiefly by the names of prose-writers, whereas a corresponding list of authors using the English language would shine with a very large preponderance of the poets?

Perhaps it is not begging the question to lay on the French language the blame for certain of the deficiencies that we think we detect in French poetry. Perhaps it is not unprofitable to remind ourselves that a language must of necessity resemble the people who speak it and who have moulded it instinctively to their own necessities and to their own natures. "There is room for a very interesting work, which should lay open the connection between the languages and the manners of nations"—so wrote Gibbon in one of the frequent notes of his monumental history, the first volume of which appeared in the year when the English-speaking race was split into two nations. The "very interesting work" which the great historian suggested has not been written in all this century and a quarter; but its theme has attracted the attention of many an acute critic; and it would be easy to collect a sheaf of suggestions likely to be useful to the investigator who shall undertake the task. For example, the Danish scholar, Professor Jespersen, thinks that English is essentially a virile speech, having about it little that is feminine or childish. Lowell was unwittingly commenting on the race that speaks German when he declared that he found in that language "sentences in which one sets sail like an admiral with sealed orders, not knowing where he is going to till he is in mid-ocean."

In the language of the French we find the qualities which characterize the people—the social instinct, the logic, the regard for proportion and order, the inherited Latin tradition—all characteristics which make for prose and for the most pellucid prose, although some of them are more or less hostile to poetry, and especially to lyric poetry. On the other hand, a certain lack of restraint discoverable in the writings of the stock that speaks English, an excessive individualism, a superabundant energy, that transmutes itself easily into imagination—these are all qualities which make for poetry, and more particularly for lyric poetry. It is true also that these are qualities which make against prose in its finest perfection of artistic ease and of persuasive sanity. It is not by accident that English literature has had characteristic figures like Carlyle with his humorous contortions and like Ruskin with his ill-balanced vagaries. Nor is it by chance only that French literature in the same century had Sainte-Beuve and Renan and Taine, dealing soberly with themes closely

akin to those which the two British writers chose to handle vehemently and violently.

It was a Frenchman, Rivarol, who declared that what was not clear was not French. It was another Frenchman, Renan, who asserted that his fellow-countrymen cared to express only what was clear, although "the most important truths, those relating to the transformation of life, are not clear; one perceives them only in a kind of half-light." Clarity is an essential of the best prose; but the subtlest and most suggestive poetry can get along without it. In some of Shelley's loveliest lyrics, for instance, the logic is a little doubtful, and the exact meaning is not beyond dispute. The very precision of the French vocabulary, with its sharp-edged words, bare of all penumbra, makes it difficult for those who have to use it as a medium for poetry to express the vaguer phases of emotion in the formative moods of feeling. Here seems to be a superiority of the Teutonic tongues in that they can render more readily the saturated solution of emotion before it is precipitated, whereas the various inheritors of the Latin language can reproduce rather the sharp transparency of the crystal.

A friend of mine, when he was a student at Berlin, was advised by one of his instructors to get the French translation of that professor's great work, as this was easier to understand than the German original. And this same friend came to the reading of the psychologic studies of a distinguished French critic after he had been steeping himself in German philosophy, and he discovered that the French author was struggling valiantly to express in his own tongue the rather nebulous ideas absorbed from this same German philosophy. In the transference of the German thought into the French language there was a gain in clarity, no doubt, but there was also the sacrifice of a hazy but far-reaching suggestiveness, which might be an agent of imaginative stimulation. And what is poetry, after all, but another expression of philosophy? As Whitney once phrased it, "Words are not the exact models of ideas; they are merely signs for ideas, at whose significance we arrive as well as we can." If the words of a language are sharply precise, they can best signify those ideas which have a precision equally acute. It was Rivarol, again, who declared that in French "the imagination of the poet is arrested also by the circumspect genius of the language."

Not only is the French language sharper than any one of the several Teutonic tongues—and thereby better fitted for exposition, for the conveying of information, for criticism, for logic, for science, and in general for all the purposes of prose—but it is also less musical, less accented, more monotonous. It is a nasal speech, and its tones are less beautiful

than those of its Latin sisters, Italian and Spanish, studded with open vowels—less beautiful really than those of English when our Northern language is handled by a master of sounds, who knows how to evoke the melody of which it is capable. No French poet has been able to make his words sing themselves into the memory more certainly than Victor Hugo; and yet even that virtuoso of the lyric has left us few stanzas sustained by the haunting music which lifts up many of the lines of Tennyson. Even Poe, whose equipment is meagre enough, even if his accomplishment is surprising, can on occasion achieve a mastery of mere sound, denied to Hugo, despite all his marvellous native gift and all his consummate craftsmanship in compelling words to do his bidding.

French verse seems to be curiously dependent on its rhymes for its structure. In his little treatise on the art of versification, Théodore de Banville was frank in avowing this and in setting forth plainly the importance of the principle. It is significant that blank verse has never been able to establish itself in French poetry; and French prose is therefore free from those passages of unconscious blank verse such as Dickens fell into when he wanted to emphasize the pathos of his sentimental deathbeds. Without its pairs of words the poetry of the French is barely distinguishable from prose. It is hardly too much to say that French verse robbed of its rhyme ceases to exist. And as a result the poets of France have centred their attention on rhyme, and have forced from it possibilities unattained as yet by the poets who use the accented Teutonic tongues. No dexterous manipulator of English has yet extracted from his rhymes alone the sustaining effects which Hérédia wrought into his lustrous sonnets by the artful choice and contrast of his terminal syllables. Nor has any lyrist of our language ever juggled with affluent rhymes as Victor Hugo was wont to do, dazzling the eyes of the reader with the incomparable brilliance of his selection.

The French poets are forced to rely largely on their rhymes because their language is in a way monotonous—if not absolutely unaccentual. There is no denying that it is far less accentual than German or English. Nisard declared that French was unique among all languages in that it was wholly without accent; and he even maintained that this deficiency helped to fit the language for universal use, since accent was what was most individual in human speech. And here we have another reason why French poetry is less satisfying to our ears, attuned to the bolder rhythmic swing of the Teutonic metres. Here, indeed, is an obvious disability of the French, which puts their poets at an indisputable disadvantage. Emotion is rhythmic, just as all nature is also. The instinctive cries of primitive man are undulatory. The spontaneous expression of feeling

risers and falls, like the waves of the sea. There is a cadence in the crooning of the mother over her babe asleep in the cradle, as there is also in the bitter wailing of the tribe over its dead. In so far as the French language has a barrenness of accent, and a fundamental monotony of syllabic utterance, and in so far as it tends to require its lyrists to abstain from stress, from undulation, it is deprived of an emotional resource, of a method of appeal to the soul, through the ear, which has been potent in poetry since the far-off ages when primitive man had not yet discovered the utility of prose.

Of course, it is unfair to accept Nisard's assertion that the French language is absolutely without accent, without any rhythm at all. But it is fair enough to suggest that the rhythmic variety of French is far more subtle, far less obvious, than that existing in any of the Teutonic tongues. In giving up a more plainly marked accent, a rhythm perceptible to the ear accustomed to the bolder alternations of stress more easily measured in our own speech, the French have shorn their language of an emotional instrument, of a physical advantage, preserved for the use of the poets of almost every modern tongue. Sometimes the French insist on the equality of every syllable in a line, and sometimes they profess to be able to detect a play of accent imperceptible to the foreign ear habituated to the marching rhythm of other languages. For the most part, their own writers have failed to see how large this loss is, in thus surrendering what was the birthright of primitive man. Unfamiliar with this emotional instrument, they do not perceive that its absence enfeebles the appeal which their poetry makes on foreign ears. Naturally enough, they themselves do not miss that which they have never possessed.

It was the wise Mommsen who called Ciceronianism a problem which is part of "that greater mystery of human nature—language and the effect of language on the mind." And it was the shrewd Bagehot who asserted that there was "a certain intimate essence of national meaning which is untransmutable as good poetry. Dry thoughts are cosmopolitan, but the delicate associations of language which express character, the traits of speech which mark the man, differ in every tongue, so that there are not even cumbrous circumlocutions that are equivalent in another." This is one of the reasons why the best translation can never be more than an inferior substitute for the original. No one can really feel the inner meaning of a poem until he has conquered an insight into the language in which it sang itself into being. And even when the reader has gained this essential mastery of the foreign speech, it remains foreign after all; it can never be more than an academic accomplishment; it can never make the intimate appeal of the songs originally phrased in the mother-tongue.

As Sidney Lanier declared poetically, every word of a poem "is like the bright head of a comet drawing behind it a less luminous train of vague associations, which are associations only to those who have used such words from infancy."

This remark of Lanier's may help us to grasp at a remote reason why Hugo and Musset are less satisfying than Goethe or Heine to us who have English for our native speech—a reason to be seized only when we recall the lasting effects of the impress of French upon English when our language was yet in its plastic youth. The Norman conquest brought about a mingling in our tongue of French words with the ruder vocables of Anglo-Saxon origin; and English has been free ever since to enrich itself from a twofold store, taking from the Romance stock with the right hand and from the Teutonic with the left, with the result that its vocabulary is probably ampler now than that of any other language.

It is true, of course, that there is a large infusion of Romance words in modern German speech, as there is also a large infusion of Teutonic words in modern French speech; but neither French nor German has a double vocabulary for ordinary use as English has. Now, if we classify the English words in ordinary use into two groups, the first embracing what may be called the primary words, those which we use instinctively in the hour of need and at all other moments of tense emotion, and the second embracing the secondary words, those with which we are equally familiar, no doubt, but which do not rise as readily to our lips—if we undertake this classification we know in advance that the larger proportion of the primary words will belong to the Teutonic stock, and that a larger proportion of the secondary words will belong to the Romance stock. As Herbert Spencer recorded, "a child's vocabulary is almost wholly Saxon." And the same acute observer also declared that "the earliest learnt and oftenest used words will, other things being equal, call up images with less loss of time and energy than their later learnt synonyms."

To call up images is a chief purpose of the poet; and he will succeed in English partly in proportion to his choice of the primary words, chiefly of Teutonic descent, and to his skill in extracting from them all their essential suggestion. When he prefers the secondary words, of Romance origin mostly, he is likely to seem less direct, less vigorous, and even less sincere. But if these verbal characteristics so impress us in the lyrics of our own language, in all probability they will so impress us also in the verses of foreign poets. So it is that we who have English for our mother-tongue find in German poetry a free use of Teutonic terms closely akin to our own primary words, and we cannot help finding in

French poetry that Romance vocabulary which recalls to us our own secondary words, to us always more or less inferior in emotional suggestion. Both in French and in German the poets are using words which are primary to them, but in consequence of our double vocabulary only the words of the German poets seem primary to us. The words of the French poets must necessarily appear to us as secondary, that is to say, as less direct, less vigorous, and even as less sincere than the words of the German poets.

To say this, of course, is not to pass any ultimate condemnation on French poetry, but only to explain one reason why it is less effective to those who speak English than it is to those who speak Italian or Spanish. To us the homely talk of the hearth, the stuff out of which the simplest poetry is made, is largely Teutonic; but when an inheritor of the Latins handles this same stuff he cannot command other than Romance vocables. The French lyric which appears to us indirect and ineffective, simply because the poet must perforce employ words which seem to us secondary, will be satisfying to a Frenchman, to whom these same words are primary, and to him it may appeal as a masterpiece of vigorous sincerity.

Many of those who are best fitted to appreciate the finer qualities of French literature have always felt that there was a lack of fairness in Matthew Arnold's trick of comparing poetical fragments in French and in English to the obvious disadvantage of the foreign lyricist. The victory was a little too easy to be quite worth while; and it failed to carry conviction even to those who were willing enough to admit that French poetry did not satisfy them. Yet this French poetry does satisfy the capable and accomplished critics of France, a land where criticism is cultivated as a fine art. May not this divergence of opinion be due to two causes here indicated? First, to the fact that French verse is far less rhythmic than the verse of any of the Teutonic tongues and that, therefore, it is emotionally feebler to us who are accustomed to the bolder beats of our own stanzas; and, second, to the fact that the French words most needed by the poet seem to us who speak English secondary, less direct, and therefore less effective, although these very words are primary to the French poet himself and to his French readers. This second disadvantage applies more particularly to the poetry of the simpler emotions. But the poetry of a more sweeping imagination is also more or less unsatisfactory to us because the marvellous clarity of the French language deprives the poet who works in it of a power of indefinite suggestion possible to the poets who have English or German or Greek for their mother-tongue.

It remains only to be noted that these two disadvantages of French poetry in the ears of those who have English as their mother-tongue are

neither of them discoverable in Italian poetry or in Spanish—or at least not discoverable to the same extent. In the first place, both these other Romance languages are rhythmic with accentual systems easily perceptible to the ears attuned to Teutonic alternations of stress. And in the second place, the Romance words in English are derived most of them directly from the French, whereas the Italian and Spanish forms of the same word are often so different from our secondary words that they need an effort of perception and so evoke the primary emotions, rather than the secondary, which are called forth by the corresponding French words. It is true also that clarity is not the chief characteristic of either Italian or of Spanish, as it is of French.

Brander Matthews.

LINCOLN'S ENGLISH

BY MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER

A WRITER or an orator who has once, if only once, become the spokesman of his people at a national crisis necessarily becomes interesting as a master of his native speech. That feat, by the universal consent of the American people, and with the assent of foreign critics, Abraham Lincoln once performed. Of course, the speech at Gettysburg, which has long ago taken its place among the "great little speeches" of the English language, or of any language, is securely a classic. It would be a waste of space to transcribe it. Everybody may be supposed to be reprinting and reading it in this anniversary month of the centennial year. Nobody will be disputing that it is a masterpiece. In it, Lincoln really "rose to the height of this great argument,"—to continue the language of the great rhetorician whose tercentenary preceded his own centenary by two centuries and two months,—really asserted Eternal Providence and justified the ways of God to men. Reading it over again as coldly and critically as any American can, it seems very nearly as impeccable as inspiring. There is only that one unlucky slip in the first sentence, "our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation," with its necessary and impossible implication that the male is the parturient parent, to contradict or halt the else uninterrupted course of the reader's grateful and admiring assent.

The man who did the Gettysburg speech, one says, must have done other things almost equally worthy of memory and celebration. And one recalls, more or less vaguely, other "eloquent passages," other "purple patches." One may be moved, as the present commentator has been

moved, to go through all the published writings and speeches of the author of the Gettysburg address, in the hope of finding other things of the same rhetorical quality. This little study is a record of what such a disinterested inquirer finds.

The first thing he finds is that the eloquent passages are, truly, *purpurei panni*. Every one of them, in the Horatian phrase, *adsuitur*. It is not merely a more elaborately embroidered piece of the surrounding tissue. It is, truly, "sewed on." Let us make a collection, by no means necessarily a "crazy-quilt," of these ornamental patches. The collection of the "Messages of the Presidents" contains them all. For neither the Lincoln-Douglas debates, nor yet any other utterances of Lincoln before he was President, are in any danger of getting into the school-readers as models of expression. The parting speech at Springfield may be admitted as a partial exception. There is in fact a great deal of human nature in the way in which the leading lawyer of that then frontier community, who had gone daily in and out for a quarter of a century before the neighbors to whom he was speaking, took his leave of them to venture upon strange scenes and a new environment, like a prairie Columbus embarking upon uncharted seas. Of human nature, and of necessary pathos. But, while one derives this impression from the parting speech, one recalls only one's impression, not the *ipsissima verba*, the very words by which that impression had been conveyed, as one would recall them if they had been uttered by a master of language, as if the little speech were in the same class, for example, with the little speech of Burke at Bristol, or the little speech of Emerson at Manchester. From a re-reading of the Springfield speech one carries away only the same confused recollection of something genial and human which one brought to it. As to those Douglas debates, what the candid reader finds in them is by no means rhetorical excellence. He can never say of their author what Hallam said of Hooker: "So little is there of vulgarity in his racy idiom." Rather the contrary. What the present-day reader does find is arguing, arguing which is not only keen, but candid. Now Douglas was keen—no debater of his generation more so. But he was distinctly uncandid. When he was confronted by an equal, or rather by a greater, clearness of perception, which not only vividly brought out the shiftiness and trickiness of his oratory, but shamed those qualities by confronting them with a disposition evidently equitable and candid, it was the adversary who triumphed. It is no wonder that Douglas lost his temper many times, Lincoln hardly once. Lincoln's candor was in fact his chief asset in debate, as it had been his chief asset in talking to Illinois juries. As whoever has much frequented courts of

justice must have noticed, it is one of the most valuable assets a *nisi prius* lawyer can possess. How strange so few jury lawyers should cultivate it. It was recognized, by the end of 1858, all over Illinois, as Lincoln's chief political asset. For "Honest Old Abe" did not merely imply that Lincoln, in the judgment of his fellow-citizens, would not steal money. It was a tribute to his equity and fair-mindedness as a disputant. "Candid old Abe" was what Illinois, half a century ago, really "wished to say."

But let us examine the "purple patches." A President's message is commonly a mosaic, a thing of shreds and patches. Each head of department is apt to be left to dictate the statements of fact and the recommendations with regard to his department, and his own words are apt, naturally, to be incorporated. But this practice is fatal to rhetorical unity, to "style." Matthew Arnold says, very justly, of British "Speeches from the Throne":

What is to be remarked is this—a speech from the throne falls essentially within the sphere of rhetoric, it is one's sense of rhetoric which has to fix its tone and style, so as to keep a certain note always sounding in it; in an English speech from the throne, whatever its faults, this rhetorical note is always struck and kept to.

Now this prolongation of a single rhetorical "note" is evidently out of the question when the composition is a cento of the contributions of heads of departments. And this was the case with most of Lincoln's messages, as it is and perhaps must be the case with most Presidential messages under our system. But it was not the case with Lincoln's first inaugural. About the first draft of that it does not appear that he had taken counsel of flesh and blood. He had written it out at Springfield, and had brought it on to Washington, sending a few copies to those whose counsel he felt bound to invoke. Among these was Seward, who seems to have imagined that he was the only counsellor. The body of the inaugural was a characteristically Lincolnian piece of fair and candid argumentation, made almost astonishing by the circumstances. "Come, let us reason together," he says to communities which had already seceded or were visibly on the edge of secession, and goes on to argue away their apprehensions about his power or his disposition to interfere with slavery wherever it already had a legal existence. Of course, his candor was not so naïf as it might seem. The argument was really addressed to the border or uncommitted States, which in fact were held, but which would assuredly have followed the Cotton States if the Government had come under the direction of an advocate of immediate and unconditional Abolition. But this is from our present purpose. That purpose is to

point out that the one "purple patch" in that inaugural, the one passage of which the casual reader is likely to retain any recollection, the peroration, was not Lincoln's at all, but Seward's. Yet those who recall it at all will be apt to cite it to you as an example of Lincoln's eloquence. Seward himself was perhaps the foremost dialectician and even more clearly the foremost rhetorician of his party, a far better exemplar of the use of the English language than, for example, Charles Sumner, with his tropical and Corinthian rhetorical exuberance. Here is Seward's draft for that peroration:

I close. We are not, we must not be, aliens or enemies, but fellow countrymen and brethren. Although passion has strained our bonds of affection too hardly, they must not, I am sure they will not, be broken. The mystic chords which, proceeding from so many battlefields and so many patriot graves, pass through all the hearts and all the hearths in this broad continent of ours will yet again harmonize in their ancient music when breathed upon by the guardian angel of the nation.

And here is Seward's contribution, as retouched and adopted by Lincoln, and as it stands in the text of the First Inaugural:

I am loath to close. We are not enemies but friends. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

Lincoln's version will be admitted to be an improvement. That "I am loath to close," as who might say "let me plead with you yet awhile longer," is a masterly rhetorical touch. At the same time his docility as to the volunteered contribution to a performance with which he had taken so much trouble, and about which he might have been expected to cherish a paternal pride and sensitiveness, shows him to have been without literary vanity. Which is admirable in its way, no doubt. But as a symptom of what one may call the literary instinct? One recalls Walter Bagehot's pregnant remark about Sir George Cornwall Lewis and the dulness of his writing:

He had not, indeed, the powers of a great literary artist; it was not in his way to look at style as an alluring art. He wanted to express his opinion, and cared for nothing else. He had no literary vanity; and without the vanity that loves applause, few indeed cultivate the tact that gains applause.

Possibly it was Lincoln's docility in this question of mere form which encouraged Seward's appointment of himself to the position of Mentor to the uncouth Western Telemachus, and helped to bring about in him the delusion that the pupil who had been so amenable in a matter of

style would be equally amenable in things of substance. His undeception was rapid and complete, as has been especially shown by Mr. Rothschild in his study "Lincoln, Master of Men." And Seward's loyal acceptance of the actual situation—"The President is the best of us"—is as creditable a fact as one knows or needs to know about the man who had gone into the Cabinet with the general belief, which he shared, that he was the leader of the Republican party and his successful competitor for the Presidency but its figure-head.

The next of the messages is, of course, the message of July 4, 1861, to the special session of Congress convoked to consider ways and means for suppressing the insurrection. It is a lawyerlike message, much more lawyerlike than literary. Part of its purport is to show that secession had not been peaceable but aggressive, and that the firing on Fort Sumter had been an unprovoked act of war. Rhetorically considered, one has to note that it abounds, as for that matter do all the state papers of its author, in split infinitives. But one has also to note that the split infinitive was by no means the anti-shibboleth in 1861 that it has come to be in 1909. Not until McKinley's time could it be feigned, even so plausibly as to invoke hilarity, that the President had invited a friend to the White House to partake of a "split infinitive and soda." There was a locution in that special message which had been made the subject of remonstrance in the Cabinet with the Presidential author, as *infra dig.*, and the author had replied to the remonstrance that he thought it would be understood as long as the message in which it was embodied concerned anybody. It was in truth rather temerarious for a President's message, viz:

With rebellion thus sugar-coated they have been drugging the public mind of their section for more than thirty years—

but we cannot fairly say of it that there was an overdose of "vulgarity" in this "racy idiom." One's attention is rather concentrated on the "purple patch" which, as usual, was the "peroration" and which was in these terms:

And having thus chosen our course, without guile and with pure purpose, let us renew our trust in God, and go forward without fear and with manly hearts,

which, as was evident to more readers, perhaps, in 1861 than in 1909, is a transcription, so literal as to be beyond the reproach of intended plagiarism, from Longfellow's *Hyperion*: "Go forth to meet the Shadowy Future without fear, and with a manly heart."

The First Annual Message (December 3, 1861) contains nothing to

our present purpose. The bulk of it is given to a purely formal and perfunctory recital of the operations of the Government, such as might have been contributed by any heads of departments, or, for that matter, by any well-informed clerks in the several departments, having neither the reality nor the pretension of individual "style" in presentation. There is no rhetorical peroration. The logical peroration is a highly characteristic argument, most plainly Lincolnian, to show that the Confederacy was reverting to aristocratic and feudal political ideals, and that the hope of the oppressed and suppressed of all mankind lay in the triumph of the Union arms. One can hardly read this calm argumentation without wonder that it should have been so calm, that it should not anywhere have been "touched with emotion" to some rhetorical glow.

And quite as great is one's wonder that the next of the important Presidential deliverances, the Emancipation Proclamation itself, should have preserved this pedestrian gait. For this also is as dry a recital as the most technical of courts could have required or the most technical of conveyancers have produced, of the exact scope and purport of the preliminary and provisional proclamation of the previous September, to which this one gave exactitude. There is, indeed, one rhetorical passage, one "purple patch," the one paragraph which the memory of the ordinary reader might find memorable. And it is curious to note that, as the one memorable passage of the inaugural should have been that applied by Seward, so the one memorable passage of the Emancipation Proclamation should have been that furnished by Salmon P. Chase. Here is the passage. To save space, the three words added by Lincoln to Chase's draft are enclosed in the first parenthesis, and the ten words deleted from it by Lincoln in the second:

And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice warranted by the Constitution (upon military necessity), (and of duty demanded by the circumstances of the country) I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

Without doubt the deletion is an improvement in all senses. Without doubt the interjected reservation was politically and legally demanded. But, rhetorically, how awkward it is, how careless of form, how careless of the popular impression the proclamation was meant to produce. Indeed, how destructive the awkward interjection might have been, had public opinion been more evenly balanced and not, by that time, been exerting an irresistible pressure upon the President. As to Lincoln's magnanimity, this acceptance of Chase's emendation to the Emancipation Proclamation speaks even more emphatically than his acceptance of Seward's emendation to the first Inaugural. For from the day when

Chase entered the Cabinet to the day when he left it to take the Chief Justiceship, he was a thorn in the side of his chief. Nor was his chief's magnanimity repaid in his case, as it was in the case of Seward, by a corresponding magnanimity on his side. At any rate, the absence of "literary vanity" on the part of Lincoln had here its most crucial exhibition.

The Second Annual Message (December, 1862) consists, as to two-thirds of it, like the first, in the "bald and unconvincing narratives" of the operations of the Government in its several departments. The last third is quite unmistakably the individual work of the President, being, in fact, an argument in favor of his scheme of emancipation with compensation to loyal owners. It has all the frankness and candor which marked his parts in forensic struggles and political debates. But here, again, the "peroration," instead of being the culmination and summary of the reasoning of the argument, heightened into rhetorical loftiness by the reasoner's own emotion, lifted "to the height of that great argument," is extraneous, almost irrelevant to the preceding argumentation. Distinctly, *adsuitur*. But how good it is in itself, very nearly its author's best. I omit the frequent italicization of the original, which really adds nothing:

Fellow-citizens, we cannot escape history. We of this Congress and the Administration will be remembered in spite of ourselves. No personal significance or insignificance can spare one or another of us. The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down, in honor or dishonor, to the latest generation. We say that we are for the Union. The world will not forget that we say this. We know how to save the Union. The world knows that we do know how to save it. We—even we here—hold the power and bear the responsibility. In giving freedom to the slave, we assure freedom to the free—honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve. We shall nobly save, or meanly lose, the last, best hope of earth. Other means may succeed, this could not fail. The way is plain, peaceful, generous, just—a way which, if followed, the world will forever applaud and God must forever bless.

The fairly well-read English reader will, of course, be reminded by those first three sentences of the expression of the like thought in the conclusion of Burke's summing-up against Warren Hastings, a composition which it is highly unlikely that Lincoln had ever seen:

A business which has so long occupied the councils and the tribunals of Great Britain cannot possibly be huddled over in the course of vulgar, trite and transitory events. . . . My Lords, we are all elevated to a degree of importance by it; the meanest of us will, by means of it, more or less become the concern of posterity.

How satisfactory to one's patriotic pride to find that the utterance

of the unschooled American comes out so well in comparison with what one may plausibly call the masterpiece of the most consummate rhetorician who has ever as an orator handled the English language. While in the fourth sentence the American forges in his heat the brand-new metaphor of the illuminating torch lighted by the "fiery trial." It is worthy of Burke, worthy of anybody, and quite at the highest level of Lincoln.

The Third Annual Message contains little to our present purpose. As little does the fourth. The bulk of each, again, is a cento of the contributions of the heads of departments, of which Seward's part, the part relating to foreign relations, is, as a matter of course, well and easily written, and the other departmental contributions as it might please Providence. But, in the minor share fairly attributable to the President's own pen, one cannot fail to note the increase of ease which came with increasing conversance with great affairs, and with increasing practice in this form of composition. Horace Greeley's "culture" was perhaps about on a level with Lincoln's, though Greeley had the more schooling, Lincoln having never had any. In their controversial correspondence, however, one cannot fail to discern the advantage which the more practised publicist had by reason of his more pointed and popular style, a style to which the late Mr. Godkin, himself an academically trained scholar, rendered just tribute in a letter quoted by his biographer. But all the same, these later messages of Lincoln, offering, as they do, so little that is quotable, never "bringing the light of general culture to illuminate the technicalities of a particular pursuit," nor rising into philosophic generalities beyond the need of the actual occasion, as is the wont of born or highly trained writers, have yet increasingly the air of a *connaissance des choses*. They recall Clarendon's enforced praise of Cromwell:

When he appeared first in the Parliament, he seem'd to have a Person in no degree gracious, no ornament of discourse, none of those Talents which use to conciliate the Affections of the Stander by: yet as he grew into Place and Authority, his parts seem'd to be raised as if he had conceal'd Faculties, till he had occasion to use them; and when he was to act the part of a Great Man, he did it without any indecency, notwithstanding the want of Custom.

The only sentence one can cite of these two messages applicable to our present inquiry, is the last of the third message, setting forth the high claims of the Army and Navy upon the national gratitude:

The gallant men, from commander to sentinel, who compose them, and to whom more than to others, the world must stand indebted for the house of freedom disenthralled, regenerated, enlarged and perpetuated.

Which, one would say, was a distorted schoolboy memory of what

Charles Reade's American calls "Counsellor Curran's bunkum"—"redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation"—unless one happened to recollect that Lincoln never was a schoolboy!

In the second Inaugural, without question he rises again to his greatest height, even to "the height of that great argument." The more the pity for the single blemish:

Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

What a pity about that jingling first sentence. How can one help scanning it as metre, and even throwing it into metrical form, as was done by the contemporaneous Copperhead scoffers:

Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray
That this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away.

Truly, "a style impossible to a born man of letters." It does what one unlucky slip can do to discredit what follows. But what follows is undiscreditable. It is as if the speaker felt already the shadow of the catastrophe already impending, which was so suddenly, and in the next ensuing month, to befall. It was, as it were, the unconscious realization of that tremendous couplet of Richard Baxter:

I preached as never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men.

That citation will have to do. "*Facit indignatio versum*," says Juvenal. "Ye hae gotten to your English," quotes Walter Scott of the discourse of his countrywomen, when rapt by passion into eloquence. "The speech of a man even in zealous anger becomes a chant, a song," says Carlyle. And this once, these twice, the untutored Lincoln rose to the height of his great argument. Thereby he assured his place among the masters of English speech.

Montgomery Schuyler.

OBJECTIONS TO SOCIALISM

BY GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

I HAVE been asked to give some exposition of how far and for what reason a man who has not only a faith in democracy, but a great tenderness for revolution, may nevertheless stand outside the movement commonly called Socialism. If I am to do this I must make two prefatory statements. The first is a short platitude; the second is a rather long personal explanation. But they both have to be stated before we get on to absolute doctrines, which are the most important things in the world.

The terse and necessary truism is the expression of ordinary human disgust at the industrial system. To say that I do not like the present state of wealth and poverty is merely to say I am not a devil in human form. No one but Satan or Beelzebub could like the present state of wealth and poverty. But the second point is rather more personal and elaborate; and yet I think that it will make things clearer to explain it.

Before I come to the actual proposals of Collectivism, I want to say something about the atmosphere and implication of those proposals. Before I say anything about Socialism, I should like to say something about Socialists.

I will confess that I attach much more importance to men's theoretical arguments than to their practical proposals. I attach more importance to what is said than to what is done; what is said generally lasts much longer and has much more influence. I can imagine no change worse for public life than that which some prigs advocate, that debate should be curtailed. A man's arguments show what he is really up to. Until you have heard the defence of a proposal, you do not really know even the proposal. Thus, for instance, if a man says to me, "Taste this temperance drink," I have merely doubt, slightly tinged with distaste. But if he says, "Taste it, because your wife would make a charming widow," then I decide. I would be openly moved in my choice of an institution, not by its immediate proposals for practice, but very much by its incidental, even its accidental, allusion to ideals. I judge many things by their parentheses.

Socialistic Idealism does not attract me very much, even as Idealism. The glimpses it gives of our future happiness depress me very much. They do not remind me of any actual human happiness, of any happy day that I have ever myself spent. No doubt there are many Socialists who feel this, and there are many who will reply that it has nothing to do with

the actual proposal of Socialism. But my point is that I do not admit such allusive elements into my choice. To cite one instance of the kind of thing I mean. Almost all Socialist Utopias make the happiness or at least the altruistic happiness of the future chiefly consist in the pleasure of sharing, as we share a public park or the mustard at a restaurant. This is the commonest sentiment in Socialist writing.

Socialists are Collectivist in their proposals. But they are Communist in their idealism. Now there is a real pleasure in sharing. We have all felt it in the case of nuts off a tree, and such things. But it is not the only pleasure nor the only altruistic pleasure, nor (I think) the highest or most human of altruistic pleasures. I greatly prefer the pleasure of giving and receiving. Giving is not the same as sharing; giving is even the opposite of sharing. Sharing is based on the idea that there is no property, or at least no personal property. But giving a thing to another man is as much based on personal property as keeping it to yourself. If after some universal interchange of generousities every one was wearing some one else's hat, that state of things would still be based upon private property.

I am quite serious and sincere when I say that I for one should greatly prefer that world in which every one wore some one else's hat to every Socialist Utopia that I have ever read about. It is better than sharing one hat, anyhow. Remember, we are not now considering the modern problem and its urgent solution; but only the ideal; what we would have if we could get it. And if I were a poet writing an Utopia, if I were a magician waving a wand, if I were a God making a planet, I would deliberately make it a world of give and take, rather than a world of sharing.

I do not wish Jones and Brown to share the same cigar box; I do not want it as an ideal; I do not want it as a very remote ideal; I do not want it at all. I want Jones by one mystical and godlike act to give a cigar to Brown, and Brown by another mystical and godlike act to give a cigar to Jones. Thus, it seems to me, instead of one act of fellowship (of which the memory would slowly fade) we should have a continual play and energy of new acts of fellowship keeping up the circulation of society.

I have read some tons or square miles of Socialist eloquence in my time, but it is literally true that I have never seen any serious allusion to or clear consciousness of this creative altruism of personal giving. For instance, in the many Utopian pictures of comrades feasting together, I do not remember one that had the note of hospitality, of the difference between host and guest and the difference between one house and another.

No one brings up the port that his father laid down; no one is proud of the pears grown in his own garden.

Keep in mind, please, the purpose of this article. I do not say that these gifts and hospitalities would not happen in a Collectivist state. I do say that they do not happen in Collectivists' instinctive visions of that state. I do not aver these things would not occur under Socialism. I say they do not occur to Socialists. I know quite well that the immediate answer will be, "Oh, but there is nothing in the Socialist proposal to prevent personal gift." That is why I explain thus elaborately that I attach less importance to the proposal than to the spirit in which it is proposed.

When a great revolution is made, it is seldom the fulfilment of its own exact formula; but it is almost always in the image of its own impulse and feeling for life. Men talk of unfulfilled ideals. But the ideals are fulfilled; because spiritual life is renewed. What is not fulfilled, as a rule, is the business prospectus. Thus the Revolution has not established in France any of the strict constitutions it planned out; but it has established in France the spirit of eighteenth century democracy, with its cool reason, its bourgeois dignity, its well-distributed but very private wealth, its universal minimum of good manners.

Just so, if Socialism is established, they may not fulfil their practical proposals. But they will certainly fulfil their ideal vision. And I confess that if Socialists have forgotten these important human matters in the telling of a leisurely tale, I think it very likely they will forget them in the scurry of a social revolution. They have left certain human needs out of their books; they may leave them out of their republic.

I happen to hold a view which is almost unknown among Socialists, Anarchists, Liberals and Conservatives. I believe very strongly in the mass of the common people. I do not mean in their "potentialities," I mean in their faces, in their habits, and their admirable language. Caught in the trap of a terrible industrial machinery, harried by a shameful economic cruelty, surrounded with an ugliness and desolation never endured before among men, stunted by a stupid and provincial religion, or by a more stupid and more provincial irreligion, the poor are still by far the sanest, jolliest, and most reliable part of the community.—Whether they agree with Socialism as a narrow proposal is difficult to discover.

They will vote for Socialists as they will for other parties, because they want certain things, or don't want them. But one thing I should affirm as certain, the whole smell and sentiment and general ideal of Socialism

they detest and disdain. No part of the community is so specially fixed in those forms and feelings which are opposite to the tone of most Socialists; the privacy of homes, the control of one's own children, the minding of one's own business. I look out of my back windows over the black stretch of Battersea, and I believe I could make up a sort of creed, a catalogue of maxims, which I am certain are believed, and believed strongly, by the overwhelming mass of men and women as far as the eye can reach. For instance, that a man's house is his castle, and that awful properties ought to regulate admission to it; that marriage is a real bond, making jealousy and marital revenge at the least highly pardonable; that vegetarianism and all pitting of animal against human rights is a silly fad; that on the other hand to save money to give yourself a fine funeral is not a silly fad, but a symbol of ancestral self-respect; that when giving treats to friends or children one should give them what they like, emphatically not what is good for them; that there is nothing illogical in being furious because Tommy had been coldly caned by a schoolmistress and then throwing saucepans at him yourself. All these things they believe; they are the only people who do believe them; and they are absolutely and eternally right. They are the ancient sanities of humanity; the ten commandments of men.

I wish to point out that if Socialism is imposed on these people, it will in moral actuality be an imposition and nothing else; just as the creation of Manchester industrialism was an imposition and nothing else. You may get them to give a vote for Socialism; so did Manchester individualists get them to give votes for Manchester. But they do not believe in the Socialist ideal any more than they ever believed in the Manchester ideal; they are too healthy to believe in either. But while they are healthy, they are also vague, slow, bewildered, and unaccustomed, alas, to civil war. Individualism was imposed on them by a handful of merchants; Socialism will be imposed on them by a handful of decorative artists and college dons and journalists and Countesses on the Spree. Whether, like every other piece of oligarchic humbug in recent history, it is done with a parade of ballet-boxes, interests me very little. The moral fact is that the democracy definitely dislikes the Socialists' favorite philosophy, but may accept it like so many others, rather than take the trouble to resist.

Thinking thus, as I do, Socialism does not hold the field for me as it does for others. My eyes are fixed on another thing altogether, a thing that may move or not; but which, if it does move, will crush Socialism with one hand and landlordism with the other. They will destroy landlordism, not because it is property, but because it is the negation of prop-

erty. It is the negation of property that the Duke of Westminster should own whole streets and squares of London; just as it would be the negation of marriage if he had all living women in one great harem. If ever the actual poor do move to destroy this evil, they will do it with the object not only of giving every man private property, but very specially private property; they will probably exaggerate in that direction; for in that direction is the whole humor and poetry of their own lives. For the Revolution, if they make it, there will be all the features which they like and I like; the strong sense of coziness, the instinct for special festival, the distinction between the dignities of man and woman, responsibility of a man under his roof.

If Socialists make the Revolution it will be marked by all the things that democracy detests and I detest; the talk about the inevitable, the love of statistics, the materialist theory of history, the trivialities of Sociology, and the uproarious folly of Eugenics. I know the answer of Socialism; I know the risks I run. Perhaps democracy will never move. Perhaps the people, if you gave them beer enough, would accept even Eugenics. It is enough for me for the moment to say that I cannot believe it. The poor are so obviously right, I cannot fancy that they will never enforce their rightness against all the prigs of the Socialist party and mine. At any rate that is why I am not a Socialist, just as I am not a Tory; because I have not lost faith in democracy.

Gilbert K. Chesterton.

THE NATIVITY OF LINCOLN¹

Prelude to "An Ode on the Centenary of Abraham Lincoln"

BY PERCY MACKAYE

It was the season bleak
Of silence and long night
And solemn starshine and large solitude;
Hardly more husht the world when first the word
Of God creation stirred,
Far steeped in wilderness. By the frore creek,
Mute in the moon, the sculptured stag in flight

¹These verses are the opening lines of a longer poem, which the author will deliver before the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences on February 7th, and they are published here by special arrangement with the Brooklyn Institute and with the Macmillan Company, who will publish the complete Ode in book form during the present month.

Paused, panting silver ; in her cedarn lair,
Crouched with her starveling litter, the numb lynx
Winked the keen hoar-frost, quiet as a sphinx ;
On the lone forest trail
Only the coyote's wail
Quivered, and ceased.
It was the chrisom rude
Of winter and wild beast
That consecrated, by harsh nature's rite,
A meagre cabin crude,
Builded of logs and bark,
To be a pilgrim nation's hallow'd ark
And shrine the goal aspiring ages seek.

No ceremonial
Of pealèd chime was there, or blarèd horn,
Such as hath blazoned births of lesser kings,
When he—the elder brother of us all,
Lincoln—was born.
At his nativity
Want stood as sponsor, stark Obscurity
Was midwife, and all lonely things
Of nature were unconscious ministers
To endow his spirit meek
With their own melancholy. So when he—
An infant king of commoners—
Lay in his mother's arms, of all the earth
(Which now his fame wears for a diadem)
None heeded of his birth ;
Only a star burned over Bethlehem
More bright, and big with prophecy
A secret gust from that far February
Fills now the organ-reeds that peal his centenary.

Percy Mackaye.

THE DRAMA

DRAMATIC LITERATURE AND THEATRIC JOURNALISM

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

Journalism and Literature

One reason why journalism is a lesser thing than literature is that it subserves the tyranny of timeliness. It narrates the events of the day and discusses the topics of the hour, for the sole reason that they happen for the moment to float uppermost upon the current of human experience. The flotsam of this current may occasionally have dived up from the depths and may give a glimpse of some underlying secret of the sea; but most often it merely drifts upon the surface, indicative of nothing except which way the wind lies. Whatever topic is the most timely to-day is doomed to be the most untimely to-morrow. Where are the journals of yester-year? Dig them out of dusty files, and all that they say will seem wearisomely old, for the very reason that when it was written it seemed spiritedly new. Whatever wears a date upon its forehead will soon be out of date. The main interest of news is newness; and nothing slips so soon behind the times as novelty.

With timeliness, as an incentive, literature has absolutely no concern. Its purpose is to reveal what was and is and evermore shall be. It can never grow old, for the reason that it has never attempted to be new. Early in the nineteenth century the gentle Elia revolted from the tyranny of timeliness. "Hang the present age!" said he, "I'll write for antiquity." The timely utterances of his contemporaries have passed away with the times that called them forth: his essays live perennially new. In the dateless realm of revelation, antiquity joins hands with futurity. There can be nothing either new or old in any utterance which is really true or beautiful or right.

In considering a given subject, journalism seeks to discover what there is in it that belongs to the moment, and literature seeks to reveal what there is in it that belongs to eternity. To journalism facts are important because they are facts; to literature they are important only in so far as they are representative of recurrent truths. Journalism records the fact that the Sabbath services of Trinity Church in New York City are maintained by an income squeezed out of squalid tenements which breed disease, and that the corporation of the church is about to

abandon religious ministrations in a chapel of æsthetic beauty and antiquarian interest because the services no longer pay. Concerning the same subject, literature said something everlasting when it remarked that many people cry aloud in public, "Lord! Lord!" to a Deity that knows them not.

Literature speaks because it has something to say: journalism speaks because the public wants to be talked to. Literature is an emanation from an inward impulse: but the motive of journalism is external; it is fashioned to supply a demand outside itself. It is frequently said, and is sometimes believed, that the province of journalism is to mould public opinion; but a consideration of actual conditions indicates rather that its province is to find out what the opinion of some section of the public is, and then to formulate it and express it. The successful journalist tells his readers what they want to be told. He becomes their prophet by making clear to them what they themselves are thinking. He influences people by agreeing with them. In doing this he may be entirely sincere, for his readers may be right and may demand from him the statement of his own most serious convictions; but the fact remains that his motive for expression is centred in them instead of in himself. It is not thus that literature is motivated. Literature is not a formulation of public opinion, but an expression of personal and particular belief. For this reason it is more likely to be true. Public opinion is seldom so important as private opinion. Socrates was right and Athens wrong. Very frequently the multitude at the foot of the mountain are worshipping a golden calf, while the prophet, lonely and aloof upon the summit, is hearkening to the very voice of God.

The journalist is limited by the necessity of catering to majorities; he can never experience the felicity of Dr. Stockman, who felt himself the strongest man on earth because he stood most alone. It may sometimes happen that the majority is right; but in that case the agreement of the journalist is an unnecessary utterance. The truth was known before he spoke, and his speaking is superfluous. What is popularly said about the educative force of journalism is, for the most part, baseless. Education occurs when a man is confronted with something true and beautiful and good which stimulates to active life that "bright effluence of bright essence increate" which dwells within him. The real ministers of education must be, in Emerson's phrase, "lonely, original, and pure." But journalism is popular instead of lonely, timely rather than original, and expedient instead of pure. Even at its best, journalism remains an enterprise; but literature at its best becomes no less than a religion.

These considerations are of service in studying what is written for the

theatre. In all periods, certain contributions to the drama have been journalistic in motive and intention, while certain others have been literary. There is a good deal of journalism in the comedies of Aristophanes. He often chooses topics mainly for their timeliness, and gathers and says what happens to be in the air. Many of the Elizabethan dramatists, like Dekker and Heywood and Middleton for example, looked at life with the journalistic eye. They collected and disseminated news. They were, in their own time, much more "up to date" than Shakespeare, who chose for his material old stories that nearly every one had read. Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* is glorified journalism. It brims over with contemporary gossip and timely witticisms. Therefore it is out of date to-day, and is read only by people who wish to find out certain facts of London life in Jonson's time. *Hamlet* in 1602 was not a novelty; but it is still read and seen by people who wish to find out certain truths of life in general.

At the present day a very large proportion of the contributions to the theatre must be classed and judged as journalism. Such plays, for instance, as *The Lion and the Mouse* and *The Man of the Hour* are nothing more or less than dramatized newspapers. A piece of this sort, however effective it may be at the moment, must soon suffer the fate of all things timely and slip behind the times. Whenever an author selects a subject because he thinks the public wants him to talk about it, instead of because he knows he wants to talk about it to the public, his motive is journalistic rather than literary. A timely topic may, however, be used to embody a truly literary intention. In *The Witching Hour*, for example, journalism was lifted into literature by the sincerity of Mr. Thomas's conviction that he had something real and significant to say. The play became important because there was a man behind it. Individual personality is perhaps the most dateless of all phenomena. The fact of any great individuality once accomplished and achieved becomes contemporary with the human race and sloughs off the usual limits of past and future.

Whatever Mr. J. M. Barrie writes is literature, because he dwells islanded amidst the world in a wise minority of one. The things that he says are of importance because nobody else could have said them. He has achieved individuality, and thereby passed out of hearing of the ticking of clocks into an ever-ever land where dates are not and consequently epitaphs can never be. What he utters is of interest to the public, because his motive for speaking is private and personal. Instead

**"What Every
Woman
Knows"**

of telling people what they think that they are thinking, he tells them what they have always known but think they have forgotten. He performs, for this oblivious generation, the service of a great reminder. He lures us from the strident and factitious world of which we read daily in the first pages of the newspapers, back to the serene eternal world of little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love. He educates the many, not by any crass endeavor to formulate or even to mould the opinion of the public, but by setting simply before them thoughts which do often lie too deep for tears.

The distinguishing trait of Mr. Barrie's genius is that he looks upon life with the simplicity of a child and sees it with the wisdom of a woman. He has a woman's subtlety of insight, a child's concreteness of imagination. He is endowed (to reverse a famous phrase of Matthew Arnold's) with a sweet unreasonableness. He understands life not with his intellect but with his sensibilities. As a consequence, he is familiar with all the tremulous, delicate intimacies of human nature that every woman knows, but that most men glimpse only in moments of exalted sympathy with some wise woman whom they love. His insight has that absoluteness which is beyond the reach of intellect alone. He knows things for the unutterable woman's reason—"because . . ."

But with this feminine, intuitive understanding of humanity, Mr. Barrie combines the distinctively masculine trait of being able to communicate the things that his emotions know. The greatest poets would, of course, be women, were it not for the fact that women are in general incapable of revealing through the medium of articulate art the very things they know most deeply. Most of the women who have written have said only the lesser phases of themselves; they have unwittingly withheld their deepest and most poignant wisdom because of a native reticence of speech. Many a time they reach a heaven of understanding shut to men; but when they come back, they cannot tell the world. The rare artists among women, like Sappho and Mrs. Browning and Christina Rossetti and Laurence Hope, in their several different ways, have gotten themselves expressed only through a sublime and glorious unashamedness. As Hawthorne once remarked very wisely, women have achieved art only when they have stood naked in the market-place. But men in general are not withheld by a similar hesitance from saying what they feel most deeply. No woman could have written Mr. Barrie's biography of his mother; but for a man like him there is a sort of sacredness in revealing emotion so private as to be expressible only in the purest speech.

Mr. Barrie was apparently born into the world of men to tell us what our mothers and our wives would have told us if they could—what in

deep moments they have tried to tell us, trembling exquisitely upon the verge of words. The theme of his best work has always been "what every woman knows." He has chosen this very phrase for the title of his latest play, the subject of which is a struggle between the wisdom of a woman and the unawareness of a man.

Maggie Wylie is one of those charming women who think they have no charm, and are therefore difficult for masculine obtuseness to appreciate. She lives in a little, out-of-the-way nook of Scotland, with her three elder brothers, who, by steady shrewdness and simple-minded persistency of purpose, have amassed a comfortable fortune from a granite-quarry. The brothers regret their lack of education, and install ten yards of the world's best literature in their living-room. Instead of reading the books, however, they play chess in the evenings. None of them has ever loved; and it therefore hurts them all the more that Maggie is not sought after. For a time the minister seemed to look upon her kindly; but he has lately married some one else. It seems to be Maggie's fate to be neglected, because, you know, she has no charm. The brothers try to keep their feelings to themselves, but Maggie finds them out. She finds out yet another thing that they are trying to keep from her—namely, that on two or three nights of late a burglar has been seen entering the window of their living-room after they have gone to bed. This night they all sit up to trap him. When they slink in stealthily, they find the supposed burglar poring over one of the volumes of the world's best literature, sunk in study. He proves to be John Shand, who takes tickets at the railway station in the summer, in order that he may study at the Glasgow University in the winter. He has no money to buy books of his own, and therefore comes to borrow culture of the Wylies. Shand has no sense of humor whatsoever. He is enormously an egoist; and there is therefore—to use a word of Maggie's—something "glorious" about him. He is doggedly determined to rise in the world. The Wylie brothers are taken with his strength and singleness of purpose, and they hit upon a canny and a shrewd idea. They offer to lay out three hundred pounds on his education, provided that, at the end of five years, when his education shall have been completed, Maggie shall have the privilege of marrying him, provided that she wishes to. Shand at first rebels at what he considers a one-sided bargain; but his dominant interest in his own career soon wins him to consent. When he is gone, Maggie picks up the book that he has left lying open on the table, and takes it to bed with her. Her brothers ask her why. "Do you think," says she, "I want him to be knowing anything I don't know myself?"

The five years pass, the education is accomplished, and Shand comes

forward to stand for Parliament. Maggie waits an extra year, in order not to hamper him at the outset of his career; and during that extra year she grows to love him. His election afflicts her with a conflict of emotions. She knows he does not love her; but she longs to mother him and make him great. Yet the very vastness of her longing makes her feel herself unworthy of the task she longs for. In Shand's presence she tears up the document that binds him to her, and sets him free. He has no understanding of her, but feels held to her by a simple-minded sense of right; and before all his cheering constituents he announces his intention to marry her.

Shand enters Parliament handicapped by a lack of all the gentlemanly graces, but aided by crude directness and rugged self-assertion. Maggie helps him with a charming instinctive diplomacy which he neither sees nor dreams of. Also, she types his speeches for him, and during the process of copying them, points his rather labored periods with pithy epigrams. In consequence, Shand, who has no sense of humor, soon becomes noted as a wit. Opportunity opens bright before him. Then he falls in love.

Lady Sybil Lazenby has been attracted to him because he is different from other men. There is something compelling and overwhelming in what she calls his "vulgarity." Shand is attracted to her by the fact that she adores him. Maggie discovers her husband making love to Lady Sybil. Shand, with dogged honesty, tells Maggie that since he has never loved her and has now found the lady of his love, he must in truth and justice discard Maggie and go away with Lady Sybil. Maggie takes the chin of Lady Sybil in her hand, and looks into her face. "I'm glad that you are beautiful," she says. A little later on she murmurs, "What does it matter how he treats me? He's just my little boy."

Maggie does not weep or tear her hair. Instead, she says to her brothers, "Would you have me desert him now, when he needs me most?" She helps her husband in his plans for leaving her. He had better not go till Saturday, she advises, because "that's the day the laundry comes home." Maggie is very shrewd and wise. John shall accept the invitation of the Comtesse de la Brière, and shall spend two weeks at her country-seat, while he is writing the great speech which is to make the hit of his career. Then Maggie telephones the countess to invite Lady Sybil down for the entire fortnight.

Down in the country, Shand fails to feel the inspiration that he needs. Lady Sybil wearies of him, and he finds her less enchanting than before. His speech is a failure. Maggie comes down with her own revision of the first draft of his address. She is hoping for what has happened. "As

soon as I look into his eyes, I shall know," she tells the countess. Lady Sybil and Shand confess the bursting of their iridescent bubble of dream. Maggie has won back her little boy. For the first time in his life, she wheedles him into laughter. Later she will lead him into love.

No summary of this play could possibly suggest its exquisite, unutterable charm. The men in the story have no sense of humor; yet everything they say is funny. Maggie sees the humor of everything; yet in nearly all she says, there is a tenderness which is less akin to laughter than to tears. The whole drama is revealed so gently that an audience inured to sound and fury can scarcely realize at first how wise it is. Yet subtly and surely it "gets around" the audience; for nearly every line of it is a focal point of light whence rays irradiate through all of human life.

What Every Woman Knows is the one authentic piece of literature which is at present visible in the theatres of New York. It would be futile for the critic to dwell in detail upon its many merits. It is a great play, for the simple reason that Mr. Barrie is a great man. It is reassuring to those who believe in the appreciation of the public that it is being played at every performance to the full capacity of the theatre. The surest way to succeed in the drama, as in any other art, is to have something to say.

In turning our attention to *The Battle*, we are descending from the level of dramatic literature to the level of theatric journalism. The author, Mr. Cleveland Moffett, is the Sunday editor of the *New York Herald*; and he has made up the play with the same sort of intelligence and skill that is required to make up a newspaper. Popular discussions concerning the relation between capital and labor are in the air. Parlor socialists with no scientific knowledge of sociology or economics are murmuring anathemas at multi-millionaires; the many are howling hoarsely at the few; and the monied minority, calling themselves captains of industry, are talking back with a lack of logic similarly shallow. These windy reverberations the public in general mistakes for serious thinking; and it solemnly reads the editorials of the popular evening papers with the self-complacent feeling that thereby it is learning something about what it calls the vital problems of civilization. Journalism succeeds by flattering the huge vanity of the popular intellect. It catches a day laborer and talks to him about Standard Oil in such a way as to make him think that he has economic theories. It flatters sentimentalists by telling them that they know something about sociology. In order to carry out this campaign of raising the minds of the many

"The
Battle"

in their own estimation, it necessarily restricts itself to the utterance of only what is commonplace. It eschews thought, because thought is unpopular, and would bewilder instead of flattering the average brain.

Mr. Moffett, looking for a timely topic out of which to make a play of popular appeal, decided with shrewd and business-like expediency to set forth a battle between the ideas of a capitalist and the ideas of a socialist. He derived the necessary concreteness of human interest by making the protagonists father and son. The father, John J. Haggleton, is very rich. Early in his career his wife has revolted against his malefactions in crushing competitors, and has left him, taking away with her their little boy. She dies poor; and the son, Phillip Ames, grows up as a workman and develops socialism. The father gets track of Phillip and seeks to win him for his very own. In order to do this, Haggleton goes down to live and work in the tenement district, and, starting without any money whatsoever, endeavors to show the poor that they could all get rich if they would exert the sort of business instinct with which he is himself endowed. Haggleton organizes a bakery trust and wins Phillip's admiration by cornering the market. Three acts give ample opportunity for the usual newspaper sort of talk about the problems of poverty and wealth. Every character in the cast is given a chance to emit commonplaces, on this side of the question and on that. By talking all around his topic, Mr. Moffett manages to agree sooner or later with everybody in his audience. The man from the street has only to wait long enough for his particular opportunity to say—"Ah! that's just what I think! What a profound and serious thinker I must be!" What Mr. Moffett himself thinks is, for the most part, carefully concealed by his method of compromise; but now and then he indicates that he is really on the side of his millionaire.

At any rate, the millionaire's case is presented with the greater emphasis of rhetoric. But at the end of three acts of discussion Phillip still remains unconvinced. Obviously it is useless to argue with him any longer; so Mr. Moffett shoots him instead. The shot was really aimed at Haggleton, by an early victim of his business methods; but Phillip interposed and took the bullet. He is not wounded mortally; and his long convalescence in Haggleton's Fifth Avenue mansion gives the father and the son an opportunity to discover that blood is thicker than newspaper editorials, and to renounce their battle of theories for the peace of parental and filial love.

The Battle is replete with lines that make the auditors think that they are thinking. Therefore, of course, it is exceedingly popular, in spite of the fact that it is crudely constructed, and blurs, rather than defines, the

issues it advances for consideration. It would, of course, be unfair to complain of an orange that it is not a grape-fruit. It is really nothing against *The Battle* that it lacks the high sincerity of literature. The author talked to the public about a timely topic because it wanted him to, and he told the public what it wanted him to say. *The Battle* is fully as important as the daily newspapers, and is rather more interesting as an indication of the tenuity of transitory thought.

One drawback of journalism is that it is always in danger of the yellow peril. Mr. Moffett's play was good of its kind; but *An International Marriage*, by Mr. George Broadhurst, was tinted with a lemon tinge. Mr. Broadhurst, by studying the daily press, discovered that the public enjoys gossip about love affairs between American heiresses and foreign dukes. The play which he developed from this timely theme was amazing in naïve vulgarity. It was artificial, shallow, tedious, and offensive to the taste. It was interesting only as the exhibition of a tendency, and may charitably be forgotten, like the journals of yester-year.

By those who remain ever on the outlook for new playwrights of genuine promise, Miss Marion Fairfax, who in private life is Mrs. Tully Marshall, will be remembered as the author of a play of serious import and sincere craftsmanship, entitled *The Builders*, which was produced for a limited number of performances a couple of seasons ago. This play had the ring of reality and the merit of earnestness, and deserved a longer run than was accorded it.

The Chaperon, by the same author, which has lately been disclosed, is a work of less importance, conceived and written in a lighter vein; but it reveals the same merits of sincerity of purpose and competence of craftsmanship. It tells with neatness an agreeable story of youthful holidaying. The scene is in the Adirondacks. Mr. and Mrs. Coombs, who are entertaining a house-party of girls, are called suddenly to the city, and request the young Countess Van Tuyle to take charge of the girls while they are gone. The countess, who has married in haste, is now securing a divorce at leisure. Who should wander in but Jim Ogden, whom she loved before she ever met the count, and who loves her still. They go canoeing in the moonlight, and their fragile craft is wrecked upon a rock. They are marooned all night upon a barren island, where they are discovered the next morning by the Count, who threatens to dis-

seminate a scandal, but is pleasantly and properly thrashed by Jim. The chaperon finally gets back to her charges, to find that they are all engaged to eligible young men, that the servants have left, and that the whole house is topsy-turvy. Mr. and Mrs. Coombs return upon a scene of general embarrassment; but everybody marries everybody else, and nobody cares about the many contretemps which have been laughed through.

Both the building and the writing of this delicate and fragile play are simple and clear; the character types are neatly sketched; and the piece is pervaded by an atmosphere of jocund youth which is both charming and refreshing. *The Chaperon* is a tiny task done well.

Mr. Edward Childs Carpenter is a Philadelphia newspaper man; but there is no suggestion of journalism in his play, *The Barber of New Orleans*. Rather he seeks escape from timely actualities by telling himself and us an elaborate tale of pleasant impossibilities. The piece is set in "the little Paris in the wilderness," shortly after the purchase of Louisiana by the United States. The hero is no ordinary barber.

He is also a fencing-master, a dancing-teacher, a poet and a playwright, a gentleman and a wit, the son of a soldier, and a knightly servitor of damsels in distress. He exposes and crushes a conspiracy against the Government, wins a fortune in a lottery, spends it all to save the girl he loves, bravely faces single-handed a howling mob of enemies, forces a confession of truth from a traducer by holding him imprisoned in a barber's chair and threatening to cut his throat, and wins the love of the heroine at last, though she has turned out to be no less than a princess of France.

Mr. Carpenter's play is romantically true at many incidental moments, but artificial and false at the crises of the action. There is an agreeable diversity in the movement of the story; but the plot is so intricate that at times the mechanism creaks and dispels all illusion of life. The play would have been better if the author had not seen and read and remembered too many other pieces of the same general sort. It is a story about stories, rather than a story about life. But it is very prettily written, and is aglow at many moments with the charm of make-believe.

The Vampire, by Mr. Edgar Allan Woolf and Mr. George Sylvester Viereck, is a supernatural extravaganza. The central figure in the story, Paul Hartleigh by name, has achieved renown as a poet. He is endowed with a genius for expression, but is deficient in original ideas. He secures material for his poems by appropriating the ideas of others. He gathers

about him a number of young artists whose brains are thrilling with incomplete imaginings, and by an occult power of absorption robs them of their thoughts. This he achieves through laying his hand upon their heads while they are sleeping. The fable further presupposes that the minds thus pilfered from are left empty by the process, and are reduced after a sufficient time to the blank exhaustion of idiocy. A young sculptor, named George Townsend, escapes from the vampire just as he has been drained to a state of nervous hysteria. A promising young novelist, named Caryl Fielding, is less fortunate, and avoids the doom of madness only by the intercession of a girl with whom he is in love, and who is strong to save him because she is also loved by Hartleigh.

"The Vampire"

There is nothing in this phantasmagoria to warrant serious consideration. The sole legitimate reason for employing the supernatural in fiction is that thereby it is occasionally possible to embody more completely and express more emphatically some sure reality of life than by any other means. For instance, when Stevenson subverts the actual in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, he does so for the purpose of presenting an eternal law of human nature. His fable, though contrary to fact, is deeply true. Now it is, of course, true that some people of peculiarly receptive sensibilities have a genius for absorbing the ideas, expressed and unexpressed, of people of active minds with whom they come in contact; but the thesis that an idea conveyed in any way from one mind to another ceases to exist in the mind that held it first not only has no foundation in fact but does not even present to the imagination a suggestion of psychologic truth. Instead of being an imaginative translation of natural law into supernatural terms, this play is merely clap-trap.

Considered solely as a bit of mechanism contrived to produce a nervous thrill, the piece is ineffective except at rare and scattered moments. It is deficient in action, and is overburdened with talk. The authors show a lack of sureness in conceiving character, and throughout the play the motives of the leading actors remain obscure. The introduction of a preposterous travesty of Whistler at the first curtain-fall is unpardonable. The piece is written with that elaborateness of language which is customary with young authors before they calm down into style. Much of the talk is oppressively æsthetic. Great names are juggled with and rehearsed in catalogue. "Homer, Shakespeare, Balzac," some character begins; and the auditor is fain to add, "Albany, Schenectady, Utica, Syracuse." A sense of humor on the part of either of the authors would have improved the play in more ways than one.

Clayton Hamilton.

ARAMINTA¹

BY J. C. SNAITH

CHAPTER X

JIM LASCELLES MAKES HIS APPEARANCE

Miss Araminta Perry, Hill Street, London, W., to Miss Elizabeth Perry, the Parsonage, Slocum Magna, North Devon.

DEAREST MUFFIN: London is a *much* larger place than Slocum Magna, but I don't think it is *nearly* so nice. I think, if I had not got Tobias with me, sometimes I might be very miserable.

First I must tell you about my new frock. It is a lilac one, and has been copied from a famous picture of Great-grandmamma Dorset, by a painter named Gainsborough—I mean that Gainsborough copied Great-grandmamma Dorset, not that he made my frock. Madame Pelissier made my frock. It is not quite so nice as your mauve was, but it is *much* admired by nearly everybody in London. When I walk out in it people often turn round to look at it.

I think the people here are sometimes rather rude, but Lord Andover says I am not to mind, as people are like that in London. Lord Andover is a sweet. Aunt Caroline says he is much older than he looks, but Miss Burden doesn't think so. Aunt Caroline must be right because she is always right in everything, but Miss Burden is just a sweet. She comes to my room every night to see if I am miserable. She is very good to Tobias. Aunt Caroline says she is too romantic. She had a love affair when she was younger. Lord Andover says I must be careful that I don't have one, as they are so bad for the complexion. He says he knows as a fact that all the men in London are untrustworthy. He says oldish men, particularly if they have been married, are very dangerous. As dearest papa is not here to advise me, Lord Andover acts as he thinks dearest papa would like him to. He goes out with me everywhere to see that I come to no harm. Isn't it dear of him?

Yesterday Lord Andover took me to the Zoological Gardens to see the elephants. It was Aunt Caroline's suggestion. She thought we should find so many things in common. I think we did; at least I know we had one thing in common. We are both *very* fond of cream buns. I had four, and one of the elephants had five. But Lord Andover says the elephants are so big you can't call them greedy. We also saw the bears.

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They each had a cream bun apiece. Lord Andover said each of them would have eaten another, but he thought it hardly right to encourage them.

Lord Andover is a very high principled man. He says I am to be very careful of a perfectly charming old gentleman who calls most days to see Aunt Caroline. I call him Gobo because he gobbles like a turkey, and he calls me Goose because I am rather a Silly. He is a Duke really. Lord Andover doesn't seem to trust him. He says it is because of his past life. I heard Lord Andover tell Aunt Caroline that she ought not to encourage the *old reprobate* with me in the house. It is rather dreadful that he should be like that because he is such a dear, although his face is so red and he gobbles like anything. He—Gobo—is going to give me a riding horse so that I can ride in Rotten Row, as it is so good for the health. He rides in Rotten Row every morning. He says my horse will be quite as nice as Squire Lascelles' pedigree hunter was. I don't think Lord Andover approves of it. He seems to doubt whether dearest papa would like me to be seen much in public with a man who has no principles.

I have spoken to Miss Burden about it. But she agrees with Lord Andover in everything, because she considers he is the only perfect man she has ever met. Miss Burden says his ideals are so lofty. Aunt Caroline doesn't think so much of Lord Andover. She says that all men and most women are vain, selfish, worldly and self-seeking. I wish Aunt Caroline could meet dearest papa. And you too, Muffin dearest. But I do think Aunt Caroline is mistaken about Lord Andover. I know that he pays great attention to his appearance, but I am perfectly sure he is a sweet. If he were not why should he take so much trouble over my lilac frock and my new hat, which I don't think I like because it makes people stare so; and why should he be so careful that I should come to no harm, and always try to act just as he thinks dearest papa would like him to? I am sure Aunt Caroline must be mistaken. It must be because people in London are always cynical. At least that is what Lord Andover says. He says there is something in the atmosphere of London that turns the milk of human kindness sour. Isn't it dreadful? I am so glad we haven't that kind of atmosphere at Slocum Magna, Muffin dearest.

Lord Andover is marvellously clever. Some of the words he uses are longer than dearest papa's. He says I am a throwback. He won't tell me what it means. He says it is a dictionary word, yet I can't find it in Aunt Caroline's dictionary. Aunt Caroline says I am too inquisitive. Please ask dearest papa. He will certainly know.

Lord Andover is very good at poetry. He says it is because he went to

the same school as Lord Byron. He has written what he calls an Ode to a Lilac Frock. It begins like this:

Youth is so fair that the Morning's smile,
Is touched with the glamor of a glad delight.

I cannot remember any more, and Aunt Caroline burnt the copy he gave me, herself personally. She said he was old enough to know better. But I think it is awfully clever of him, don't you, Muffin dearest? Miss Burden was very miserable about the ode—I mean of course about Aunt Caroline burning it. She scorched her fingers in trying to rescue it from the flames. She has a new lilac frock, because Lord Andover admires lilac frocks so much. She looks a sweet in it, although Aunt Caroline says she looks a perfect fright. Aunt Caroline always says what she means, but I don't think she always means what she says. She said some perfectly wicked things about Tobias when the poor darling escaped from his basket and hid behind the drawing-room curtains. But I think that was because Ponto was frightened. Ponto is a little horror. I think I shall persuade Tobias to bite him.

Aunt Caroline says if I behave well I am to go to Buckingham Palace to see the queen. If I do go I am to have another new frock, although I am sure I shall never get one half so nice as my lilac is. I do wish I could go in that. I am sure the queen would like it; but when I told Aunt Caroline she told me to hold my tongue. The frock I am going to see the queen in is all white, which Lord Andover says is his favorite color, because it is the emblem of virginal purity.

I have not had a single game of hockey since I came to London. Lord Andover says they only play hockey in London when the Thames is frozen over, which happens only once in a blue moon. I do call that silly, don't you, Muffin dearest, when we have a mixed match at Slocum Magna every Wednesday all through the winter?

Last night I went to a party in my new evening frock. Everybody liked it, at least they said they did. One or two young men told me they admired it immensely. Wasn't it dear of them? Lord A. and Gobo were there. They didn't think it was cut a bit too low. I am so pleased. I wish, Muffin dearest, that you and Polly and Milly had one like it, because I am sure it must be awfully expensive. And what do you think? Aunt Caroline has given me a string of pearls to wear with it which once belonged to Great-grandmamma Dorset. I do call that *British*, don't you? They are supposed to be very valuable. Lord A. and Gobo both thought the party was a great success. Aunt Caroline went to sleep most of the evening.

A fortnight next Wednesday Aunt Caroline is going to give a dance because of me. It was Lord Andover who persuaded her, and he is arranging everything. Aunt Caroline and he cannot agree about the champagne for supper. Aunt Caroline says that claret cup was considered good enough when she came out. Lord Andover says that civilization has advanced since those days. I thought it sounded unkind to Aunt Caroline, but Miss Burden says Lord Andover can't help putting things epigrammatically.

Then too, Muffin dearest, I must tell you that Aunt Caroline and Lord Andover have almost quarrelled over Gobo. Lord A. insists upon not inviting the harmless, old dear. He says if he comes to the ball he will abuse the wine, yet drink more of it than is good for him, and that he will play bridge all the evening and be a nuisance to everybody. Lord Andover says he always vitiates an atmosphere of virginal purity by saying and doing things that he oughtn't. I suppose Lord Andover will have to have his way, because he is acting as a sort of deputy to dearest papa. He has already kissed me several times "paternally," which is really awfully sweet of him; and every day he warns me to beware of Gobo and to be very careful that he does not go too far.

This is all this time, Muffin dearest. I send heaps and heaps of love and kisses to you and Polly and Milly and Dickie and Charley and poor blind Doggo; and to dearest papa I send twelve extra special kisses.

I remain always

Your most affectionate sister,
Goose.

P.S. Tobias sends his fondest love.

This letter may enable the judicious to discern that, although the conquest of London by the lilac frock and the daffodil-colored mane proceeded apace, all was not harmony in Hill Street, W. To Andover's masterly stage management there can be no doubt much of the triumph was due, but he unfortunately was the last man in the world to under-rate his own achievement. "Andover can't carry corn," was the trite but obviously just manner in which George Betterton summed up the situation.

No two persons knew Caroline Crewkerne quite so well as these old cronies. And no one save Caroline Crewkerne knew them quite so well as they knew each other. It required a very experienced hand to hold the balance even between them. Let it be said at once that one was forthcoming in that very worldly wise old woman.

This was quite as it should be. For it was wonderful how soon it

was bruited about in the parish that two Richmonds had already entered the field. Both were eligible, mature and distinguished men, and both were more popular than in Caroline's opinion they ought to have been. As she said in her sarcastic manner, she knew them both too well to have any illusions about them. "Les hommes moyens sensuels," said she.

Not of course that Caroline's opinion prevented their entrances and exits in Hill Street at all hours of the day and of the evening being a subject of comment in the parish. There were those, however, who were favourably placed to watch the comedy—or ought we to call it farce now that criticism has grown so sensitive upon the point?—who were by no means enamored of the spectacle. The fair protagonist was so authentic.

However, the gods were looking, as they are sometimes. And the manner in which they contrived to mask their attention was really rather quaint. They inserted a bee in Andover's cool and sagacious bonnet.

"My dear Caroline," said he one morning when he paid a call, "do you know I have taken a fancy to have a copy of Grandmother Dorset to stick in the little gallery in Grosvenor Square?"

"Humph," said Caroline ungraciously.

"Don't say 'humph,' my dear Caroline," said Andover melodiously, "it makes you look so plain."

"I have never allowed that picture to leave my drawing-room," said she, "for public exhibition or on any other pretext, and I don't see why I should do so at this time of day."

"There is no need for it to leave your drawing-room," said Andover persuasively. "A man can come here to copy it, if you will grant him the use of the place of a morning."

"I don't see why," said Caroline, "my drawing-room should be turned into a painter's studio."

"It is quite a simple matter," Andover explained. "A curtain can be rigged up and drawn across the canvas and you won't know it's there."

Caroline yielded with reluctance.

"There is a young fellow of the name of Lascelles," said Andover, "whom I believe to be quite competent to make a respectable copy."

"A Royal Academician?" said Caroline.

"God bless me, no!" said Andover. "The young fellow is only a beginner."

"I fail to see why I should grant the use of my drawing-room," said Caroline, "to a person who is not a member of the Royal Academy. And what an inferior copy by some wretched dauber will profit you I cannot imagine."

"The fact is," said Andover with the air of one imparting a state

secret, "I am going Gainsborough mad. So badly do I want Grandmother Dorset for Andover House, that if I can't have her herself at present, I intend to have something as near to her as I can get. And in my opinion this young fellow Lascelles is the very man to make a faithful copy of the peerless original. He has had the best possible training for color, and like myself he is a Gainsborough enthusiast."

Without further preface James Lascelles found his way to Hill Street one fine spring morning. He was armed with the tools of his trade and with a great piece of canvas some eighty-four inches by fifty.

Jim Lascelles was a cheery, healthy young fellow about six feet two, and undoubtedly a strikingly handsome specimen of the English nation. How a man of Andover's cool penetration, who rejoiced in such a sound working knowledge of things as they are should have fallen so easily and so blindly into the trap that had been laid for him is one of those matters upon which only the most inconclusive speculations can avail us. Doubtless he thought that a young fellow so obscure as Jim, who was as poor as a mouse and in no way immodest in his ideas, could be trusted implicitly with such a trifling commission. And doubtless he could have been, had those persons upstairs played the game. But of course they don't always; and a man as wise as Andover ought to have known it.

All that Andover condescended to know on this important and wide-reaching subject was that Jim Lascelles "hadn't a bob in the world," and that he was good to his mother. He was not even aware that the mother of Jim, by some obscure mode of reasoning peculiar to her kind, felt that Jim was bound to turn out a great genius. Nor was he aware that on that naïf pretext she had pinched and scraped in the most heroic manner to spare enough from her modest pittance to give Jim three years' training in Paris in the studio of the world-renowned Monsieur Gillet. Indeed, there is no reason to believe that Lord Andover had any special faith in Jim or in his genius. He merely believed that he could entrust a little commission with perfect safety and with profit to both parties to a modest, sound-hearted, pleasantly mediocre young fellow.

Now at the hour Jim Lascelles made his first appearance in Hill Street, that is just about what he was. Sometimes, it is true, he would have occasional dreams of coming greatness. But he never mentioned them to anybody, because in his own mind he was convinced that they were due to having supped later than usual. He troubled very little about the future. He worked on steadily, striving to pay his way; and if he never expected to see his "stuff" on the line in the long room at Burlington House, he did hope sometime to sell it a little more easily and to get better prices for it from the dealers.

If he could go once in three years to Kennington Oval to see Surrey play the Australians, or could afford a couple of tickets occasionally for the Chelsea Arts Club Fancy Ball at Covent Garden, or his funds were sufficient for him to take his mother to the dress circle of a suburban theatre to see a play that ended pleasantly, and he was always able to buy as much tobacco as he wanted, he didn't mind very much that he worked very hard to earn very little. He argued quite correctly that many chaps were worse off than Jim Lascelles. He had splendid health and he had a splendid mother.

No sooner had Mr. Collins received Jim Lascelles on this memorable forenoon, and the mighty canvas that accompanied him, which was in the care of two stalwart sons of labor, than the fun really began. In the first place it was only with infinite contrivance that it was got through the blue drawing-room door, which fortunately for Jim, and dare we say for Andover? was part and parcel of a spacious and lofty Georgian interior. All the same, some sacrifice of white paint was involved in the process, which was deemed a sacrilege by our old friend Mr. Collins.

However, our old friend Mr. Collins did not overawe Jim Lascelles as much as he had a right to expect to, because Jim had been born and brought up at the Red House at Widdiford, and he went to quite a good school before the crash came.

"A shocking bad light," said Jim, surveying the aristocratic gloom of the blue drawing-room as though it belonged to him. "Better stick it there."

With considerable hauteur Mr. Collins superintended the rearing of the unwieldy canvas in the place Jim had indicated. It involved the moving of the sofa six yards to the left. To do this, in the opinion of Mr. Collins, almost required a special act of parliament. He felt obliged to get the authority of Mr. Marchbanks before it was moved an inch. Jim, however, being an autocrat with very modern ideas, cheerfully removed the sofa himself in Mr. Collins's absence. When that astonished gentleman returned the two stalwart sons of labor were performing their final duties. Mr. Collins admonished them sternly to be careful where they put their feet while they fixed up the canvas.

Jim Lascelles was not given to unbridled enthusiasms, but the discovery of *Araminta*, Duchess of Dorset, by Gainsborough seemed greatly to disturb him.

"Ye gods!" said Jim, "it is a crime to keep the heritage of the nation in a light like this." Jim turned to Mr. Collins. "I say," said he, "can't you draw those blinds up higher?"

"No, sir," said Mr. Collins superciliously, "not without her ladyship's permission."

"Where is her ladyship?" said Jim. "Can I see her?"

"Her ladyship is not at home, sir," said Mr. Collins.

"Well," said Jim briefly but pleasantly, "those blinds will certainly have to go up higher."

And Jim Lascelles, doubtless to prove to Mr. Collins that he was in the habit of respecting his own opinion, walked up to the window, unloosened the cords and hauled up the Venetian blinds to their uttermost. Various additional beams of the May sunshine rewarded him.

"Now," said Jim, "perhaps we shall be able to get some sort of an idea of Gainsborough at his best."

I think it is open to doubt whether Mr. Collins had a feeling for art. At least, he seemed to evince no desire to obtain an idea of Gainsborough at his best. For he merely turned his back upon Araminta, Duchess of Dorset, and incidentally upon Jim Lascelles, and proceeded in quite the grand manner to shepherd the two sons of labor into the street.

This feat accomplished, Mr. Collins made an official complaint to Mr. Marchbanks.

"That painting man," said he, "goes on as if the place belonged to him. I don't know what her ladyship will say, I'm sure."

"Mr. Collins," said that pillar of the Whigs impressively, "if the education of the masses does not prove the ruin of this country, Henry Marchbanks is not my name."

Miss Perry, in her second best frock, the modest blue serge, descended the stairs.

"Has the painting man come yet?" she inquired.

"Yes, miss, he has," said Mr. Collins with venom and with brevity.

"Do you think I might go in and peep at him," she drawled in her ludicrous way. "I should so like to see a real painting man painting a real picture with paints."

"If you obtain her ladyship's permission, I dare say, miss, you may do so," said Mr. Marchbanks cautiously.

Miss Perry, however, as is the way of her sex, when her curiosity was fully aroused was quite capable of displaying a mind of her own.

Miss Perry entered the blue drawing-room noiselessly. There was the painting man with his hands in his pockets. He was standing with his back to her, and he was entirely lost in contemplation of the masterpiece he had been commissioned to copy.

"Marvellous!" he could be heard to exclaim at little intervals under his breath, "marvellous!"

This examination of Gainsborough's masterpiece was terminated long before it otherwise would have been by the intervention of a drawl of delight that, ludicrous as it was, was yet perfectly charming.

"Why it's Jim," said Miss Perry—"Jim Lascelles."

Jim Lascelles turned about with a look of wonder upon his handsome countenance. At first he said not a word; and then he placed both hands upon the stalwart shoulders of Miss Perry and gave her a sound shaking of affectionate incredulity.

"It is the Goose Girl," said Jim. "You great overgrown thing."

Miss Perry gave what can only be described as a chortle of human pleasure.

"Why, Jim," said she, "you've got a moustache."

"The Goose Girl," cried Jim, "in the blessed old town of London."

"I've been in London three weeks," said Miss Perry importantly.

"I've been in London three years," said Jim Lascelles sadly. "What a great overgrown thing. You are taller than I am."

"Oh, no," said Miss Perry, "I am only six feet."

Jim Lascelles declined to be convinced that Miss Perry was not more than six feet until they had stood back to back to take a measurement.

"You are monstrous," said Jim. "Are you as fond of bread and jam and apples and old boots as you used to be? Or let me see, was it Doggo who used to eat old boots in his youth?"

"I never ate old boots," said Miss Perry with an air of conviction.

"Yes, I remember now," said Jim, "old boots and kitchen chairs were the only things you didn't eat. I've had many a licking because the Goose Girl was so fond of apples."

"Have you ever tasted cream buns, Jim?" said she.

"No," said Jim, "we don't get those refinements at Balham. But tell me, how is the Muffin girl, and the Polly girl, and the Milly girl, and Dickie and Charley and all the rest of the barbarian horde? And what is the Goose Girl doing so far away from Slocum Magna? How has she found her way into this superlative neighborhood?" The eye of Jim Lascelles was arrested by Miss Perry's formal blue serge. "Governess, eh? How funny that the Goose Girl with the brains of a bumble bee should be turned into a governess."

"Oh, no," said Miss Perry. "Didn't you know? I have come to live with Aunt Caroline."

"Aunt who?" said James.

"Aunt Caroline," said Miss Perry.

"Then she must be one of the grand relations the Polly girl used to

boast about, that would never have nothing to do with the family of Slocum Magna."

I hope and trust that neither Aunt Caroline nor Ponto overheard Jim Lascelles; in fact there is every reason to believe that they did not, because had they done so, it is my firm belief that this history would have been over almost as soon as it had begun. Yet this was the indubitable moment that Ponto and his mistress chose to make their entrance into the blue drawing-room. The instant Jim Lascelles caught sight of the headdress, the black silk, the ebony walking stick and the obese quadruped with gargoyle eyes, he checked his discourse and bowed in a very becoming manner.

"Aunt Caroline," said Miss Perry with a presence of mind which really did her the highest credit, "this is Mr. Lascelles who has come to paint the picture."

The old lady fixed her eyeglass with polar coolness.

"So I perceive," said she.

She looked Jim over as if he himself were a masterpiece by Gainsborough, and without making any comment she and Ponto withdrew from the blue drawing-room.

"A singularly disagreeable and ill-bred old woman," said Jim, who had the unfortunate habit of speaking his mind freely on all occasions.

"Aunt Caroline is rather reserved with strangers," said Miss Perry, "but she is a dear, really."

"She is not a dear at all," said Jim Lascelles, "and she's not a bit like one. She is just a proud, disagreeable and unmannerly old woman."

Miss Perry looked genuinely concerned. For Jim Lascelles was angry and she felt herself to be responsible for Aunt Caroline. However, there was one resource left for the hour of affliction.

"Would you like to see Tobias?" said she. "I've got him with me. I will fetch the sweet."

"What! Is that ferret still alive?" said Jim. "My hat!" And then as Miss Perry moved to the drawing-room door, said Jim, "Oh, no, you don't. Come back and sit there on that sofa if it is quite up to your weight, and I will show you how to paint a picture."

"What fun," cried Miss Perry, returning obediently. "Do you remember teaching me how to draw cows?"

"Yes, I do," said Jim Lascelles. "You could draw as good a cow as anybody I ever saw, and that's the only thing you could do except sit a horse and handle a ferret and eat bread and jam."

Miss Perry sat in the middle of the sofa. By force of habit she assumed her most characteristic pose.

"There was also one other thing you could do," said Jim Lascelles. "When you were not actually engaged in eating bread and jam, you could always sit hours on end with your finger in your mouth, thinking how you were going to eat it."

Jim took up his charcoal.

"Goose Girl," said he, "it's the oddest thing out. Araminta, Duchess of Dorset, had the habit of sticking her paw in her mouth. And I'll take my davy her thoughts were of bread and jam."

"Cream buns are so much nicer," said Miss Perry, sighing gently.

"You have grown a perfect Sybarite since you came to London," said Jim. "Nobody ever suspected the existence of cream buns at Slocum Magna."

Suddenly and without any sort of warning something flashed through Jim Lascelles, and this by some occult means conferred the air and the look upon him that gets people into encyclopedias.

"Don't move, Goose Girl," said he. "Do you know who has painted that hair of yours?"

"I don't think it has been painted," said Miss Perry.

"That is all you know," said Jim. "Your hair has been painted by the light of the morning."

Jim Lascelles laid down his charcoal and took up the brush that on a day was to make him famous. He dipped the tip of it in bright yellow pigment; and although, as all the world knows, the hair of Araminta, Duchess of Dorset, is unmistakably auburn, Jim began by flinging a splotch of yellow upon the great canvas.

"Goose Girl," said Jim with a joyous expression that made him appear preposterously handsome, "I have sometimes felt that if it should ever be my luck to happen upon a great subject, I might turn out a painter."

"Your mamma always said you would," said Miss Perry.

"And your papa always said you would marry an earl," said Jim Lascelles.

Quite suddenly the blue drawing-room vibrated with a note of triumph.

"Oh, Jim!" it said, "I've almost forgotten to tell you about my lilac frock."

"Have you a lilac frock?" said Jim.

"You remember the mauve that Muffin had?" said Miss Perry breathlessly.

"After my time," said Jim Lascelles. "But I pity a mauve on the Ragamuffin."

"Muffin's mauve was perfect," said Miss Perry. "And my lilac is nearly as nice as Muffin's."

"Put it on to-morrow," said Jim. "I'll inspect you in it, you great overgrown thing. Now, don't move the Goose Piece, you Silly. The light of the morning strikes it fealty. Really, I doubt whether this yellow be bright enough."

"Jim," said Miss Perry, "to-morrow I will show you my new hat."

"Stick your paw in your mouth," said Jim. "And don't dare to take it out until you are told to. And keep the Goose Piece just where it is. Think of cream buns."

"They are awfully nice," said Miss Perry.

Jim Lascelles dabbed another fearsome splotch of yellow upon the great canvas.

"Monsieur Gillet would give his great French soul," said Jim softly, "for the hair of the foolish Goose Girl whose soul is composed of cream buns. Ye gods!"

Why James Lascelles should have been guilty of that irrelevant exclamation, I cannot say. Perhaps it was that the young fellow fancied that he heard the first faint distant crackle of the immortal laughter. Well, well! we are but mortal; and who but the gods have made us so?

CHAPTER XI

MISS PERRY IS THE SOUL OF DISCRETION

THE next morning at ten o'clock, when Jim Lascelles appeared for the second time in Hill Street, he was received in the blue drawing-room by the lilac frock and its wonderful canopy. Jim gave back a step before the picture that was presented.

"My aunt!" said he.

"The frock is a sweet," said Miss Perry. "Isn't it? Muffin's——"

"Goose Girl," said Jim, "you are marvellous."

"I think the hat must flop a little too much," said Miss Perry, "in places. It makes people turn round to stare at it."

"Of course it does, you foolish person," said Jim, with little guffaws of rapture. "It is an absolute aboriginal runcible hat. How did you come by it? It seems to me there are deep minds in this."

"Lord Andover chose it," said Miss Perry.

"My noble patron and employer," said Jim. "It does him infinite credit. That hat is an achievement."

"Aunt Caroline doesn't like it," said Miss Perry. "Especially in church."

"Aunt Caroline is a Visigoth," said Jim. "Let us forget her. Sit there, you Goose, where you sat yesterday. And if you don't move and don't speak for an hour, you shall have a cream bun."

It was bribery, of course, on the part of Jim Lascelles, but Miss Perry made instant preparation to earn the promised guerdon.

"You are so marvellous," said Jim, "that poor painting chaps ought not to look at you. Oho! I begin to have light. I begin to see where that lilac arrangement and that incredible headpiece came from. By the way, Goose Girl, is it possible that Araminta, Duchess of Dorset, is one of your grand relations?"

"She is my great-grandmamma," said Miss Perry.

"She must be," said Jim. "What has old Dame Nature been doing, I wonder? Copying former successes. And old Sir President History, R.A., famous painter of genre, repeating himself like one o'clock."

Jim Lascelles began to sketch the incredible hat with great vigor and boldness.

"By all the gods of Monsieur Gillet," said Jim, vaingloriously, "they will want a rail to guard it at the Luxembourg."

Yet Jim was really a modest young fellow. Could it be that already a phial of the magic potion had been injected into the veins of that sane and amiable youth?

"Goose Girl," said Jim, "it is quite clear to me that if the Duchess was your great-grandmamma, Thomas Gainsborough, R.A., was my old great-granddad. Now, don't move the Goose Piece. She wear-eth a mar-vel-lous hat!" Jim's charcoal was performing surprising antics. "Chin Piece quite still. Wonderful natural angle. Can you keep good if you take your paw out of your mouth?"

"I will try to," said Miss Perry, with perfect docility.

"We will risk it," said Jim. "Keep saying to yourself, 'Only thirty-five minutes more and I get a cream bun.'"

"Yes, Jim," said Miss Perry, with a remarkable air of intelligence.

"Paws down," said Jim. "Hold 'em thusly. Move not the Chin Piece, the Young Man said. No, and not the Whole of the White and Pink and Blue and Yellow Goose Piece neither."

Perhaps it is not strictly accurate to state that Jim dropped into poetry as he continued the study of his subject. But certainly he indulged in a kind of language which assumed lyrical form.

"Paws down," said Jim. "She approacheth her Mouth Piece upon

pain of losing her Bun. Paw Pieces quite quiet. Move not the Chin Piece, the Young Man said."

The blue eyes of Miss Perry were open to their limit. They seemed to devour the slow ticking clock upon the chimney piece. At last virtue was able to claim its reward.

"Cream bun, please," drawled Miss Perry in a manner that was really ludicrous.

"It can't possibly be an hour yet," said Jim.

"It is," said Miss Perry, with great conviction. "It is, *honestly*."

"Very good," said Jim. "Young Man taketh Goose Girl's word of honor." He produced a neat-looking white paper packet from his coat pocket. "Goose Girl presenteth Paw Piece," said he, "to receive Diploma of Merit. A short interval for slight but well deserved nourishment."

Miss Perry lost no time in divesting the packet of its trappings. I don't say positively that her satisfaction assumed an audible form when she beheld the seductive delicacy of its contents. But it is not unlikely. At any rate she lost no time in taking a very large bite out of a bun of quite modest dimensions.

"Jim," said she, "it is *quite* as nice as the ones that come from Buszard's."

"It is their own brother," said Jim. "This comes from Buszard's."

"R-R-Really," said Miss Perry, with a doubtful roll of the letter R. "But those that Gobo brings me are larger."

"They grow more than one size at Buszard's," said Jim. "Gobo is a bit of a duke, I daresay."

"He is a duke," said Miss Perry.

"If I were a duke," said Jim, "I should bring you the large size. But as I am only Jim Lascelles, who lives at Balham, you will have to be content with the small ones."

It may have been that Miss Perry was a little disappointed, because the small ones only meant a bite and a little one. But she contrived to conceal her disappointment very successfully. Although brought up in the country she had excellent breeding.

"Jim," said Miss Perry, "where is Balham?"

"Quite a ducal question," said Jim.

"Is it as far from London as London is from Slocum Magna?" said Miss Perry.

"I acquit you of *arrière pensée*," said Jim. "Here is Lord Andover. You had better ask him where Balham is."

That nobleman in resplendent morning attire entered with an air that was fatherly.

"Is it my privilege to make you known to one another?" said he with an air of vast benevolence. "My ward, Miss Perry. Mr. Lascelles, the coming Gainsborough."

"Oh, I've known Jim—" Miss Perry began blurting, when, it is grievous to have to inform the gentle reader, that Jim Lascelles dealt her a stealthy but absolutely unmistakable kick on the shin in quite the old Widdiford manner.

"Can you tell me where Balham is?" Miss Perry inquired of Lord Andover with really wonderful presence of mind. But there was a real honest tear in her eyes; and tears are known to be an excellent old-fashioned specific for the wits.

"Certainly I can," said he with courtly alacrity. "Balham is an outlying part of the vast metropolis. It is a most interesting place with many honorable associations."

"Jim," the luckless Miss Perry was beginning, but happily on this occasion Jim Lascelles had no need to do more than show her his boot, while Andover's sense of hearing was by no means so acute as it might have been; "Mr. Lascelles," Miss Perry contrived to correct herself, "lives at Balham."

"Then we are able," said Andover, "to congratulate Mr. Lascelles and also to congratulate Balham. But tell me, Lascelles, why you live in an outlying part of the vast metropolis when the centre calls you?"

"We live at Balham," said Jim, "my mother and I, because it is cheap but respectable."

"A satisfying combination," said Andover. "I trust the presence of my ward, Miss Perry, does not retard the progress of your artistic labors."

"Quite the contrary, I assure you," said Jim, with excellent politeness.

"I am glad of that," said Andover. "But as you may have already discovered, Miss Perry has quite the feeling for art."

"Yes," said Jim, perhaps conventionally, "I am sure she has."

"It is a very remarkable case of heredity," said Andover. "You see, my dear Lascelles, Gainsborough painted her great-grandmamma."

"So I understand," said Jim solemnly.

"It is a great pleasure to me, my dear Lascelles," said Andover, "that Miss Perry's taste in art is so sure. We go to the National Gallery together, hand in hand as it were, to admire the great Velasquez."

"He is a sweet," said Miss Perry.

"And, my dear Lascelles," said Andover, "we profoundly admire the great Rembrandt also."

"He is a sweet, too," said Miss Perry.

"And, my dear Lascelles, together we share—Miss Perry and I—a

slight distrust of the permanent merit of Joseph Wright of Derby. The fact is Joseph Wright of Derby somehow fails to inspire our confidence. One can understand Joseph Wright of Sheffield perfectly well; or even perhaps—mind I do not say positively—Joseph Wright of Nottingham; but I put it to you, Lascelles, can one accept Joseph Wright of Derby as belonging to all time?"

"I agree with you," said Jim. "Yet was there not once an immortal born at Burton on Trent?"

"I never heard that there was," said Andover with an air of pained surprise. "And that is a matter upon which I am hardly open to conviction. By the way, Lascelles, which of England's luscious pastures had the glory of giving birth to your genius?"

As a preliminary measure Jim Lascelles showed Miss Perry his boot.

"I was born," said Jim modestly, yet observing that the blue eyes of Miss Perry were adequately fixed on his boot, "at a little place called Widdiford in the north of Devon."

"Yes, of course," said Andover graciously; "I ought to have remembered, as your father and I were at school together. I remember distinctly that it was the opinion of the fourth form common room that the finest clotted cream and the finest strawberry jam in the world came from Widdiford."

"It is almost as nice at Slocum Magna," said Miss Perry, in spite of the covert threat that was still lurking in Jim's outstretched boot.

"Quite so," said Andover. "Ha, happy halcyon days of youth, when the cream was really clotted and the strawberries were really ripe! But I seem to remember that Widdiford is remarkable for something else."

Miss Perry was prepared to enlighten Lord Andover, but Jim's boot rose ferociously.

"Stick paw in Mouth Piece," Jim whispered truculently, "and merely think of cream buns."

"Widdiford," said Andover, "let me see. In what connection have I heard that charmingly poetic name? Ah, to be sure, I remember. Widdiford is the place at which they have not quite got the railway. Miss Araminta, is not that the case?"

"Yes," said Miss Perry, "but it is only three miles away."

"And what is the proximity," said Andover, a little dubiously it is to be feared, "of Widdiford to Slocum Magna?"

"The best part of two miles," said Jim Lascelles, boldly taking the bull by the horns. "Quite a coincidence isn't it that we should have lived at the Red House at Widdiford, and that Miss Perry's papa should have lived at the Parsonage at Slocum Magna? In fact I seem to remember

Miss Perry or one of her sisters as quite a tot of a girl sitting as good as pie in the vicarage pew."

It was here that Jim's boot did wonders. Miss Perry was simply besieged by voices from the upper atmosphere beseeching her to give the whole thing away completely. She refrained, however. Her respect for Jim's boot enabled her to continue sitting as good as pie.

That being the case, let us offer this original piece of observation for what it is worth. Cream buns are remarkably efficient in some situations, while an uncompromising right boot is equally efficient in others. To Jim Lascelles belongs the credit of having assimilated early in life this excellent truth.

Andover turned to see what progress Jim Lascelles had made with his labors.

"Very good progress, Lascelles," said he. Yet something appeared to trouble Andover. "Upon my word," said he, "either my eyesight betrays me or the color of your girl's hair is yellow."

"Is it?" said Jim Lascelles innocently. "Yes, so it is, as yellow as the light of the morning."

"The duchess's hair is auburn unmistakably," said Andover.

"Why, yes," said Jim, "but really don't you think yellow will be quite as effective?"

Andover gazed at Jim Lascelles in profound astonishment.

"My good fellow," said he, "I hope you understand what you are commissioned to do. You are commissioned to make a precise and exact copy of Gainsborough's Duchess of Dorset for Andover House, not to perpetrate a *tour de force* of your own. Upon my word, Lascelles, that hair is really too much. And the set of the hat, as far as one may judge at present, certainly differs from the original. I am sorry to say so, Lascelles, but really I think in the interests of all parties you had better start again."

Jim put his hands in his pockets. Upon his handsome countenance was a very whimsical if somewhat dubious expression.

"Lord Andover," said he solemnly, "the truth is if I could have afforded to lose a cool hundred pounds, which I don't mind saying is more than the whole of what I made last year, I should not have accepted this commission. As I have accepted it I shall do my best; and if the results are not satisfactory I shall not look for remuneration."

"Well, Lascelles," said his patron, "that is a straightforward proposition. I daresay it is this confounded French method of looking at things that has misled you so hopelessly. 'Pon my word I never saw such hair, and Gillet never saw such hair either. It is enough to make

Gainsborough turn in his grave. It is most providential that I happened to look in. Take a fresh piece of canvas and start again."

Jim Lascelles laid his head to one side with a continuance of his whimsical and dubious air. There was no doubt that the yellow was extremely bold and that the hair of the duchess was auburn.

Yet what of the cause of the mischief? There she sat on the sofa in her favorite pose, blissfully unconscious of the trouble she had wrought, for there could be no doubt whatever that her thoughts were of cream buns. And further it seemed to Jim Lascelles that there could be no doubt either that her hair had been painted by the light of the morning. Andover, however, was too much preoccupied with the duchess to observe that fact.

"My dear Miss Araminta," said he, "as this is a really fine morning and this is really the month of May, let us stroll into the park and watch young England performing maritime feats on the Serpentine. And after luncheon, if the weather keeps fine, we will go to the circus."

"What fun!" said Miss Perry.

CHAPTER XII

JIM LASCELLES TAKES A DECISIVE STEP

Caroline Crewkerne's "Wednesdays" had not been so thronged for many years past. They had been in their heyday twenty years earlier in the world's history, when the spacious mansion in Hill Street was the fount of the most malicious gossip to be obtained in London. But the passing of the years had bereft Caroline of something of her vigor and of even more of her *savoir faire*. She had grown difficult and rather out of date.

However, it had recently been decreed in the interests of human nature that Caroline Crewkerne should come into vogue again. People were to be seen at her "Wednesdays" who had not been seen there for years.

There was George Betterton for one. And the worldly wise, of course, were very quick to account for his presence, and to turn it to pleasure and profit. Andover and he were both popular men; and about the third week in May two to one against George and three to one against Andover were taken and offered.

"Andover is the prettier sparrer," said students of form, "but Gobo of course has the weight."

"I assure you, my dear," said members of another and decidedly influential section of the public, "the creature is a perfect simpleton. I assure you she couldn't say 'Bo!' to a goose. It is inconceivable that two men as old as they are and in their position should make themselves so supremely ridiculous. And both of them old enough to be her father."

"Caroline Crewkerne is behind it all," said the philosophic. "Her hand has lost nothing of its cunning. Really it is odious to aid and abet them to make such an exhibition of themselves."

It is regrettable all the same to have to state that the exhibition was enjoyed hugely. And when the *Morning Post* announced that on a certain evening the Countess of Crewkerne would give a dance for Miss Perry there was some little competition to receive a card for the same.

Cards were liberally dispensed, but when they came to hand many persons of the quieter and less ostentatious sort found that a little fly had crept into the ointment. "Fancy dress" was to be seen written at the top in a style of caligraphy not unworthy of Miss Pinkerton's Academy for young ladies. Miss Burden had been commanded to do this at the eleventh hour.

"That man Andover is responsible for this," complained those who desired neither the expense nor the inconvenience of habiting themselves in the garb of another age, "because he thinks he looks well in breeches."

That may have been partly the reason; but in justice to Andover it is only right to state that unless he had found a weightier pretext to advance Caroline Crewkerne would never have assented to this somewhat eccentric condition. Indeed it was only after a heated argument between them that Andover contrived to get his way.

"You must always be flamboyant and theatrical," grunted Caroline, "at every opportunity. All the world knows you look well in breeches."

"I protest, my dear Caroline," said the mellifluous Andover, "it is merely my desire to put another plume in your helmet. The creature will look ravishing as Araminta, Duchess of Dorset. Pelissier shall come this afternoon to copy the picture *de haut en bas*."

"It has been copied once already," said Caroline.

"Oh, no," said Andover. "It supplied an idea or two merely. When you see it in every detail precisely as Gainsborough saw it you will observe the difference."

"People must be as sick of the picture as I am by this time," said Caroline.

"Nonsense," said Andover. "They are only just beginning to realize that you've got a picture."

Let it not be thought an injustice to Andover if one other motive is

advanced for his insistence upon a somewhat singular course. When the cards of invitation had been duly issued he rather let the cat out of his bag.

"Of course, Caroline, you would be obstinate," said he, "and have your own way about that fellow George Betterton, but you know as well as I do that in any kind of fancy clothes he looks like a boa constrictor."

At first Andover professed himself as unable to decide whether he should appear as Charles II or as John Wesley. In the end, however, he decided in favor of the former. Miss Burden had not been so excited for years. The subject filled her thoughts day and night for a whole week after the momentous decision was taken. She then submitted the peculiarly difficult problem one day to his lordship at luncheon.

"Not a problem at all," said he. "Simplest thing in the world, my dear lady. There is only one possible person you can go as."

"I had been thinking of Mary, Queen of Scots," said Miss Burden, hardly daring to hope that Lord Andover would give his sanction.

"Mary, Queen of Who?" snarled Caroline.

"No, my dear Miss Burden," said the eminent authority, "the only possible person you can go as is Katharine of Aragon."

"Nonsense, Andover," said Caroline, "I shall not permit Burden to appear in any such character. A Jane Austen spinster will be far more appropriate and far less expensive."

"My dear Caroline," said Andover, "how it would help everybody, if you did not insist on airing your views upon matters of art. Do you wish Miss Burden to forfeit entirely her natural distinction?"

Miss Burden blushed most becomingly at his lordship's remark.

"I was not aware that she had any," said the ruthless Caroline.

"Upon my word, Caroline," said Andover, "even I begin to despair of you. I assure you, Miss Burden is quite one of the most distinguished looking women of my acquaintance."

Miss Burden looked almost as startled as a faun. Andover had never seen her display so much color as when he made her a little bow to attest his *bona fides*. It was rather a pity that his smile unconsciously resembled that of a satyr; not, however, that it really mattered, for although the ever-observant Caroline duly noted it Miss Burden did not.

"It is twenty-five minutes past two, Lord Andover," said Miss Perry, putting a sugar plum in her mouth, "and you have promised to take me to the circus."

"Andover," said the old lady, "I forbid you to do anything of the kind. To spend three afternoons a week at a circus is outrageous."

"They are so educational," said Andover. "Develop the mind. Show

how intelligence can be inculcated into the most unlikely things. Horses good at arithmetic, dogs playing whist, cats indulging in spiritualism. Very educational indeed. Clown imitating monkey in lifelike manner. Illustration of the origin of species. One more sugar plum, my dear Miss Araminta, and then Marchbanks will summon a hansom."

"Gobo is going to take me to the Horse Show to-morrow," Miss Perry announced.

"Who, pray, is Gobo?" Aunt Caroline and Lord Andover demanded in one breath.

"He asked me to call him Gobo," said Miss Perry, helping herself calmly to sugar plums, "and I asked him to call me Goose."

Andover's countenance was unmistakably a study. The same might be said of that of Aunt Caroline.

"My dear young lady," said Andover, "this must not be. One of the most dangerous men in London. Really, Caroline, you must forbid that old ruffian the house. As for the Horse Show to-morrow it is clearly out of the question."

"I promised Gobo," said Miss Perry. "And I don't like to break a promise, do you?"

"My dear young lady," said Andover, "you are much too young and inexperienced to make a promise, let alone to keep one. I speak as I feel sure your papa would do were he in my place, and as I know I should do were I in the place of your papa. Your aunt is quite of that opinion; I speak for her also. You must not call that man Gobo, he must not call you Goose, and as for the Horse Show it is out of the question."

"But everybody calls me Goose," said Miss Perry, "because I am *rather* a Sillay."

"Caroline," said Andover with much gravity, "if you will take the advice of your oldest friend you will forbid that man the house. My dear Miss Araminta, let us try to obliterate a very disagreeable impression by spending a quietly educational afternoon at the circus."

When on the morning of the great day of the fancy ball, Miss Perry entered the presence of Jim Lascelles as the faithful embodiment, down to the minutest particular, of Gainsborough's masterpiece, that assiduous young fellow was seized with despair. It took the form of a gasp.

"Goose Girl," said he, "I shall have to give up coming here. I paint you all the morning, I think of you all the afternoon and evening, and I dream of you all night. You know you have rather knocked a hole in my little world."

"There will be ices to-night," said Miss Perry. "Lord Andover *almost* thinks pink ices are nicest."

"Confound Lord Andover," said Jim with unpardonable bluntness, "and confound pink ices."

"I thought I would just put on my new frock," said Miss Perry, "to see if you think it is as nice as you think the lilac is."

"I have no thoughts at all this morning," said Jim Lascelles, "about your new frock or about anything else. My mind is a chaos, my wretched brain goes round and round, and what do you suppose it is because of?"

"I don't know," said Miss Perry.

"It is because of you," said Jim Lascelles. "Look at that canvas you've ruined. Yellow hair—runcible hat—lilac frock—full-fledged cream bun appearance. You will lose me my commission, which means a cool hundred pounds out of my pocket, and my mamma has denied herself common necessities to pay for my education. Goose Girl," Jim Lascelles concluded a little hoarsely, "I am growing afraid of you. You are a sorceress. Something tells me that you will be my ruin."

"I wish you had seen Muffin's mauve," said Miss Perry, who showed very little concern for Jim's ruin.

"I have not the least desire to see Muffin's mauve," said Jim Lascelles. "In fact, I thank the God who looks after poor painters, if there is such a Deity, which I take leave to doubt, that I have not seen it. But I intend to ask you this question. What right have you, Goose Girl, to grow so extravagantly perfect, to get yourself up in this ravishing and entrancing manner, and then to come to ask a poor wight of a painting chap who is daubing away for dear bread and butter, whether he thinks your new frock is as nice as the lilac was?"

"Muffin's mauve—" said Miss Perry.

"Answer me," said Jim sternly. "You can't. You are a sorceress. You are a weaver of spells. Well, it so happens that I am susceptible to them. I am going to take a decisive step. Goose Girl, it is my intention to kiss you."

Without further preface or ado Jim Lascelles stepped toward Miss Perry with extended arms and eyes of menace. He hugged her literally, new frock and all, in the open light of the morning; and further he gave her one of the most resounding busses that was ever heard in that dignified apartment.

"Get rid of that if you are able," said he brazenly. "And now sit there as good as pie while I put that new gown upon canvas."

Miss Perry did as she was told in a manner that rather implied that she approved decidedly of the whole proceedings.

"Goose Girl," said Jim, attacking the canvas, "you will either make me or mar me. Sometimes I feel it might be the former, but more often I am convinced it will be the latter."

"Muffin's mauve cost a lot of money," said Miss Perry.

"Paws down," said Jim. "The question now for gods and men is, Can that hair and that frock live together?"

Jim took up a little looking-glass and turned his back upon the canvas. He sighed with relief.

"Yes, they can by a miracle," said he. "And yet they out-Gillet Gillet."

"What will you be to-night, Jim?" asked Miss Perry.

"Achilles," said Jim, "sulking in my tent."

"Where will you put your tent?" said Miss Perry. "One can't dance in a tent. And what will you do when you are sulky?"

"Gnash my teeth," said Jim, "and curse my luck."

"I will dance with you twice if you would like me to," said Miss Perry with charming friendliness.

"I shall not be there," said Jim, whose studied unconcern was rather a failure.

"Not be there!" said Miss Perry with consternation.

"Aunt Caroline has not axed me," said Jim.

It was some kind of solace to Jim Lascelles that dismay and incredulity contended upon the usually calm and unruffled countenance of Miss Perry.

"Miss Burden has forgotten you," said she. "I must speak to her."

Miss Perry rose for that purpose.

"Sit down, you Goose," Jim commanded her. "Don't speak a word about it to anybody, unless you want to get me sacked from the house. I am here on sufferance, a poor painting chap copying a picture to get bread and cheese; and this ball to-night is being given by the Countess of Crewkerne for her niece, Miss Perry."

"But, Jim——"

"Goose Girl," said Jim, "keep Mouth Piece immovable. Move not the Chin Piece, the Young Man said. Think of cream buns."

"But, Jim——" said Miss Perry.

CHAPTER XIII

HIGH REVEL IS HELD IN HILL STREET

All the same Miss Perry did not dance twice with Jim Lascelles that evening. For Jim took his mother to a theatre at Brixton, to witness a performance of that excellent old-world comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*.

He did not appear to enjoy it much. He hardly laughed once and his mother remarked it.

"What is the matter, laddie?" said she. It ought to be stated that Jim's mother was absurdly young to be the mother of a great hulking fellow like Jim.

"There is a great overgrown girl in my head," said he, "who is above me in station."

"That Goose," said Jim's mother, a little contemptuously it is to be feared.

"Si, Signora," said Jim. "She is turning my brain rather badly."

Not unnaturally Jim's mother was amused that Jim should be so serious.

"If only I had enough money to buy back the Red House at Widdiford," sighed Jim, "I believe I could cut out them all."

"She was never able to resist the orchard, and the south wall, and the strawberry beds," Mrs. Lascelles agreed.

"I never saw such a creature," said Jim. "Those Gainsborough frocks and those runcible hats are maddening."

"Well, laddie," said Jim's mother, "you must paint her and make her and yourself famous."

"She is famous already," said Jim. "Worse luck. She is a nine days' wonder in Mayfair and certain to marry a duke."

"That Goose!" said Jim's mother.

"Yes," said Jim, "it sounds ridiculous, but it is perfectly true."

"Well, laddie," said Jim's mother, who believed profoundly in Jim, "just paint her and see what comes of it."

While Jim Lascelles lay that night with his head on his arm, dreaming of the Goose Girl, high revel was held at the house of Caroline Crewkerne in Hill Street, W. All ages and both sexes were gathered in the garb of their ancestors in the spacious suite of rooms on the second floor. From the moment that the first seductive strains were put forth by Herr Blaum's Green Viennese Band, and his Excellency the Illyrian Ambassador in the guise of Henri Quatre, or the Duke of Buckingham—nobody was quite sure which—accompanied by Diana of Ephesus, a bread and butter miss, who looked much too young to be a duchess, went up the carpetless blue drawing-room, which seemed at least three times the size it did on ordinary occasions, as indeed was the case, there was no doubt that Caroline Crewkerne was going to have a great success.

It is not easy to know whether Red Cross Knights, Cardinal Richelieus, Catherine de Medici, and those kinds of people are susceptible of thrills, but there was one unmistakably when George Betterton in the

character of a Gentleman of the Georgian Era took the floor with Araminta, Duchess of Dorset, by Gainsborough, upon his arm.

The less responsible spirits directed their gaze to Charles II. He was engaged in amiable converse with his hostess, who habited in an Indian shawl, the gift of her sovereign, and a jewelled turban presented to her by the Shah of Persia during his last visit to this country, together with the insignia of the Spotted Parrot duly displayed round her neck, made in the opinion of many a very tolerable representation of a Heathen Deity. As a Gentleman of the Georgian Era and Araminta, Duchess of Dorset, by Gainsborough, came down the room in a somewhat inharmonious manner, owing to the decidedly original ideas of the former in regard to the art he was practising, the amiable and agreeably cultivated voice of Charles II soared easily above the strains of the waltz and the frou frou of the dancers.

"Yes," said that monarch, "the Georgian Era is sufficiently obvious, but can anybody tell me what has happened to the Gentleman?"

The Georgian Era went its victorious way, however, gobbling decidedly, perspiring freely, holding Gainsborough's Duchess in a grip of iron, and slowly but surely trampling down all opposition with the greatest determination. When with coxcomb ensanguined, but with a solemn gobble of triumph, he came back whence he started, a slight but well-defined murmur of applause was to be heard on every hand.

"Georgian Era wins in a canter," one of the knowing fraternity could be heard to proclaim. "Evens, Gobo against the field."

"Duchess," said the Georgian Era with a bow to his fair partner, who looked as cool as a cucumber, "you deserve an ice."

"Yes," said Araminta, Duchess of Dorset, with grave alacrity, "a *pink* one, please."

"Bad form," said the Second Charles, "decidedly a breach of manners to address her as duchess in the circumstances. But what can one expect of the Georgian Era!"

The Merry Monarch with the unmistakable air of the master of the ceremonies, as indeed he was, proceeded to lead out Katharine of Aragon, who was seen to great advantage, such was her natural distinction, and who was that ill-fated queen to the manner born.

"Humph," said the Heathen Deity, "for a born fool she dances very well."

The Second Charles danced like a rather elderly angel with wings.

The young people also were enjoying themselves. Eligible young men, and not a single one of the other kind had gained admittance, had each his dance with the fair Araminta, or the fair Daphne, or the fair Evadne,

or the fair Sweet Nell of Old Drury. Of course, Gainsborough's masterpiece really brooked no rival, except the great canvas in the left-hand corner, which in the full glare of the electric lights seemed to do her best to dispute the supremacy of her youthful descendant.

"Yellow hair knocks spots off the auburn," said an Eldest Son to the Lynx-Eyed Dowager to whose apron he was very carefully tied.

"A matter of taste," was the rejoinder. "Yellow is never a safe color, and it is well known that it means doubtful antecedents. They are beginning the lancers. Go, Pet, and find Mary."

Pet, who was six feet five, and had leave from Knightbridge Barracks until five A.M., claimed the Watteau Shepherdess, a real little piece of Dresden China, who had forty-six thousand in land, and thirty-six thousand in consols, and would have more when Uncle William permanently retired from the cavalry; and who was perfectly willing to marry Pet, or any one else, if her mamma only gave her permission to do so.

Charles II sat out the supper dance with the fair Araminta.

"Miss Goose," said that sagacious monarch, "never dance the dance before supper if you can possibly avoid it. You will live longer, you will be able to do ampler justice to whatever fare may be forthcoming, you will also be able to get in before the squash, and if the quails run short, as is sometimes the case, it won't matter so much as it otherwise might do."

As far as the Merry Monarch was concerned, however, the precautions against the squash and the possibility of the quails running short were wholly superfluous. The pleasantest corner of the best situated table had been reserved for him hours before, and all his favorite delicacies had been duly earmarked.

"Miss Goose," said the Merry Monarch, "have you had an ice yet?"

"I have had *seven*," said Araminta, Duchess of Dorset.

"*Pink* ones?" asked the Second Charles.

"Five were pink," said the Duchess, "one was yellow and one was green. But I think that *pink* ones are *almost* the nicest."

"I concur," said the Second Charles.

After supper, before dancing was resumed, some incautious person, after gazing upon Gainsborough's masterpiece and subjecting it to some admiring if unlearned remarks, pulled aside the crimson curtain which hid from view Jim Lascelles's half finished copy.

"Oho," said the incautious one in a loud voice, "what have we here! To be sure a Sargent in the making. Only Sargent could paint that hair."

The attention of others was attracted.

"I should say it is a Whistler," said a second critic.

"A Sargent decidedly," said a third. "Only he could paint that hair."

"It is high art, I daresay," said a fourth, "but isn't it rather extravagant?"

"If Gillet were in London," said critic the fifth, who had more instruction than the others, "I should say it was Gillet. As he is not, it might be described as the work of a not unskilful imitator."

Andover stood listening.

"It is the work of a young chap named Lascelles," said he, "the coming man, I'm told."

Nobody had told Andover that Jim Lascelles was the coming man, and not for a moment did he believe that he was; but he was a member of that useful and considerable body which derives a kind of factitious importance from the making of imposing statements. He felt that it reacted upon his own status to announce that a young chap named Lascelles was the coming man, when not a soul had heard of the young chap in question.

"I must remember the name," said a broad-jowled marquis from Yorkshire, who had come up in time to hear Andover's statement, and who greatly preferred to accept the judgment of others in the fine arts rather than exercise his own. "I should like him to paint Priscilla."

"The very man to paint Priscilla," said Andover with conviction. And this, be it written to Andover's credit, was genuine good nature.

"What is the subject?" said the first critic.

"Why, can't you see!" said a chorus. "It is Caroline Crewkerne's Gainsborough."

"Which of 'em?"

"The yellow-haired one, of course."

Andover screwed his glass in his eye. He had been the first to detect that the color of the hair was yellow, and yet for some strange reason the solution of the mystery had not until that moment presented itself to him.

"What damned impertinence!" said he.

"Anybody been treading on *your* corns, Andover?" asked several persons.

"Not exactly," said Andover. "But do you know I commissioned that fellow Lascelles to make a copy of Araminta, Duchess of Dorset, for Andover House."

"And he copies the wrong Araminta!" came a shout of laughter. There was really no need to shout, but immediately after supper that is the sort of thing that happens sometimes. "A good judge, too."

"Gross impertinence," said Andover. "I think I shall be quite justified in repudiating the whole transaction."

"Quite, Andover," said the marquis with a very obvious wink at the company and preparing to jest in the somewhat formidable Yorkshire manner. "But it is easily explained. Young fellow got a little mixed between Gainsborough's Araminta, Duchess of Dorset, and Nature's Araminta, Duchess of Lancaster. Very natural mistake, what?"

The arrival upon the scene of the Georgian Era and the Heathen Deity, the latter walking quite nimbly with very little aid from her stick, set the circle of art critics in further uproar.

"Who pulled aside the curtain?" demanded the mistress of the house. "Andover, I suspect you."

"It is my picture, anyhow," said Andover coolly, although he felt the game was rather going against him.

"It is not at all clear to my mind that it is your picture," said the sharp-witted Caroline to the delight of everybody. "You send a man to copy my Gainsborough, and he copies my niece."

"A very natural error," said the marquis, "as we have just explained to Andover."

The Georgian Era was seen to grow uneasy. He began to fumble in his Georgian costume. Obviously, he was not quite sure where the pockets were. At last, however, he was able to produce a pair of spectacles which he proceeded to adjust.

"Very good likeness," said he heavily. "Caroline, when the picture is finished, I should like to purchase it for the Cheadle Collection."

A salvo of laughter greeted this speech, but to laughter the speaker was constitutionally oblivious.

"The picture is not Caroline's, my dear George," said Andover. "The young fellow is painting it on my commission."

"Excellent likeness," said George tenaciously. "I shall make you a fair offer, Andover, for the Cheadle Collection."

"I am sorry, my dear George, for the sake of the Cheadle Collection," said Andover amiably, "but that picture is not for sale."

"You are quite right, Andover," said Caroline Crewkerne, "the picture is not for sale. I gave permission for a copy to be made of my Gainsborough, not of my niece."

"It appears to be a question of copyright," said a wit.

"I hold the copyright in both at present," said Caroline in an exceedingly grim manner.

The strains of the dance began to float through the room. The younger section of the company had again taken their partners; a brace

of royalties had arrived, yet in spite of that jest and counter-jest were in the air.

"Andover was never in it from the start," said the marquis, "if you want my candid opinion."

"The luckier he," said the first critic. "What does any man want with a girl who hasn't a sou, a country parson's daughter?"

"Healthy, I should say," said critic the second. "Comes of a very good stock on the mother's side."

"Ye-es," said a third. "Useful."

"Finest looking girl in England," said a fourth.

"They can both afford to marry her," said the marquis, "and I will lay the odds that the better man of the two does."

"Andover gets her in that case."

"Gobo for a monkey."

All the time, however, in Another Place, the Master of the Revels—but after all, that is no concern of ours.

(To be continued)

THE ORBIT

BY WITTER BYNNER

WHETHER a marigold or this our love,
There is no origin of things that are
But aims its orbit at a final star.
From dust of marigolds a wedding-ring
May form, or golden spheres may sing;
And so, though sundered by the sea and land,
Or stopped by the unalterable bar,
We still unsundered and unstopped shall move
And carry out the orbit hand in hand.

Witter Bynner.

LITERATURE

ALFRED NOYES ON WILLIAM MORRIS¹

THE latest contribution to the valuable *English Men of Letters Series* is a monograph on the poet William Morris by the poet Alfred Noyes. As a revelation of the poetic mind the book is disappointing, for the reason that, although it contains quite a deal of Morris, it contains scarcely any of Noyes. This is not due solely to a deliberate and tactful reticence on the part of the young poet in the presence of an elder; it is due rather to a lack of emotional sympathy between the poet who is writing and the poet he is writing about. After reading the volume, one is inclined to regret that Mr. Noyes was not allowed to write about Tennyson instead, and that Morris was not assigned to some other biographer. Concerning Morris Mr. Noyes speaks with a certain cold justness and conscientious fairness: he praises him highly, but without eagerness; he estimates him truthfully, but without enjoyment. Every now and then, for purposes of comparison, Mr. Noyes introduces a quotation from Tennyson; and no sooner has he transcribed the lines than his mind kindles with a sudden glow which illuminates an entire page of appreciation of the Laureate, during which, of course, the author quite forgets that he is really writing about "the idle singer of an empty day." The reason why the best passages in this critical biography of Morris are the passages that deal with Tennyson is that only in the latter has Mr. Noyes so far forgotten himself as to reveal himself. The eagerness, the glow, the spirit, and the zest of which Mr. Noyes has given beautiful expression in his own poems are nowhere else apparent in the present critical study. Elsewhere we feel a rather laborious restraint,—the pallor of a glowing mind in the presence of an uncongenial subject. The trouble was not that Mr. Noyes was lacking in critical appreciation, but that William Morris was not his man. One might have judged this in advance from reading Mr. Noyes's poems, in which, while the influence of Tennyson is ever dominant, it is possible to discern traces of sympathy with Mr. Swinburne and Rossetti, Keats and Blake, but in which it is impossible to discern any echo whatever of Morris.

From this lack of sympathy between the writer and his subject

¹*William Morris.* By Alfred Noyes. *English Men of Letters.* New York: The Macmillan Company.

arises, curiously, the most meritorious feature of Mr. Noyes's study, as well as its preponderant defects. This feature is the technical criticism of Morris's narrative verse. Mr. Noyes shows that Morris's style of writing has no place whatever in the historical evolution of English verse,—that, in the technical sense, it is not Victorian English verse at all. Concerning this point he says:

Of the principles of elision and syllabic equivalence, and the advantages not only of sound and movement, but of compression, conciseness, and brevity to be derived therefrom, Morris was quite careless. Very often his lines appear to be a mere succession of monosyllabic prepositions and pronouns. . . . His lines are thin threads, he cares not how thin. Tennyson might compress twenty or more syllables into a pentameter: Morris very rarely exceeds the ten, and very thin ones at that. He often seems in this regard to be deliberately aiming at an idea directly opposite to that of all the other poets, and to be deliberately drawing out his lines to their utmost tenuity. . . . Their tenuity or lack of syllabic weight leads, or should lead, the reader to render them syllable by syllable, with something of the slowness of a child spelling them out.

This sort of technical criticism is all the more valuable because it is made by a poet who has reared himself in the more traditional school. In fact, throughout the book, the technical points are all well taken,—though one may be inclined, perhaps, to disagree with the high estimate with which the writer regards the hexameters of *Sigurd the Volsung*.

The book is insufficient, not in its criticism of Morris the writer of verse, but in its revelation of Morris the man. It is less successful in its narrative than in its expository passages. Many things are told about Morris; but the man himself is not set living before the reader's mind. One of the main purposes of biography is to recreate personality,—to tell not so much what a man did as who he was; and personality is the main thing that is lacking in Mr. Noyes's volume. It is a record instead of being a history.

The truth about Morris seems to be that he was a very simple man who had the misfortune to be born in a very complex age. With him simplicity was synonymous with beauty, and complexity with ugliness. His nature demanded simplicity and beauty as the very breath of life. Since he could not find them in the world about him, he dwelt instinctively in an imagined world of his own creation. This world, because of a love which he developed at an early age for many of the mediæval arts, became at first a fabled middle-ages. His manifold activities were all attempts to tell to others the aspect of the world he lived in. His poetry, his decoration, his many-sided craftsmanship, were all expressions of the same simple sincerity of spirit, abhorrent of extravagance and display. Later in his life, he began to wonder if his dream-world might not be

made actual as well as real. Hence his recourse to socialism,—which, however insignificant it may seem when looked at in the light of practical politics, is exceedingly important when considered as a revelation of the poet's yearning for an earthly paradise. Later still, when Morris saw that socialism was incapable of practical fulfilment, he took refuge in an impossible Utopia,—out of Space, out of Time,—the dream-world of the later prose romances. No poet ever understood himself better than he; and the truest word about him is said in his own prologue to *The Earthly Paradise*,—that monumental work wherein he strove “to build a shadowy isle of bliss midmost the beating of the steely sea, where tossed about all hearts of men must be.” It is fitting that any consideration of William Morris, however cursory and brief, should close with these self-revealing stanzas:

The heavy trouble, the bewildering care
That weighs us down who live and earn our bread,
These idle verses have no power to bear;
So let me sing of names remembered,
Because they, living not, can ne'er be dead,
Or long time take their memory quite away
From us poor singers of an empty day.

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,
Telling a tale not too importunate
To those who in the sleepy region stay,
Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

Walter Clayton.

THE REMINISCENT CALL¹

CERTAINLY since Mr. Kipling wrote *Stalky and Company* no book dealing with school life has appeared of as much significance as Mr. Owen Johnson's *The Eternal Boy*. And in writing this the reviewer is not forgetting Mr. Horace Vachell's *The Hill*, that very charming, although rather lugubrious, story of life at Harrow. Indeed, from an American point of view, *The Eternal Boy* may be regarded as striking an entirely new note. Now and again there is a furtive glimpse of heartache and tragedy, but the dominant tone is one of rollicking humor. Real humor in stories of school life is rare. *Stalky and Company* contained humor

¹*The Eternal Boy*. Being the Story of the Prodigious Hickey. By Owen Johnson. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

of a Kiplingesque sort, but it was so essentially British that it could never appeal strongly to American readers. In *Tom Brown at Rugby* there are unquestionably droll passages, but the whole book (justly one of the first chapters in the code of life) leaves the impression of a grim though kindly sermon. Deep as is Mr. Vachell's love as an old Harrovian for the "school on the hill" he cannot quite expunge the memory of certain evils and brutalities which have always been features of British public school life. Consequently, into the most reverent of his pages there creeps an occasional suggestion of cynical bitterness.

But from Mr. Johnson's book this indescribable gloom is absent. The American schoolboy, at heart, may be much the same as his English cousin; there may be injustice and evil at Andover, and Exeter, and Lawrenceville, and St. Paul's, and Groton, just as there are at Eton, and Rugby, and Harrow; Mr. Johnson not only ignores the sinister side, but seems to have succeeded in his intention of forgetting it entirely. His schoolboy is far from being the most earnest or conscientious of creatures. His mind is not occupied with thoughts of his duty to his parents and his masters, but to the gridiron and the diamond, to the pleasures of plotting, and the joys of the "Jigger Shop." In the chapter entitled "Mr. Baldwin's Political Education," an old master gives some sound advice to a new master with theories.

When you've lived with the young, human animal as long as I have, you won't have any illusions. He doesn't want to be enlightened. He hasn't the slightest desire to be educated. He isn't educated. He never will be. His memory simply retains for a short while, a larger and larger number of facts—Latin, Greek, history, mathematics, it's all the same—facts, nothing but facts. He remembers when he is compelled to, but he is supremely bored by the performance. All he wants is to grow, to play and to get into sufficient mischief. My dear fellow, treat him as a splendid young savage, who breaks a rule for the joy of matching his wits against yours, and don't take him seriously, as you are in danger of doing. Don't let him take you seriously or he will lead you to a cropper.

Such, in a nutshell, is the American boy as he appears in these annals.

That *The Eternal Boy* happens to have Lawrenceville as a concrete background is of no particular significance. The alumnus of Exeter or Andover may read in his own school just as well. A dozen different stories involving twice as many heroes are told in the course of the chronicle. Hungry Smeed breaks the great pancake record for the honor of Dickinson. Smith yearns for a nickname and wins it in a strange and unexpected manner. Snorky Green, in a fine day dream, humiliates the Princeton Varsity nine, hurls an invading German army into the Atlantic, becomes the greatest of Presidents, sees himself struck down by the hand

of a fanatic, and sheds tears in sympathy with the inconsolable nation mourning at his funeral bier. But above all is Hickey, the Prodigious Hickey, who gives cohesion to the whole, whose dominant personality welds what otherwise might be a series of adventures into a concrete narrative. From first to last Hickey's hand, like that of an amiable Apollyon, is raised against the reigning powers. Always he is matching his wits against theirs, and always is he triumphant. That he should be suspected rouses in his breast a sense of injustice. He feels himself to be an object of persecution, a martyr, and his protest takes the form of fresh plots of gorgeous ingenuity. Verily, unique is Hickey, magnificent even in his downfall.

If one's outlook upon life be that of the Prodigious Hickey, and Hungry Smeed, and the Gutter Pup, and Lovely Mead, and the Triumphant Egg Head, and those other heroes of Mr. Johnson's narrative—in a word, the outlook of an American schoolboy somewhere between fifteen and twenty years of age—*The Eternal Boy* will be read for its action, its fun, its sheer gaiety of animal spirits. But if one has gone beyond that, "come to thirty year," let us say, the story's greatest charm will lie in its reminiscent call. The grown-up boy will laugh just as heartily over the Napoleonic exploits of the Prodigious One, and the achievements of Old Ironsides and Goat Phillips; but in the mirth there will be an underlying note of sadness, a wistful regret for that first youth irrevocably gone. There will perhaps come to him in reading, as they came to the present writer, those beautifully simple and sincere lines which Thackeray penned as a "Finis" to *Dr. Birch and his Young Friends*:

Good night. I'd say the griefs, the joys
Just hinted in this mimic page,
The triumphs and defeats of boys,
Are but repeated in our age.
I'd say your woes were not less keen,
Your hopes more vain, than those of men.
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen
At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say we suffer and we strive
Not more nor less as men than boys,
With grizzled beards at forty-five
As erst at twelve in corduroys.
And if, in time of sacred youth,
We learned at home to love and pray,
Pray heaven, that early love and truth
May never wholly pass away.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

THE PRICE OF POPULARITY¹

BY PHILIP TILLINGHAST

ON the question of popular judgment in art and literature, Mr. Ruskin has said very nearly the ultimate word when he points out that it is illogical to expect the opinions of a crowd to be correct, when the opinions of each individual in that crowd are probably wrong. Black is not made white by calling it so, and the mere fact that a mob of a thousand are simultaneously shouting their mistake does not make it one shade the whiter than a single voice. This is why, when an author of real artistic worth and delicacy of style, after being persistently ignored by the general public suddenly receives the popular vote, it is the part of wisdom to question seriously whether his later work has not fallen away rather seriously from his earlier standards. And this is precisely the case of Mr. W. J. Locke, author of *The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne*, *The Belovéd Vagabond*, and—the anticlimax is his, not ours—*Septimus*.

Let us consider briefly just what Mr. Locke has achieved, how he has achieved it, what he stands for in contemporary fiction. To any one asking these questions two years ago, the answer would have been that Mr. Locke did not consider himself primarily a man of letters; that he was, on the contrary, known to the world chiefly through his chosen profession and more especially his post of honor as Secretary of the Royal Institute of British Architects; and that his novel-writing was mainly a relaxation, an avenue of escape from the daily routine, a method of enjoying vicariously a certain blythe and irresponsible Bohemianism which the actual conditions of his own life and environment rendered impossible at first hand. One feels, through all those whimsical, inimitable, oftentimes uneven volumes that came with fair regularity once a year from his pen, that they never were written with one eye looking askance at the general public, seeking anxiously for signs of approval. On the contrary, one feels that it never occurred to Mr. Locke that there was such a thing as a general public; that he took no heed of how many people bought or approved his books; that he wrote primarily to please himself—and this, by the way, is the surest way of pleasing those readers whose approval is worth the winning.

Within the past two years, however, several little things have happened whose cumulative force would not unnaturally tend to give the *vox populi* a greater semblance of divine authority, even to so modest and

¹*Septimus*. By W. J. Locke. New York: The John Lane Company.

retiring a personage as the author of *The Belovéd Vagabond*. In the first place, the experiment of building a play from *The Morals of Marcus* resulted in a very big London success, in spite of the fact that at the time there was a feud between the actor-manager, Mr. Arthur Bouchier and the dramatic critics, in consequence of which the play was practically ignored by the newspapers. Then came the American production of *Marcus*, the dramatization of what is easily Mr. Locke's best work, *The Belovéd Vagabond*, the sudden awakening of the general public to the idea that here was an author they ought to know something about; and finally the serialization in one of our magazines of big circulation of Mr. Locke's latest novel, *Septimus*. There is, of course, an immense difference between the modest *succès d'estime* of former years and the present flamboyant trumpeting with its awards of crowded houses and a place among the Six Best Selling Books. And because all this is apt to confuse one's sense of relative values, it seems worth while to forget for the moment all these misleading factors of popular success and to ask calmly and judiciously what *Septimus* really stands for in the literary development of Mr. Locke. The question is all the more necessary because of the large proportion of American readers to whom his name comes for the first time as the author of *Septimus*; a large proportion who will be apt to measure him chiefly by *Septimus*, and, it may be added, a large proportion who may never read any other book of his than *Septimus*.

Frankly, Mr. Locke deserves a better fate than this. Uneven though his work confessedly is, at his best he deserves a rather high place among the writers of to-day. His deliciously irresponsible vagaries, his whimsical tenderness, his audacious disregard of the conventions of story-writing, and not less than these his undeniable quality of style entitle him to be recognized as one of that small group who have a chance to outlive that great host of ephemeral novelists who write for the day and hour. He is not a master of fiction in the sense in which we think of Maupassant and Meredith and Henry James—masters equally of technique and of the truth of life. Mr. Locke's mastery is of an entirely different sort. His power lies almost wholly in the personal equation, the whimsical, extravagant, ironical conceptions that he flings before us often in defiance of common sense and the laws of probability—now and then almost crossing the borderline of caricature, and yet kept curiously real by the very genuine and whole-hearted understanding of human nature that lies behind them.

Accordingly, it is not surprising that, measured by his plots, Mr. Locke would always be rated very much below his worth. The plot in

itself is the thing about which he evidently cares least; a mere scaffolding on which to erect a new structure of flashing epigrams, diverting paradoxes, absurdities veiling a wise philosophy of life. But a thoughtful survey of his books in the order of production shows at least this: that he has steadily weaned himself away from his first tendencies toward melodrama; that while one and all of his books are impossible when measured by life's actualities, the later ones have grown steadily more deliciously, refreshingly impossible with less and less of the ranting, bombastic, Ouidaesque tone of his first efforts. Undoubtedly, the process of development culminated in *The Belovéd Vagabond*. If Mr. Locke is ever to give us a better book, or even as good a book, he must do so by giving us something radically different, and not a compound of the same ingredients mixed according to the same recipe. And a mixing of the same old ingredients, as we shall presently see, is unfortunately a fair description of the way in which he has compounded *Septimus*.

It is hardly worth while to go back to all his earlier volumes in order to see how the ground plans of the majority of them are simply clever variations on one and the same air; that his heroes are all extravagantly, wilfully, incredibly quixotic; that they almost uniformly blast their prospects in life through some preposterous act of self-sacrifice for the sake of some woman who as likely as not neither knows nor cares. It will be enough for our purpose to recall quite briefly the essentials of the plot of *The Belovéd Vagabond*. In that book, you will remember, Berzelius Nibbidard Paragot is a vagabond and exile, because he has taken upon his shoulders the sins of some one else, some one closely related to the woman he thought he loved, the woman with the *petits pieds si adorés*. And having assumed this burden, he accepts with it all the consequences it entails; the necessity of playing the part consistently before the eyes of the world, of cutting himself off from all the old associations that had formerly made up the joy of living; and, hardest of all, silently accepting the scorn of the woman who does not understand. And in the end, he awakens to a knowledge that all the weary months and years through which he has been mourning for his lost happiness, a better and finer and more genuine joy of life has been within easy arm's-length, waiting for him to reach out and take it. This, in brief, is the skeleton structure of *The Belovéd Vagabond*. And, like most skeleton structures, it is of small value except for the flesh and blood that it serves to sustain. For what Berzelius Nibbidard Paragot does is of infinitely less importance than what Berzelius Nibbidard Paragot is. His destiny is a diverting story, but his personality is an abiding joy.

Now, with no intention of being unfair, the reviewer who attempts in like manner to epitomize *Septimus* finds himself compelled by truth to do it very much after this fashion: to point out that Septimus Ajax Dix, if not quite a vagabond and exile, has at least cut himself off from his old routine of life because he has taken upon his shoulders the sins of some one else, some one closely related to the woman he thinks he loves. And having assumed this burden, he accepts with it all the consequences it entails; the necessity of playing his part consistently, before the eyes of the world, the necessity of cutting himself off from certain old associations that had once made up the joy of living; and hardest of all, silently bearing the wondering contempt of the woman for whom he has sacrificed himself, and who is incapable of understanding. And in the end, he awakens to a knowledge that the weary months through which he has bravely played his part have really been a blessing in disguise because they have gradually been paving the way to a better and finer and more genuine joy of life that has all the time been within arm's-length, waiting only for him to reach out and take it. Somehow, there is a familiar ring about this. It almost sounds like a twice-told tale. Of course, to those who dissect plots with the elaborate care that a geologist gives to the bones of a pterodactyl, it may seem a vastly important point of difference that the sinful relative of the lady *aux chers petits pieds* was her bankrupt father, while in the case of the woman whom Septimus Ajax Dix thought he loved it happened to be a frail and erring sister. But in either case, the articulation of the joints, the action of the story, moves along in quite the same fashion. The vital difference lies here: that in *The Belovéd Vagabond* we have a group of characters that refuse to be forgotten; Asticot, Blanquette de Veau, the Vagabond himself, have taken their places among those permanent friends in the world of fiction without whom life would be just so much the poorer. But in *Septimus*, however much we may smile at the time, over whimsicalities of speech and action, there is not a character for whom we would feel a greater desire for another meeting than for the fellow-travellers whom we face for a brief ten minutes in a trolley car. Probably if we did meet them, we should not be aware of it; but if ever we should meet Paragot, striding joyously along some rural by-way of France, even though he be no longer the Vagabond of old, but Paragot, the reformed Benedict, the landed proprietor, the father of a family, we should know him on the instant and joyously hail him by name.

And, in only slightly less measure this is also true of *The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne*. Less human in its appeal, depending more upon little flashes of irony than on the whimsical tenderness that is Mr. Locke's

most characteristic note, it nevertheless leaves an impression that abides. There is in it, more strongly than anywhere else, a certain flavor that is more Gallic than British, a sparkle that one must seek long to find in any other English novelist of to-day. It bears well the test of a second reading; not so well, to be sure, as *The Belovéd Vagabond*, but certainly much better than such volumes as *A White Dove*, *Idols* and *Derelicts*,—and emphatically better than *Septimus*.

And the reason? Well, no one, not even the author himself, can explain why one book has in it the spark of genius and another has not. But this at least can be said without fear of contradiction: that *Septimus* is curiously well adapted for the purposes of a popular serial, and that none of Mr. Locke's earlier volumes would have been nearly so well suited to this purpose. And secondly, that if for the sake of argument we should assume that Mr. Locke had set himself to study over all of his other books; to select from them such incidents and situations, such epigrams and paradoxes as had apparently caught the popular vote; and then with deliberate intention had built up a story that should embody all of these popular qualities, we might have expected the resulting volume to be something not greatly unlike *Septimus*. Not that *Septimus* is undeserving of its popularity. On the contrary, it is exactly the sort of book of which the crowd—Mr. Ruskin's crowd—might be expected to approve. And in fairness, let it be conceded that the book is not unworthy of a place among Mr. Locke's writings. It is even better than some of his very early productions. But the present tendency is to proclaim it as a sort of masterpiece, a crowning glory around the pinnacle of his recently achieved fame. A good many people of fair average intelligence will take this contention seriously. And that will be an infinite pity.

Philip Tillinghast.

ONEIROS

BY BRIAN HOOKER

Out of the hush and darkness of deep sleep
Your face came toward me: first a nebulous gleam
Like some dim star beheld with eyes that weep;
Then wavering nearer in a misty flame,
As the moon falters up through some dark stream,

When the wind moves at midnight. With you came
A breath of music, faint and far away;
And light and music somehow seemed the same—
The one, all hope that longing turns to fear;
The other, all men dream and dare not say.

Slowly the brightness broadened, and drew near,
And orb'd into the wonder of your face,
While the sound swelled and echoed, trembling-clear—
The minor dominant of a strong desire
Beating the sullen bars of time and space;

And with your coming, ever the sound rose higher,
Quivering with extremity of sweet;
And I could see your eyes; and the dim fire
That framed your face became your golden hair
Falling in streams of summer to your feet;

And the wild melody shook earth and air,
You ever drawing closer, till at last
Music and brightness grew too great to bear—
Then suddenly the yearning cadence caught
The chord it longed for, and I held you fast. . . .

Then the dream changed. Heavy with heat, and fraught
With sighs of slumbering roses, hung the gloom
Over us. Little breezes passed, and caught
Sweetness from bower and flower, and wandered on
Through murmuring groves and beds of hidden bloom.

Hard by, a marble palace rose, that shone
With pearly balconies and columns tall
Sprayed into arch like fountains turned to stone;
And from a lower window deep-embayed,
Two bars of yellow light streamed forth, to fall

On your white dress and shining head, and made
A saint of you, and passed unwillingly,
Paling to amber where they half displayed
Mysterious gardens darkling down to meet
The starlit laughter of the distant sea.

Down with the light came a swift, rhythmic beat
Of eager music, and the yellow bars
Were shaken and shaded, as the hurrying feet
Of dancers crossed the light. All throbbed in time—
The music and our hearts and the hot stars.

Woes of dead lovers in an ancient rhyme,
Deeds of dead heroes when the world was young,
Strife of great souls that strove in vain to climb
Steeps of sheer joy where only angels tread—
Ached in that music, finding heart and tongue.

And the old childhood feelings I thought dead
Came back upon me, seeming strange and new:
Love of I knew not what; and causeless dread;
And vague desire. All old things passed away
Returned fulfilled, and all found form in you.

Under a huge dim-towering tree I lay,
 You bending over me. I knew my sight
Had never fallen on your face by day;
 Yet had I known you well and sought you long,
Loved in forgotten dreams for many a night.

And you were soft and dear like an old song,
 And wild as moonlit clouds. Love strung to pain
Tightened your cheek and made your breath grow long
 And your lips brighten. Tears were in your eyes,
And in your hair the scent of summer rain.

And as I held you close, we seemed to rise
 And float away over the waves of sound,
And all things but ourselves were fantasies:
 Death an old lie; and life an empty quest;
And time a blind mole burrowing underground.

Then our eyes drew you down. Your warm lips pressed
 On mine with eager kisses. All the dark
Was full of you. Through your quick-panting breast
 I felt your heart slow beating against my own
Like the heat-pulses in a dying spark. . . .

Then the dream faded. Like a petal blown
 From some tall blossom, you floated down—your whole
Love in your eyes, and your bright arms up-thrown—
 Blurred to a hazy glimmer, far withdrawn,
So faint I only seemed to see your soul—

Faded, and flashed, and vanished. And the dawn
 Burst in upon me and I woke. Yet still
Truth seemed a shadow of the dream foregone,
 And all brave hopes your glamour cast before,
And all good thoughts the echo of your will.

And still you help me. Shall we meet once more,
Out of the hush and darkness of deep sleep,
In the day-world's tumultuous toil and war?

And if I find you—shall you ever be
As the warm firelight of my home to me,
Or some dim star beheld with eyes that weep?

Brian Hooker.

The Forum

MARCH, 1909

SUGGESTIONS FOR AMENDMENTS TO OUR PATENT LAW

BY ISAAC L. RICE

"The introduction of great inventions appears one of the most distinguished of human actions, and the ancients so considered it; for they assigned divine honors to the authors of inventions, but only heroic honors to those who displayed civil merit; such as the founders of cities and empires, legislators, the deliverers of their country from lasting misfortunes, the quellers of tyrants, and the like."—*Lord Bacon, quoted in "Walker on Patents."*

It is inherent in the nature of man and things that at times the question of production of wealth, and at others that of its distribution becomes paramount. In the early stages of a country's development the aim is to produce enough to make it independent of foreign production. When that period is measurably reached it is found advantageous, nevertheless, to continue the stimulation of production in order to gain the markets of the world. The inevitable postulate and result of such a policy is the concentration of wealth, and the inevitable consequence of this in turn is an agitation against concentrated wealth on the ground that it implies an unequal and therefore, presumably an unjust distribution. As monopoly constitutes such concentration in its most intense form, the agitation against unequal distribution of wealth finds its first expression in anti-monopoly legislation.

At the time when our constitution was adopted, this country was in the stage where the stimulation of production was a requisite of our existence, and as corollary to that, the encouragement of inventive genius to devise ways and means of making labor more and more productive, so that notwithstanding our scant population we might become self-sup-

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porting, and free from the trammels of commerce with Europe, then extremely onerous. To this end the following provision was inserted in that instrument:

Congress shall have power to promote the progress of science and useful arts by securing for limited time to inventors the exclusive rights to their respective discoveries. (Art. I, Sec. 8.)

This provision continued the policy that had been dominant in Great Britain on its emergence from feudalism. Although apparently in contradiction to the anti-monopolistic legislation coincident with the development of that monarchy into an industrial state, it was based on the conviction that inventions are the soul of industrial development, and that monopoly allowed in them for the purpose of encouraging them would have an effect diametrically opposite to that resulting from the financial monopolies that had been prevalent.

Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that monopolistic rights for whatever purpose granted act as a check upon the unlimited use of the objects of those rights, and that therefore producers naturally incline toward profiting from inventions without being hampered by such rights. And although the restrictions arising from patent laws are fundamentally similar to those arising from private property rights in general, preventing, as they do, one person from using for himself the property of another, in practice a distinction has arisen between the violation of patent rights as compared to rights of property of a more tangible character; in consequence of which, moral obloquy attaches to the thief who steals the purse of the inventor, containing the proceeds of a patent right that has been sold, while praise and rewards are dealt out to the enterprising person who steals a patent invention before it is converted into money. This shows that in practical life ethics and the decalogue are apt to count for little unless given vigor by positive law. If the property right in an object is well defined and the title to it fairly easy of demonstration, no matter whether the object be tangible or intangible, the fact that retribution can fairly be expected to follow the theft, causes moral obloquy to attach to the thief automatically. If a property right is ill defined and title difficult to establish, little or no protection is afforded by moral scruples.

An appeal to ethics therefore being useless, the question can be treated only from the point of view whether our country has arrived at the stage of production where inventions can safely be discouraged. That the policy now pursued tends to that end admits of no question. To make this evident to those who are unfamiliar with the subject it is only

necessary briefly to outline the usual history of an important patent after it leaves the patent office.

The vast majority of patents have indeed no history. They are either taken out by an enthusiastic inventor who believes that his improvement will revolutionize his art or by corporations who deem it wise to acquire as many patents as possible as additional protection to the basic inventions which they control. Patents such as these, which constitute the large majority of patents issued, are rarely infringed, and only occasionally crop up as minor factors in serious patent litigation. Should an invention, however, be an important one and the inventor succeed in finding capital to exploit it, then he is certain to discover that the more he has benefited the public the more his invention is likely to be a source of anxiety, trouble and loss, rather than of profit; for the more important the invention, the more it conflicts with existing methods of the art to which it is applicable, and the more its introduction will be opposed. Great effort and large capital must first be expended in order to convince the public of its usefulness, which expense, of course, must be borne entirely by the persons exploiting it. Out of the seventeen years' life of a patent it is not at all extravagant to say that more than half of that time is required to establish the invention commercially. However, when at last it is recognized as an improvement on existing methods, and has therefore become a necessity, then the next step is that all hands steal it, with every chance that the patent protecting it will be caught somewhere in the fine net of the litigation and either be declared invalid or so limited as to make evasion possible, and perhaps easy. In fact, the owners of a patent will long hesitate before attempting to assert their rights, as by doing so they risk all they have invested in the patent and its exploitation to the chances of a suit in which the law permits as many as twenty-seven defences.¹ Such a suit indeed is almost as haz-

¹*Walker on Patents*, enumerates them as follows:

"The defences which are pleadable in bar to an action, are very numerous in the patent law, and most of them are peculiar to this branch of jurisprudence. Where the facts appear to warrant so doing, a defendant may plead: 1. That the matter covered by the letters patent was not a statutory subject of a patent: or 2. That it was not an invention: or 3. That it was not novel at the time of its alleged invention: or 4. That it was not useful at that time: or 5. That the inventor actually abandoned the invention: or 6. That he constructively abandoned it, by not applying for a patent on it, during the time allowed by the statutes for such an application to be made: or 7. That the invention claimed in the original patent is substantially different from any indicated, suggested, or described in the original application therefor: or 8. That the patentee surreptitiously or unjustly obtained the patent for that which was in fact the invention of another, who was

ardous as a lottery. Its outcome may hang upon the impression made upon a court by the claim that the invention is not patentable, because of a publication in an old newspaper in some outlandish language, which the attorney for the defendant, in his scouring of the world for a plausible defence, may have detected, and on which a plausible argument in favor of anticipation may have been based; or it may happen that an invention which has revolutionized a particular trade impresses the court as one that any person with ordinary skill in that trade could have made if he had only thought of it, and for that reason not patentable; or it may even occur that an invention which has been eagerly adopted by every manufacturer engaged in the line to which it is applicable may, in the mind of the court, have been couched in language that does not disclose the invention, and therefore, the patent declared invalid; indeed the very expenditure on a large scale for the purpose of introducing an in-

using reasonable diligence in adapting and perfecting the same: or 9. That the invention was made by another jointly with the sole applicant: or 10. That it was made by one only of two or more joint applicants: or 11. That for the purpose of deceiving the public, the description and specification filed in the Patent Office was made to cover less than the whole truth relevant to the invention, or was made to cover more than was necessary to produce the desired effect: or 12. That the description of the invention in the specification is not in such full, clear, concise, and exact terms as to enable any person skilled in the art or science to which it appertains, or with which it is most nearly connected, to make, construct, compound, and use the same: or 13. That the claims of the patent are not distinct: or 14. That the patentee unreasonably delayed to enter a needed disclaimer: or 15. That the original patent was surrendered and reissued in the absence of every statutory foundation thereof: or 16. That the claims of the reissue patent in suit are broader than those of the original, and that the reissue was not applied for till a long time had elapsed after the original was granted: or 17. That the reissue patent in suit covers a different invention from any which the original patent shows was intended to be secured thereby: or 18. That the invention claimed in the original patent is substantially identical with an invention claimed in a prior patent granted on the application of the same inventor: or 19. That the patent was repealed: or 20. That the patent legally expired before the alleged infringement began, or before it ended: or 21. That the patentee made or sold specimens of the invention covered by his patent, without marking them 'patented,' and without notifying the defendant of his infringement: or 22. That the plaintiff has no title to the patent, or no such title as can enable him to maintain the action: or 23. That the defendant has a license, which authorized part or all of the doings which constitute the alleged infringement: or 24. That the defendant has a release, discharging him from liability on account of part or all of the alleged infringement: or 25. That the defendant is not guilty of any infringement of the patent upon which he is sued: or 26. That the plaintiff is estopped from enforcing any right of action against the defendant: or 27. That the cause of action sued upon, is partly or wholly barred by some statute of limitation."

vention may be used as an argument against the validity of a patent on the ground that it was not the invention but the capital invested in advertisements which caused its general adoption.

Nevertheless, as a general rule, the owners of every important patent are finally brought to the point where infringers who have stolen the invention not only deprive them of their monopoly, but are able to undersell them, as the patentees operate under greater cost on account of the expenses incurred by them in the purchase of the patent, and its exploitation during the periods when public demand had to be created and stimulated. When that point is reached, they are brought face to face with the dilemma of either losing their entire investment in the patent and its exploitation, or bringing suit. And now they are confronted with a procedure that seems to have been especially created and developed not to carry out but to nullify Section 8 of Article I of the Constitution.

The action begins like all others: by a complaint in which the plaintiff sets out his patent and prays for an injunction against the infringer and an accounting for the profits illegally made. This complaint is met by an answer in which the defendant sets up as many of the twenty-seven defences as can with even the slightest plausibility be dragged into the case. The trial then proceeds, but not in court. It is conducted entirely by the attorneys and is practically controlled by the defendant, whose policy is to delay the proceedings as much as possible in order that the expenses may exhaust the plaintiff's resources, or at any rate, keep him out of the enjoyment of the fruits of his patent for the longest possible period. The better to accomplish this purpose, his policy is to fill up the record with all sorts of irrelevant matter and examine witnesses in all parts of the world, irrespective of whether their testimony has any material bearing on the case. It is true that when the abuse becomes too flagrant a motion for relief may be made to the court, but it is also true that this motion consumes time and increases expense, and therefore is directly in aid of the interests of the defendant, as in the meantime the latter proceeds to exploit the invention, regardless of the patent, while its life goes on diminishing.

After thus dragging along for two or three years and building up a record consisting of a huge amount of testimony—very little of which probably would be admitted in a court of law as evidence if the trials were conducted in open court—when, at length, the matter comes to a hearing, the judge, who is trained as a lawyer and not as an expert in all the arts and sciences in the world, must wade through this mass, probably full of technical matters, with only such light as the attorneys of either side will give him in their arguments and briefs;

so that the respective ability of the attorneys plays a far greater part in the decision of these cases, than it does in cases depending upon principles of law applied to questions arising from the ordinary relations of life.

Moreover, quite frequently, the judge during the hearing asks a question affecting the validity of the patent, which occurs to him, but had never occurred to either of the parties or their experts or their lawyers during the years of the trial, and if the attorney of the plaintiff has not presence of mind enough to find a satisfactory answer on the spur of the moment (for, after all, the attorney is a lawyer and not an expert, and can be presumed to know the case only as far as testimony may have developed it), he becomes converted into an expert witness against his own side, and one of such weight that the huge mass of testimony gathered together at ruinous expense of time and money will go for naught, if the judge is under the impression that the question thus propounded and unsatisfactorily answered is the pivot on which the case turns.

But even if the patent passes, as it occasionally does, through this ordeal as well as all the previous ones, and is sustained, and an injunction issues restraining the defendant from further infringement, coupled with an accounting, the patentee has still a mountain of troubles before him. There is, first of all, an appeal to the Circuit Court of Appeals, and it is quite usual for the court to suspend the injunction and accounting during the time required for such an appeal, on the condition of a bond being given, usually fixed at a comparatively small amount, so as not to embarrass the infringer in the further exploitation of the invention pending the decision of the Appellate Court.

If the judgment be affirmed, there is still a long and dangerous road to be traversed by the patentee if he attempts to garner the fruits. Not only can every step of the accounting be contested in respect to the principles governing such proceeding, but the validity of the patent itself is again and constantly put in jeopardy, owing to the possibility of newly discovered evidence convincing the court that there is ground for reopening the entire matter, including the validity of the patent. But even if the patentee finally prevails against one infringer, the others can, nevertheless, proceed with manufacturing and selling the infringed device, though they reside in the same United States circuit in which a judgment in favor of the patent had been rendered, as such a judgment affects only the parties in the case; so that new suits must be brought against the other infringers, each of whom is in position to contest anew every step necessary again to establish the patent, and can

in the meantime continue to infringe, provided only that the court has been lenient enough to permit him so to continue on filing a bond.

It generally happens, moreover, that when an invention is of such importance that it is infringed in more than one circuit, it becomes necessary, in order to protect the patent, to carry on infringement suits simultaneously in more than one, and possibly in all of the circuits.

And now, as in each one of the suits the same procedure is followed, involving the same hazards, it is quite to be expected that a patent may be declared void in one circuit while sustained in all the others. If this occurs, owing to the fact that only the parties in litigation are affected by the judgments rendered, the doctrine of *res adjudicata* comes into play, which, not only renders the successful infringer immune in the circuit wherein the patent has been declared void, but extends this immunity to all the customers of the infringer, even though they reside in the circuits in which the patent had been declared valid. And if it should happen that the patentee as well as the successful infringer reside in the same circuit injunctions may be issued restraining the patentee from bringing suit against the infringer, in the circuits wherein the patent has been declared valid, on affidavits of the successful infringer to the effect that the other infringers are his customers. To all intents and purposes the successful infringer now becomes a tenant-in-common of the patent with and enjoys equal rights with the patentee, and thus our patent law, intended to carry out the constitutional provision for the protection of inventors, not only falls short of doing this, but in certain circumstances actually deprives the inventor of his monopoly and confers it on the thief of his invention. These circumstances arise when the patentee, having paid large sums for the invention and expended still larger ones in improvements necessary to make the invention commercial and cause its adoption, and having in addition to all this an obligation to pay heavy royalties, succumbs in the competition with the infringer who never paid for the invention, nor its improvements, nor for its exploitation, and is free from royalties. That he must succumb under such conditions is an inevitable law of trade and universally recognized ever since the case of the rival broomsellers known to fame, one of whom stole his brooms and therefore had no trouble in underselling his competitor and monopolizing the trade.

There can be no question but that a law which brings about such a state of affairs is unrighteous, and ought to be either repealed or amended. If we have reached a period in our industrial development where the production of wealth has become a secondary consideration

and should be retarded rather than stimulated, as a postulate of a more equal distribution, and therefore legal monopolies having for their objects the encouragement of production should no longer be granted, then, of course, the time has come to repeal our patent laws.

If, on the other hand, the means of securing constantly increasing production under most favorable economic conditions is considered paramount to the methods of distribution of the wealth produced, then our endeavor must be to stimulate invention and encourage inventors by legislation that will carry out in letter and spirit the constitutional provision relating to patents, and not delude ourselves with makeshifts that become traps to ensnare the unwary. We must not seek to turn the inventor's bread into stone, but in exchange for the benefits which he confers upon us, in increasing our productive capacity, we must give him an adequate consideration by permitting him for a brief period to have as full an enjoyment of the monopoly of his invention as of the monopoly which he possesses of the watch in his pocket, and we should protect him against the thieves of his invention as surely as we protect him in the ownership of his watch against pickpockets.

To accomplish this requires indeed a complete change of the theory which now underlies our patent law, viz., that a patent monopoly is a private privilege derogatory to the personal rights of each individual affected by it, and that therefore the right to the privilege must be established anew against every individual contesting it, by suits *in personam*. From this false theory, all the incongruities and iniquities of our patent law flow as logical consequences. The very contrary is true: a patent is an obligation assumed by the public for a valuable consideration which it must enforce as a public duty against all infractors; and the proceedings relating to patents should therefore be *in rem*. That is to say, before the public definitely assumes the obligation, it must be definitely ascertained whether the claimant is entitled to be considered an inventor and whether the public is benefited by the invention, and this once ascertained and established, the patent should be held good and valid against the world.

In order to accomplish this, it seems to me necessary to enact an amendatory law which should embrace the following provisions:

I. The establishment in Washington of a federal court having all the powers of a court of chancery invested with exclusive original and appellate jurisdiction throughout the United States in patent and kindred causes, whose process shall run throughout the United States and its possessions.

II. The publication of an official weekly patent gazette containing

in extenso all patents granted within the preceding week and which shall be open to subscription or for sale in single numbers.

III. All grants of patents to be provisional for a period of six months and subject during such period to proceedings for annulment on part of the public.

IV. All persons desiring to obtain a decree for the annulment of any patent to file severally with the clerk of the court a complaint containing the allegations claimed to constitute grounds for annulment. Such grounds should be fixed by law, well defined, and under principles easy of application, since by the publication of the invention incident to the granting of a patent the patentee loses his property therein for the benefit of the public, and therefore annulment is tantamount to confiscation.

V. Upon the filing of any complaint, the clerk shall immediately notify the patentee by mail of such complaint and also cause to be served upon him a copy thereof. Within two months after such service the patentee shall file his answer and the clerk shall likewise cause a copy thereof to be served upon the complainant, after which service the case shall be placed upon the calendar and brought to trial within nine months after the grant upon all the complaints simultaneously. If the complaints are numerous, the court shall upon application of the patentee appoint a special master in chancery to collate and marshal the issues, and the court during trial may make such rulings as may be proper to prevent cumulative testimony. If the state of the calendar is such that the case is not likely to be reached within that time, then upon motion by any of the parties, any judge of the court may appoint a master in chancery vested with all the powers of the court for the purpose of conducting such trial.

VI. At such trial, the parties shall appear with their experts and witnesses, who shall be examined orally, and shall produce such testimony as may have been taken by commission under special authority of the court upon issues of fact, and the case shall be heard uninterruptedly during court hours until completed, whether the same be before a judge or before a master. If the trial is had before a master, he shall file his report within three months after such trial, and such report shall have the effect of a final decree unless disapproved by the court within thirty days thereafter, and a new trial granted.

VII. The decree may sustain the validity of the patent, may amend it so as to conform with the evidence, or may annul it. Any of the parties may appeal from the decree to the Appellate Division of the Court within sixty days after service of the entry thereof, which

service shall be caused to be made upon all the parties by the clerk of the court. If upon the hearing of such appeal any judge may find it necessary to ask questions of the counsel of either party, which cannot be answered by the testimony of record, such counsel shall be entitled to subpoena further witnesses for examination before the appellate division on the points to be elucidated; and such testimony shall form part of the record as though it had been originally given in the trial of the case.

VIII. In the absence of any proceedings for annulment of a provisional patent for the space of six months after its grant, or upon entry of a final decree, the issue of the patent shall take place, and upon such issue it shall be held valid against the world and subject only to cancellation on the ground of subsequently discovered fraud.

IX. In the event of any infringement of a patent, the patentee may bring suit against the infringer in the patent court for an injunction and an accounting, and on proper affidavits shall be entitled to a preliminary injunction restraining the infringement of the patent *pendente lite*, the only defence permitted in such a suit to be that of non-infringement.

X. In order to prevent a patent from ruining existing industries, persons affected may petition the court for a compulsory license, and upon the patentee being heard the court may, where the evidence sustains the petition, in its discretion, order the patentee to give the licenses prayed for, but only on terms which in the opinion of the court will afford the patentee ample remuneration and provide for amortization.

XI. The duration of a patent should date from the final issue, and be limited to seven years, with the right on part of the patentee to obtain two several renewals of five years each.

XII. As under the proposed legislation patent rights would become valuable property, the fees should be sufficiently high to defray at least all the expenses connected with the maintenance of the patent office and of the patent court. They should be so graded as to be comparatively low for the provisional grant, considerably higher for the final issue, and correspondingly increased for each renewal.

Isaac L. Rice.

THE INCOMING OF TAFT'S ADMINISTRATION

BY HENRY LITCHFIELD WEST

ON the fourth of March William Howard Taft, of Ohio, will take the oath of office under the white dome of the United States Capitol and, returning to the White House amid the applause of hundreds of thousands of American citizens, will enter upon his administration as President of the United States.

On the morning of the fourth of March it will be President Roosevelt; on the afternoon of the fourth of March it will be President Taft.

The
Inaugura-
tion

One ruler will be speeding away to hunt in the wilds of Africa and another ruler will have taken up the reins of government. The country will feel no shock. The wheels of government will revolve with steady and monotonous whirr, even though another hand is on the lever. Relations with foreign nations will remain unchanged. Business will proceed without interruption and not only in the remote villages, but in the busy cities, the tide of human affairs will surge on with only a passing interest in the event in Washington. The truth of these statements does not, however, detract one iota from the significance and interest of the spectacle. Viewed with an analytical and observing eye, it recalls the fact that seventy millions of people have registered their will at the polls and that the judgment of the majority is finding its concrete expression in the elevation of an untitled citizen to the high office of President of the United States. On the fourth of March partisanship is forgotten. Patriotism takes its place and a shower of good wishes falls upon the new executive.

It augurs well for the stability of our republican institutions that these political revolutions can be so peacefully and even joyously accomplished. Even when control passes from one party to another, as when Mr. Cleveland succeeded Mr. Arthur, there is no disturbance. In the present instance, when Mr. Taft is the avowed disciple of the doctrines in which President Roosevelt so thoroughly believed, the danger of transition is reduced to a minimum. We know that honorable peace is certain to be maintained, that the economic policy of the government is not to be altered in principle, that the laws are to be administered with firmness, justice and strict impartiality, and that there cannot be any radical departure from the conditions which have contributed to prosperity during the past twelve years. The incoming of the new adminis-

tration is, therefore, accompanied by a universal note of confidence. The skies are blue, no danger threatens. The ship of state is to sail over a well-charted sea and both commander and crew are experienced and competent.

At the same time, there is a natural interest attaching to a change of administration. What are the personal traits and predilections of the new President? What are his beliefs, his policies, his attitude toward men and things? These are questions which invite some consideration. Upon the answers depends the success or failure of an administration.

"If I am elected President," said Mr. Taft in a speech at Sandusky last September, "I propose to devote all the ability that is in me to the constructive work of suggesting to Congress the means by which the Roosevelt policies shall be clinched."

**Will
Continue
Roosevelt's
Work**

Thus, first of all, we find that the purpose of the new President is to continue the work so effectively begun by Mr. Roosevelt. What, in particular, is to be done in this direction? Mr. Taft himself answers the question. "The chief function of the next administration, in my judgment," he said in his speech to the notification committee, "is distinct from, and a progressive development of, that which has been performed by President Roosevelt. The chief function of the next administration is to complete and perfect the machinery by which these standards may be maintained, by which the law-breakers may be promptly restrained and punished, but which shall operate with sufficient accuracy and dispatch to interfere with legitimate business as little as possible." If we go still further into detail we find that Mr. Taft would have the Interstate Commerce Commission relieved of its jurisdiction as an executive and directing body and would limit its functions to the quasi-judicial investigation of complaints. He would have corporations which possess the power and opportunity to effect illegal restraints of trade and monopolies subjected to registry and to proper publicity regulations and the supervision of the Department of Labor. We find, in fact, that Mr. Taft has closely observed and followed the preachings and the practices of President Roosevelt and that he will enter the White House fully imbued with the spirit of his predecessor. "Unlawful trusts," he says, "should be restrained with all the efficiency of injunctive process, and the persons engaged in maintaining them should be punished with all the severity of criminal prosecution, in order that the methods pursued in the operation of their business shall be brought within the law." Surely this is a sentence which Theodore Roosevelt might have penned.

It being apparent, therefore, that the chief aim of the new administration will be to tread in the footsteps of Mr. Roosevelt, it will be interesting to discuss whether Mr. Taft can anticipate a fair measure of success in his undertaking. Viewing the situation from every standpoint he ought not to contemplate the future with any misgiving. He is equipped with the three essentials for success—ability, courage and experience. No one doubts his ability. From the day when he began work as assistant prosecuting attorney in his native State until he achieved the stability of the Philippine possessions he demonstrated the great capacity of his mind. Courage he does not lack. Early in life, so the story goes, he thrashed a blackmailing editor who slandered his father and in his later years he never failed to express his convictions with equal force, though perhaps in less spectacular fashion. As for experience, what man in the United States has served in such varied capacities? His activities have been almost kaleidoscopic. Prosecuting attorney, collector of internal revenue, lawyer, solicitor-general, judge upon a federal circuit, governor of the Philippines, secretary of war, adjuster of grave and delicate international questions, globe-girdler—even this formidable list does not convey an adequate idea of Mr. Taft's accomplishments. It is no exaggeration to say that there is no man in public or private life in the United States so completely fitted for the duties of President as Mr. Taft. The reins of government are not unfamiliar to his hands. He has dealt with all sorts and conditions of men. He has approached public questions both from the standpoint of the executive and the judicial.

The only omission in Mr. Taft's busy life is a legislative training. He has never served in any State or in the federal legislature. He has administered laws and he has construed them; he has never helped to make them. While this is true, it is also a fact that he has been brought into close contact with legislative bodies and is certainly familiar with their point of view. It is especially fortunate that he is *en rapport* with Congress. The late President McKinley, who went from the House of Representatives into the White House, was a signal example of a President actually beloved by the men upon whom he was compelled to rely for the enactment of laws which, in his judgment, were demanded by the public interest. Mr. Taft may not enjoy so intimate a relation with Congress, but there is no gainsaying the fact that he is accorded its most friendly regard. This is a factor of no small importance. The Democratic party came very near to being shattered through the hostility which existed between President Cleveland and the Congress which he had upon his

hands, to quote his own sarcastic phrase, while President Roosevelt, in the closing days of his administration, was embarrassed by a Congress somewhat estranged. It is a matter of no small concern, therefore, that Mr. Taft enters upon his duties with the friendly feeling of Congress, and it is safe to say that, with his great tactfulness, he will retain this affection until the end of his term. The significance of this situation lies in the fact that his recommendations as to legislation will receive the thoughtful and considerate attention of the national legislature and will, so far as may be possible, be enacted into law.

President Taft will summon Congress to his assistance at the very beginning of his administration. That body will be called to meet in
**Revision of
the Tariff
Imminent.** extraordinary session in the early part of the present month. Mr. Taft, in a special message, will invite the attention of the legislature to the necessity for revising the tariff, and several months will be spent in the consideration of this important subject.

The changes in the tariff which are now to be secured have been long postponed. The demand for revision has been insistent for many years, but the men who regarded the present schedules as the quintessence of perfection have been able to neutralize public insistence by deliberate inaction. The revisionists won a signal victory, however, when they secured the adoption of a plank in the last Republican national platform declaring unequivocally "for the revision of the tariff by a special session of Congress immediately following the inauguration of the next President." Four years previously, when the convention of 1904 was in session, there was only the remotest reference to possible changes.

Now, however, the work must be undertaken; and if a thorough and satisfactory result is not achieved, there is certain to be widespread criticism. The Republican doctrine of protection is that a tariff shall be imposed upon all imported products, whether of the factory, farm or mine, sufficiently great to equal the difference between the cost of production abroad and at home, and that this difference should, of course, include the difference between the higher wages paid in this country and the wages paid abroad and embrace a reasonable profit to the American producer. Mr. Taft, who has been a consistent tariff revisionist, insists that these ideal conditions do not now exist. "The tariff in a number of the schedules," he says, "exceeds the difference between the cost of production abroad and at home, including a reasonable profit to the American producer. The excess over that difference serves no useful purpose, but offers a temptation to those who would

monopolize the production and the sale of those articles in this country to profit by the excessive rate. On the other hand, there are other schedules in which the tariff is not sufficiently high to give the measure of protection which they should receive upon Republican principles, and as to those the tariff should be raised."

Judging from the experience of the past, the natural tendency will be to find a large number of these industries requiring protection and to give willing ear to the appeal of the tariff-fed monopolies that their future existence depends upon the maintenance of the high schedules under which they have so selfishly fattened. It will be interesting to see whether Congress will have the moral courage to deprive these monopolies of the food upon which they have grown so great. The opportunity will certainly present itself. Mr. Taft does not know and could hardly be expected to know all the intricacies of the manifold schedules, but if he will insist that no larger measure of protection be accorded than is requisite to the fair degree of profit which, according to his view, is the main reason for imposing a tariff, he will confer a notable boon upon the American people. A few inquiries, judiciously interpolated during the framing of the tariff bill, will acquaint him with the basis of the proposed legislation and enable him to exercise a restraining hand against the granting of excessive privilege.

The result of the election plainly demonstrated that organized labor, as a body, did not regard Mr. Taft with disfavor, notwithstanding the antagonistic attitude of a few of the leaders. Consequently, it seems almost trite to say that organized labor does not look upon Mr. Taft's entrance into the White House as being in any way detrimental to its interests. It is true that Mr. Taft is not a partisan of the labor unions. He has asserted with brief emphasis that there is a large body of laborers, skilled and unskilled, who are not organized into unions, but whose rights under the law are exactly the same as those of the union men and are to be protected with the same care and watchfulness. Any one familiar with his judicial decisions recognizes that this spirit of equal justice to all is uppermost in Mr. Taft's mind. Such legislation as he may recommend will, therefore, be in the interest of all labor and not for the especial benefit of such working men as may hold a membership card in a union.

As a matter of fact, but little remains in the way of labor legislation which Congress is likely to enact, for it may be taken for granted that the extreme demands insisted upon by organized labor will not be en-

acted into law. There is already a statute allowing the employee to recover damages even if he is somewhat negligent; the eight hour law for government employees and applying also to government construction has been in operation for some years; compensation for injury to government employees has already been provided for, and, last but not least, Congress has compelled the railroads to install safety appliances for the protection of train men. In addition to these laws, which Mr. Taft favorably regards, he will support legislation designed to afford notice and hearing before the issuance of an injunction. He also declared himself in favor of a law which shall exactly define the rights of both parties in a labor controversy. He is also willing that any person charged with the violation of an order of injunction shall have the right under law to appeal to some judge other than the one who issued the injunction for a trial of the case. "I admit," said Mr. Taft, "that there is a very popular feeling that in contempt proceedings, and the very name of the proceedings suggests it, the judge issuing the injunction has a personal sensitiveness in respect to its violation and therefore he does not bring to the trial of the issue presented by the charge of contempt of his order the calm, judicial mind which insures justice."

These things Mr. Taft will approve; but all heaven and earth could not bring him to believe that it would be wise to institute jury trials in cases where contempt of court is charged. This is one demand of labor that he will not bring to the attention of Congress with favorable endorsement. He regards the proposition as the most insidious attack upon the judicial system ever made in the history of this country; and any one who knows Mr. Taft's supreme regard for the courts knows that he would sooner suffer the loss of his right arm than contribute, even indirectly, to anything which could lessen the authority of the judges of the land.

Speaking in general terms, the incoming administration will be less tumultuous than the one which is just closing. While similar in many respects, being alike in their devotion to high ideals and in their courageous grappling with great and troublesome problems, Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft are men of different temperament. The one is impulsive and belligerent, the other is judicial and placid. One is radical, the other conservative. Both are firm, but the one plants his foot upon the ground with a thunderous reverberation, while the other steps securely with velvet tread.

It is difficult to imagine Mr. Taft, for instance, rushing into a con-

trovery in the fashion which, more than once, has attracted the attention of the country during the past seven years. He has the legal mind, which leads him to weigh carefully what he does and says, although when his decision has been reached there is the full measure of determination necessary to carry his purpose into full effect. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft may both reach the same conclusion; but Mr. Roosevelt arrives at his judgment by one spectacular and even hazardous leap, while Mr. Taft approaches his decision by carefully reasoning out each step of his progress. The two men have, in fact, distinct temperaments, although, in practical result, they may both accomplish great work. In the long run, Mr. Taft will make fewer mistakes.

There is another trait of Mr. Taft's character which deserves consideration. His geniality is known to all who have met him. He has a keen sense of humor—the saving grace of humor, as Emerson says—and his laugh is hearty and sincere. At the same time he is never undignified. He is pleasant and companionable always, but even as a private citizen in the circle of his most familiar friends he does not lose self-control. He is not as strenuous in his devotion to athletic sports as Mr. Roosevelt, contenting himself with golf and preferring the comfort of the tonneau to the inconvenience of the saddle. He is a ready writer and speaker, and his voice has a magnetic quality which appeals to the ear. In his manner he is democratic and approachable. Above all, he is possessed of tact and common-sense. The latter, after all, is a prime requisite. In the solution of the many problems which are presented to the chief executive, right judgment is absolutely necessary; and this characteristic is, after all, founded upon the possession, only too rare, of a brain which is active, clear and calm. Mr. Taft has a brain of this quality. His mental vision pierces quickly through the fog and mist of abstract and abstruse questions and sees the substance lying beyond. He does not worry unnecessarily, because he is naturally optimistic; and yet he does not deal superficially with affairs nor lack in studious consideration.

There is every reason to believe, therefore, that the administration of Mr. Taft will mean much in the advancement of the country. He has been tried and not found wanting; and inasmuch as he has done well in all the lesser things, there ought to be no misgiving as to his creditable and safe service in the future.

Henry Litchfield West.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN PORTO RICO

BY ROLAND P. FALKNER

Commissioner of Education for Porto Rico, 1904-07

WHENEVER, as a result of war and conquest, two distinct races with different tongues, traditions, and mental habits find themselves linked together as one body politic in the same region, the language question in the public schools is a source of vexation and infinite irritation. A happy combination of circumstances has shorn the problem in Porto Rico of many of the difficulties which usually surround it.

Porto Rico, indeed, fell into our hands as the result of war, but unresistingly and without stirring up the passions which war commonly engenders. Among the people of the Island, the American troops were deemed not conquerors but liberators. American administration of civil affairs followed as a natural consequence and was adopted without serious protest. It is undoubtedly true that the relatively large share of the American element in the insular administration is not welcome to all, and that many of the people look upon us as intruders. One of the leading men of the Island said recently, in a public address, "There is a patriotism of the heart—of sentiment—which resents the presence of the stranger on Porto Rican soil, but there is a higher patriotism of the mind—of reason—which recognizes the necessity of American sovereignty for the well-being of the Island." This intellectual conviction, which in the long run triumphs over the temporary ebullitions of hostility, which race differences inevitably beget, has been a primary factor in smoothing the way for the American administration in school matters, as in everything else.

The spirit of the administration, though oft-times misunderstood, has on the whole compelled the respect and sometimes the admiration of the Porto Rican people. That there is any deep-seated affection for us among them would be absurd to assert and probably most foolish to expect. Affection between different races is a rare phenomenon in history if it has ever occurred. A mutual respect which bears fruit in mutual forbearance is the limit to which the relations of two races can be expected to go.

These general considerations aid in explaining the evolution of the language question in the schools of Porto Rico, and find practical exemplification in this phase of our administration.

American institutions were welcomed by the people of Porto Rico, not, of course, because they were American, but because they were demo-

cratic. In a vague, general way they admired the nation's care for the children in its schools, which is so striking a feature of our political life. A reorganization of the school system in accord with American institutions was one of the first things looked for in the new order of things. The military government recognized the need and made important beginnings, which were continued by the civil administration established in 1900.

It was obvious that political conditions had brought a new factor into the school situation, namely, the English language. A place must be created for it in the school curriculum, but what should the place be? Upon what principles should it be based and what purposes should the new instruction pursue?

No one dreamed of displacing the Spanish language either in the schools or in the life of the people. As Porto Rico is already densely populated, and as it cannot be expected that the population originating in the United States would ever be numerically important, it would be practically impossible for the English language to crowd out the Spanish. Moreover, it would be highly undesirable. No reasonable ground could be brought forward for depriving the people of their heritage of the Spanish tongue, with all its grace and beauty, and its adaptation to the daily needs of a people of an imaginative and poetic temperament. Yet the new relations with the United States, destined to grow more and more intimate, made it highly desirable that the educated classes should use both languages with equal facility. Commercial, political, and social intercourse with the people of the United States will be greatly facilitated by a general knowledge of English. Nor can it be doubted that the attainment of a bi-lingual state would contribute powerfully to the intellectual progress of the people. The possession of more than one idiom is an element of culture not to be despised, however imperfect may be the comprehension of the acquired tongue.

If these results can be obtained it must be largely through the schools. They are the standard bearers of the new sovereignty, called to the important duty of bringing to the people of Porto Rico a knowledge of the language of the United States, and with it, of its history, its institutions and its ideals. If we may borrow a phrase from current shoptalk in school circles, the object of English instruction is in the highest degree that of co-ordination. It has also that function in a humble and more practical way—namely, that of co-ordinating the school instruction of Porto Rico with the institutions of higher learning in the United States. Colleges and professional schools do not exist in Porto Rico; and in this transition period of the Island's development it is perhaps as well that

they do not, since students who go to the States gain not only the advantages of a better equipment than the Island could hope to afford, but also first-hand acquaintance with our institutions. To do this without loss of time they must be well grounded in the English language before they leave the Island.

The actual development of English instruction in the schools of Porto Rico is interesting because it has not been a forced growth, but a natural and unconscious evolution. The outcome is the result of the competition of different methods. Such competition was not planned by the school authorities, but grew up without their being conscious of its significance. Six or seven years ago it would have seemed an utterly foolish prophecy that in the year 1908 practically all the schools of the towns and villages would be using the English language as the medium of instruction—and yet this has come to pass quietly, unobtrusively, and with the full approval and consent of the Porto Rican people.

Our first school efforts in the Island may be described as an attempt to Americanize the Spanish school. We took from it little by little everything except its language. The books we used were American textbooks translated—and sometimes very badly translated—into Spanish. We placed everywhere American teachers as supervisors. At the outset they knew little Spanish, comprehended but dimly what was going on around them, and not infrequently made themselves ludicrous. But the idea was a good one and the execution of it improved as the years went on. These American supervisors were generally young and vigorous men, trained in our public schools of the States, sometimes the graduates of Normal Schools, more frequently of colleges. In later years they have been appointed only after a year or more residence on the Island, and have as a rule acquired such command of the Spanish language as the needs of the position required. Their principal work has been to infuse into the schools the methods and spirit of the American public schools. It has been said of them that they did not know the Island and its needs, and in some few cases this may have been true—but it is equally true that they knew schools in a sense that no Porto Rican could have known them a few years ago.

To the supervisor we joined the teacher of English. Wherever there was a group of four or more classes, an American teacher was sent to teach the English language. Every day, he or she, for the American woman teacher has had a large share in the work, met the several classes and gave them lessons in English, and once a week taught the teachers assembled from the entire district. The work was hard and often unprofitable. Teachers came to us with excellent records from the States,

who often fizzled out completely when it came to the task of teaching their mother tongue to foreigners. Sometimes we failed to get the best teachers. The way was long, the compensation scanty, and the opportunity, except when it appealed to some adventurous spirits eager to escape the humdrum of life at home, did not attract the best teachers from the States. Sometimes, too, the adventurous spirits drooped when they found that they had only exchanged one monotony for another, and left us often at the point when their services were beginning to be effective.

Despite all discouragements the teachers of English did a good work. The bright spot was the progress made by the Porto Rican teachers. The translation method of instruction used universally at the outset was naturally more effective with these adult scholars than with the immature pupils of the schools. Many a teacher of English can look back with pride to some bright teachers among the Porto Ricans who gained a knowledge of English from which sprang lasting friendships. This work was destined to have good fruit. In a vague way it was felt that the Porto Rican children could best be reached through their own teachers, but it may well be doubted whether the school authorities who established this system realized that in a few years it would give such splendid results. They discounted the zeal, the industry and the capacity of the better class of Porto Rican teachers. Whatever credit is assigned to the Americans who as supervisors and teachers directed the work, it would be unjust not to give due meed of praise to the Porto Rican teachers under whose conduct so much advance has been made in the schools of Porto Rico.

But our efforts to teach English to the pupils under this system bore no fruit commensurate with the effort. It is true that we abandoned translations and gave our teaching by the direct and natural method. But the teaching came but once or twice a day, and remained a thing apart from the general routine of the school. It was practically an "extra," as the boarding schools are prone to designate music and the like. The attempt to graft English instruction upon a Spanish system of schools led in short to little practical knowledge of the English language. It had its place as a study, but it was not to the children a living thing.

The Americanized Spanish school—for we had made such fundamental changes in methods that the term is a proper one—found a competitor in the American school. We must now trace the origin of these American schools taught wholly in the English language. In following out the policy of furnishing a preparation for those pupils who wished

to pursue advanced studies in the United States, high schools were established in San Juan, Ponce and Mayaguez. In them English had for practical reasons a much larger scope than in the elementary schools. In the first instance, there was a Spanish section and an English section in these schools. The Spanish section was soon dropped and English became the exclusive language of the high schools. As feeders for the high school, graded schools were established taught wholly in English by American teachers. They soon came to be known in the community as American schools. From the outset they were very popular and there was always great pressure for admittance to them. There was a large body of parents ambitious to have their children taught in the English language and appreciative of the advantages which would accrue from a larger command of that tongue than would be gained in the other schools. Spanish schools and English schools existed side by side and the people voluntarily chose the English schools. This is the significant fact in the evolution of the language question in Porto Rico and the steps by which the exception became the rule are not uninteresting.

In the capital city of San Juan the first step was taken in 1903. The graded school attached to the high school was unable to accommodate all the children who wanted to enter it. The school board of the city, of its own motion, proposed that another American school be established. As funds were low in the insular treasury, it offered to pay from its own funds the salaries of half the teachers. The teachers were equally divided between Porto Ricans and Americans. The Porto Rican teachers selected had been in the United States and had acquired an excellent command of English. They were the first Porto Ricans authorized to teach in the language, but they were exceptionally qualified. The experiment worked well. In the city of Ponce there had been a like demand upon the resources and capacity of the American school. It was overcrowded and there were many who felt themselves aggrieved by being refused admittance. They had, too, a real grievance, since they were not so well prepared for high school work as those who attended the American school. Such distinctions led to bitterness, and the Superintendent of Schools in 1904 conceived the bold plan of placing all the schools of the city on an English basis. He assured the Board of Education that he had several Porto Rican teachers ready to give their lessons in English and that others could soon be trained to do so. With some misgivings, he was allowed to try his experiment, and the fall of 1904 opened with all the children of Ponce learning their daily tasks in the language of the United States. Such an experiment was bound to have weak spots and there were certain defects of organization which

subsequent experience has corrected. But by and large it was a splendid success. It was indeed feared that the learning of a new idiom would put the children back a year or more in their studies, but experience showed this fear to be groundless. The effort of attention necessary to understand the language resulted in increased concentration on the subject-matter of instruction and pupils advanced normally in their grades. Most significant was the demonstration that many of the Porto Rican teachers had made sufficient advance in English to use that language as a medium of instruction. The seeds planted by an earlier administration had indeed borne fruit. Careful supervision was more necessary than before, and heroic effort had indeed to be made to eliminate faults of pronunciation and enunciation among the new teachers. But they bore the test splendidly, and those who visit the schools of Ponce to-day marvel at the results.

In the same year San Juan adopted English as the school language in half of its schools, and in the following year in all of them. A more rational organization of the grades attached to the high schools was adopted, those grades taught by American teachers becoming grammar schools. Instruction in the first year was given generally in Spanish, but in all the higher grades in English. Up to the fifth grade the work was entrusted to Porto Rican teachers; in the upper grades, requiring a more extensive vocabulary, American teachers being employed. Special care was now given to Spanish as a subject of study and special teachers of that language were employed to give instruction in those grades where the regular work was in charge of American teachers.

The transformation in the two chief towns of the Island was completed in September, 1905. Little by little other towns followed as opportunity offered. The central administration was besieged by propositions from superintendents and school boards to place the schools on an English basis. But haste was made slowly. The authorization could not be given until teachers were available for the purpose. Examinations were instituted to test the fitness of the Porto Rican teachers to do their work in English. An astonishing number qualified for this work. Many of them are of the younger generation, graduates of the American schools and of the Insular normal school, but there is a very considerable quota of the older teachers who adapted themselves to this new development.

As a result of these changes the school system in the towns and villages has been wholly transformed. The American school, with the help of the Porto Rican teachers, has practically crowded out the Americanized Spanish school. In 1905 there were 74 schools taught in Eng-

lish; in 1906, 160; and in 1907, 389. In the meantime the number of American teachers has diminished rather than increased. The main work has been accomplished by the Porto Rican teachers, of whom 280 were giving their regular work in the English language in 1907. As there were about 500 graded schools in the Island, English has become the dominant language of the town schools. Not the least significant feature of this remarkable development has been the fact that it has been accomplished with the full approbation and consent of the Porto Rican people. This finds expression in bills introduced in the House of delegates fixing dates when *all* the schools shall be taught exclusively in the English language. Porto Rican teachers authorized to teach in the English language are a separate category of teachers. The assignment of teachers to a given locality is on petition of the local board. The central administration is powerless to impose this form of instruction upon any locality which does not want it. It cannot be introduced except upon local demand. But that demand in the last three years has been insistent and gratifying, as is the progress recorded; it would have been still greater had the central administration been able to comply more fully with local wishes.

If the object of our administration of our dependencies is to bring them in closer touch with the nation at large, may we not regard the evolution of the school language in Porto Rico as a singularly happy contribution to this end? And in so believing we need not puff ourselves up by asserting that it is due to any statesmanlike foresight. We simply had the good sense not to force matters, and scarcely realizing it, we offered to the people of Porto Rico a choice. The people of Porto Rico had good sense to make a wise choice.

Roland P. Falkner.

PLEASANT AND UNPLEASANT PLAYS

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

THE clever title, *Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant*, which Mr. Bernard Shaw selected for the earliest issue of his dramatic writings, suggests a theme of criticism that Mr. Shaw, in his lengthy prefaces, might profitably have considered if he had not preferred to devote his entire space to a discussion of his own abilities. In explanation of his title the author stated only that he labelled his first three plays Unpleasant for the reason that "their dramatic power is used to force the spectator to face unpleasant facts." This sentence, of course, is not a definition, since it merely repeats the word to be explained; and therefore, if we wish to find out whether or not an unpleasant play is of any real service in the theatre, we shall have to do some thinking of our own.

The Pursuit of Happiness

It is an axiom that all things in the universe are interesting. The word *interesting* means *capable of awakening some activity of human mind*; and there is no imaginable topic, whether pleasant or unpleasant, which is not, in one way, or another, capable of this effect. But the activities of the human mind are various, and there are therefore several different sorts of interest. The activity of mind awakened by music over waters is very different from that awakened by the binomial theorem. Some things interest the intellect, others the emotions; and it is only things of prime importance that interest them both. Now if we compare the interest of pleasant and unpleasant topics, we shall see at once that the activity of mind awakened by the former is more complete than that awakened by the latter. A pleasant topic not only interests the intellect but also elicits a response from the emotions; but most unpleasant topics are interesting to the intellect alone. In so far as the emotions respond at all to an unpleasant topic, they respond merely with a negative activity. Regarding a thing which is unpleasant, the healthy mind will feel aversion, or else will merely think about it with no feeling whatsoever. But regarding a thing which is pleasant, the mind may be stirred through the entire gamut of positive emotions, rising ultimately to that supreme activity which is Love. This is, of course, the philosophic reason why the thinkers of pleasant thoughts and dreamers of beautiful dreams stand higher in history than those who have thought unpleasantness and have imagined woe.

Returning now to that clever title of Mr. Shaw's, we may define an unpleasant play as one which interests the intellect without at the same

time awakening a positive response from the emotions; and we may define a pleasant play as one which not only stimulates thought but also elicits sympathy. To any one who has thoroughly considered the conditions governing theatric art it should be evident *a priori* that pleasant plays are better suited for service in the theatre than unpleasant plays. This truth is clearly illustrated by the facts of Mr. Shaw's career. As a matter of history, it will be remembered that his vogue in our theatres has been confined almost entirely to his pleasant plays. All four of them have enjoyed a profitable run; and it is to *Candida*, the best of his pleasant plays, that, in America at least, he owes his fame. Of the three unpleasant plays, *The Philanderer* has never been produced at all; *Widower's Houses* has been given only in a series of special matinées; and *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, though it was enormously advertised by the fatuous interference of the police, failed to interest the public when ultimately it was offered for a run.

Mrs. Warren's Profession is just as interesting to the thoughtful reader as *Candida*. It is built with the same technical efficiency, and written with the same agility and wit; it is just as sound and true, and therefore just as moral; and as a criticism, not so much of life as of society, it is indubitably more important. Why then is *Candida* a better work? The reason is that the unpleasant play is interesting merely to the intellect and leaves the audience cold, whereas the pleasant play is interesting also to the emotions and stirs the audience to sympathy. It is possible for the public to feel sorry for Morell; it is even possible for them to feel sorry for Marchbanks: but it is absolutely impossible for them to feel sorry for Mrs. Warren. The multitude instinctively demand an opportunity to sympathize with the characters presented in the theatre. Since the drama is a democratic art, and the dramatist is not the monarch but the servant of the public, the voice of the people should, in this matter of pleasant and unpleasant plays, be considered the voice of the gods. This thesis seems to me axiomatic and unsusceptible of argument. Yet since it is continually denied by the Uplifters, who persist in looking down upon the public and decrying the wisdom of the many, it may be necessary to explain the eternal principle upon which it is based.

The truth must be self-evident that theatre-goers are endowed with a certain inalienable right,—namely, the pursuit of happiness. The pursuit of happiness is the most important thing in the world, because it is nothing less than an endeavor to understand and to appreciate the true, the beautiful, and the good. Happiness comes of loving things which are worthy; a man is happy in proportion to the number of things which

he has learned to love; and he, of all men, is most happy who loveth best all things both great and small. For happiness is the feeling of harmony between a man and his surroundings, the sense of being at home in the universe and brotherly toward all worthy things that are. The pursuit of happiness is simply a continual endeavor to discover new things that are worthy, to the end that they may waken love within us and thereby lure us loftier toward an ultimate absolute awareness of truth and beauty. It is in this simple, sane pursuit that people go to the theatre. The important thing about the public is that it has a large and longing heart. That heart demands that sympathy be awakened in it, and will not be satisfied with merely intellectual discussion of unsympathetic things. It is therefore the duty, as well as the privilege, of the dramatist to set before the public incidents which may awaken sympathy and characters which may be loved. He is the most important artist in the theatre who gives the public most to care about. This is the reason why Joseph Jefferson's *Rip Van Winkle* must be rated as the greatest creation of the American stage. The play was shabby as a work of art, and there was nothing even in the character to think about; but every performance of the part left thousands happier, because their lives had been enriched with a new memory that made their hearts grow warm with sympathy and large with love.

Mr. Eugene Walter is gifted with undeniable ability as a maker of plays. His present piece, *The Easiest Way*, fulfills the technical promise of *Paid in Full*, and is, according to artistic standards, one of the best plays of the year. It is, however, an unpleasant play, and necessitates the question whether Mr. Walter's abilities might not have been more profitably employed in handling material of more importance.

The heroine, Laura Murdock, is a young woman devoid of moral consciousness and therefore empty of emotion. She drifts through life along the line of least resistance. After a somewhat promiscuous past she becomes the mistress of Willard Brockton, a man of wealth and weariness. Brockton, like herself, is incapable of emotion. He keeps her, not because he loves her, but because she looks ornamental beside him at midnight suppers. A young newspaper reporter, John Madison by name, gets an idea into his head that he would like to marry Laura. He knows all about her past and present life; but his infatuation leads him to believe that Laura would make for him the best of wives, for the reason that he himself has lived a careless and profligate youth. The bland infatuation of Madison kindles within Laura a sensation which

she thinks to be emotion. She considers herself in love, and states the case to Brockton. Brockton, who does not love her, is incapable of jealousy. In a worldly-wise manner he advises Madison that the lady is expensive and is scarcely the sort of person to make a help-meet for a man without money; but when Madison announces his intention to make a fortune while the lady waits for him, Brockton agrees to forego his patronage of Laura and to withdraw from the triangular situation. He promises, however, that if Laura, of her own free will, returns to him, he will immediately inform Madison of her reversion to type.

Laura, left to her own devices, fails to earn her living and is soon reduced to the verge of starvation. In despair she follows the easiest way and returns to Brockton. He makes her write a letter informing Madison of her resumption of the old relation; but this letter she has not sufficient strength of character to send, and, without letting Brockton know, destroys. Madison makes his fortune and comes to claim his bride. Her deception and her unworthiness are revealed simultaneously to the two men. Madison rejects her because she has been unfaithful, and Brockton rejects her because she has lied to him and made him seem a liar in the eyes of Madison. Nobody shoots anybody, because nobody cares deeply enough to act in the ordinary, human, melodramatic way. Laura wants to kill herself, but lacks the necessary steadiness of character. Instead, she rushes forth to make a hit at a midnight supper, and to slip ultimately lower and lower down the easy descent.

This unpleasant play is firmly built, and simply and directly written. The first act, which expounds the triangular compact that becomes the basis of the subsequent action, is somewhat difficult to believe, because it is hard to appreciate the unusually unemotional motives of the extraordinary trio. But granted the first act, the rest of the play follows with inevitable logic. The author fails at all points to awaken sympathy for his characters; but the story is interesting to the intellect. The action maintains a firm hold upon the attention because it moves swiftly along a straightforward and unwavering course. The details of the drama are imitated closely from actuality, and are even, within the limits of the phase of life depicted, true. Certain scenes, like a passage in the second act between Laura and a more flaunting and befeathered lady of the *demi-monde*, are thoroughly commendable as psychologic studies. The dialogue is admirably suited to the characters, and with interesting art is kept upon a consistent level of vulgar slang.

Not only is *The Easiest Way* an efficient work of art; it is also unimpeachable on the score of morality. The grounds on which the morality of any serious drama should logically be determined have more than

once been set forth with sufficient fulness by the present writer. *The Easiest Way* is not immoral, because the author does not tell lies specifically about any of the people in his story, and because he does not allure the audience to generalize falsely in regard to life at large from the specific circumstances of his play. Furthermore, the piece is neither indecent nor indelicate; and at no point does it titillate the prurient imagination. Mr. Walter's statement in the daily press that his motive for writing it was a desire to teach a noble moral lesson by exposing some of the sins of society is, of course, untrue; because no man with such a silly purpose could write so good a play. But just as baseless and absurd have been the attacks directed against the morality of the piece in column after column of the newspapers of New York.

The one thing that is really wrong with *The Easiest Way* is that the play is not interesting to the emotions. It is a thoroughly true, and therefore moral, study of certain unfortunate and unimportant people with whom it is impossible for the audience to feel any human sympathy. The action is interesting merely to the intellect, and leaves the audience cold. From the point of view of the observer, it does not matter what may happen to the characters, because the worst that may happen will serve them right. The play is entirely devoid of passion; the relations between the characters result from chill, disinterested calculation. The piece, therefore, defrauds the audience, by failing to present to their attention entanglements with which they may sympathize and characters for whom they may care. In the natural pursuit of happiness they bring to the theatre a large heart longing to love some aspect of life or some character imaginably harmonious with their own experience; and instead they are confronted with a woman without morals and two men without ideals, for whom they find it impossible to feel so much as sorry. Upon this simple and important human ground, this play, though admirable in art and unimpeachable in morality, fails to satisfy the audience. Because it is unpleasant, it does not add to anybody's happiness. Therefore, in comparison with a pleasant play like Mr. Barrie's *What Every Woman Knows*, it pales into unimportance and must be regarded as a waste of work.

The Dawn of a To-morrow, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, gives evidence of a laudatory intention on the part of the playwright. She started out with a religious idea which was not only pleasant but important; but unfortunately, during the course of her story, she developed this idea beyond its limits and thereby stretched its truth to falsity.

The health of Sir Oliver Holt is shattered by a nervous breakdown, and his physicians give him up to die. He revolts against the prospect of languishing disintegration; and disguising himself in shabby clothes, goes forth to shoot himself in some obscure quarter of the slums of London, where his identity will not be known. In the slums he runs across a girl named Glad, who confronts the heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to with an indomitable cheerfulness of mood. She assures him that things are never so bad as they seem, and that deliberate hopefulness religiously maintained within the spirit can conquer conditions that would seem invincible to a despairing soul. Sir Oliver is charmed by the sunny temperament of the girl and interested by her philosophy. He postpones his purpose of suicide, and watches her behavior through a series of circumstances in which she manages to save her lover from being arrested for a crime of which he is innocent by winning the unwilling assistance of Sir Oliver's own profligate son. In the end Sir Oliver is cheered out of his despair, and the prospect is offered that he may recover from his illness after all.

This is, of course, an interesting story; but it was told very crudely for the purposes of the stage. It was evident at all points that the author was a novelist rather than a dramatist. Much that should have been shown in action was expounded in speech, and the plot progressed very slowly through obstructive disquisitions. The people of the story lacked concreteness of characterization; they were types, instead of being individuals. The spectator was repeatedly disturbed by the anachronism of foregone expedients, such as the soliloquy and the aside. At many moments it was too evident that the author was a woman. In the second act she permitted everybody to tell the story of his life to everybody else, and sicklied the dialogue with sentimental religiosity. Yet the piece was so interesting in a story-bookish sort of way that these crudities might all have been forgiven, except for a central falsity that arose from the author's extravagant treatment of her theme.

It is indubitably true that, in the long run, the sort of things that will happen to a man will be determined, to a great extent, by the sort of person that he is, and that therefore he will master his destiny in proportion as he masters himself. Comes he to achieve within himself a mood of dauntless cheerfulness, it will become true of him, as of Emerson's poet, that the impressions of the actual world shall fall like summer rain, copious, but not troublesome, to his invulnerable essence. It is true, of course, that nervous and hysterical diseases can have no power

over a man who is too busy thinking of more interesting things to think about his nerves. The way to get over sea-sickness is to love the sea so gloriously that you have no leisure to be bothered about your own insides. The way to cure green-sickness is to buy a ham and see life. All this is very true. But, on the other hand, it is also true that you cannot cure a fractured skull by trying to forget it, and that no amount of deliberate wishing will add one cubit unto your stature.

When the cockney heroine of Mrs. Burnett's story wants something very much, she has a habit of "arstin', arstin', arstin'," and the author tries to make us believe that she always gets it then and there. If she is in trouble, she asks very hard; and at once the telephone rings with a saving message, or a knock upon the door reveals the presence of a timely intercessor. All this, of course, is false; and it is that silliest sort of falsehood which results from the exaggeration of a great and simple truth.

Many miracles may be effected by the power of a mood. It is entirely true that the enchantments of Comus lost their efficacy when they were confronted by the pure mood of the virgin-minded Lady. It is true that Stevenson was too busy and too happy to die, when, in defiance of the doctors, he sat up in bed and wrote off *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. But to say that if I want a steam-yacht to play with, all that I need to do is to think about it very hard, and lo! the river shall rise and float one serenely to my doorstep, is not only nonsensical but in a serious sense immoral. In positing a Providence that sends some one to knock upon the door whenever her heroine needs to be protected, Mrs. Burnett reduces the idea of God to the idea of a Jack-in-the-box. If this philosophy should be believed, it might lead to dangerous procedures. Somebody, for instance, might think very hard that the law of gravitation was untrue, and, buoyant with this belief, might jump out of the window. Thoreau got along without money by making up his mind that money was unnecessary to him. He achieved wealth by ignoring it. But when he wanted a piece of pie, he didn't twiddle his toes in Walden Pond, and ask, and ask, and ask; he arose like a man, and walked a mile and a half, and knocked at Emerson's back door.

In *The Third Degree* Mr. Charles Klein has fabricated a very interesting melodrama. Young Howard Jeffries drifts into the apartments of his friend, Robert Underwood, and, dreary with many drinks, sinks deeply asleep upon the sofa. While Jeffries is sleeping, Underwood kills himself. Some hours afterward, Jeffries is discovered trying to find his way out of the apartment, and is accused of murdering his friend.

He tells the truth, but the truth is not believed. The police captain strives for seven consecutive hours, by every means of psychologic torture, to make him admit the crime. At last the befuddled mind of Jeffries is weakened beyond capacity for further resistance; and in a sort of hypnosis, he repeats word for word a confession that the captain formulates and thrusts upon him. Jeffries, whose family is very rich, has already been disowned by his father for marrying a waitress. His father now believes him guilty of murder, and refuses to stand by him. His only friend is the wife with whom his family will not associate. This girl, Annie Jeffries, though vulgar and uneducated, is a person of simple truth and steadfastness of character. Alone and dauntlessly she fights for her husband's freedom. By persistency of appeal she ultimately enlists the services of an eminent lawyer, Richard Brewster, who is obliged to sacrifice his lucrative practice with the elder Jeffries when, against the latter's will, he espouses the cause of the son. Brewster, with the assistance of Annie, finally establishes the innocence of Annie's husband; and the various members of the Jeffries family gradually awaken to a realization of her worth.

This play is interesting in plot, and sufficiently human in characterization. It is compactly built and naturally written. Two of the characters are untrue,—namely, the father and notably the step-mother of young Jeffries,—but in Annie the author has drawn a genuine and appealing human figure. This character is the truest and the most interesting that Mr. Klein has yet given to the stage. The first act of the play is exceedingly well-made, and, except in the lines of the elder Mrs. Jeffries, is very well written. From the technical standpoint, this one act is the best piece of work that Mr. Klein has ever done. The second act is very nearly as good; but the third act, though well-sustained in material, becomes somewhat wobbly in the handling, and secures its effect only through the introduction of incidents impossible in fact. The last act exhibits a mild but unobjectionable subsidence in the interest.

The Third Degree is not an important play, because it isn't about anything which is of serious significance to humanity. But it does present a real character and tell an interesting story with theatric skill. It is by far the best play that Mr. Klein has written. It is more skilful than *The Music Master* and more real than *The Lion and the Mouse*. Mr. Klein is a craftsman rather than an artist, but he has a considerable following in our theatres, and it is worthy of record that in his present piece he has made a decisive and commendable advance.

A condition precedent to criticism is the existence of something to be criticised. Concerning *Kassa* the critic can say nothing. Upon the programme appears the name of John Luther Long. It is always pleasant to remember that Mr. Long once wrote a beautifully human and dramatic story, entitled *Madam Butterfly*, which deservedly has been heard around the world.

"Kassa"

The New Lady Bantock, by Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, is a bothersome bit of work, for the reason that it ought to be immeasurably better than it is. Young Vernon Wetherell falls in love with a girl of the music halls. He wishes her to marry him for himself alone, and therefore does not tell her that he is wealthy and a nobleman. Only after their marriage, when he takes her to Bantock Hall, does she learn that he is in reality Lord Bantock. It happens that a single family has for generations furnished all the servants of Bantock Hall; and it turns out that the present members of this family are the new Lady Bantock's next of kin. She enters the house to discover that the butler is her uncle, the housekeeper her aunt, and that her maids and menservants are her cousins. This, of course, the young Lord Bantock does not know. To make matters more embarrassing, her relatives have always disapproved of her. They are a straight-laced lot and have never forgiven her the shocking move of going on the stage. They are insufferably traditional and conventional, and now undertake to teach Lady Bantock how to behave. They make her life so unbearable that, in an ultimate outburst, she discharges them all and tells the incongruous truth to her husband. In the end Lord Bantock brings about a truce between his wife and her butler-uncle, and there is a prospect of happy living in the future.

"The New
Lady
Bantock"

It must be evident at once that the idea which is the basis of this story is in itself unusually amusing. It might be given a farcical development, and the central incongruity of situation might be made the occasion for uproarious merriment. Or it might be developed along the lines of high comedy and be made the occasion for social satire at once witty and wise. The disappointing thing about *The New Lady Bantock* is that Mr. Jerome's handling of the theme is ineffective. The play fails of excellence as farce, because it is deficient in action. The incongruity of situation is talked about, over and over again, in tedious repetitions; but the myriad funny things that might happen never do. On the other hand, the play fails of excellence as comedy, because its characters are

merely sketched in outline and because the dialogue is slow and devoid of brilliancy. At the climax the author tries for pathos and strikes a note of falsity. A serious culmination is not really inherent in his theme, and he brings it about only by obviously artificial means. The play on the whole is tantalizing, because each successive scene, as it is introduced, suggests comic and dramatic possibilities which the author fails to realize. It is very disappointing to see a good thing badly done.

*The Goddess of Reason*¹ is a tale of the French Revolution told in verse by Miss Mary Johnston, author of sundry popular historical romances. Yvette, a peasant girl of Brittany, is the natural daughter of a nobleman and consequently a cousin by blood of the Baron of Morbec. Morbec has once met her in a forest and loved her at sight. She leads an uprising of the peasants, which is put down by Morbec, who shows them clemency because of his love for her. He places her in the shelter of a convent, where in solitude she dreams upon her love of him. To her, however, it seems that Morbec is in love with the Marquise of Blancheforêt. Therefore, in jealousy, she leaves the convent in company with Rémond Lalain, a leader in the Revolution and an enemy of Morbec. After the legislative abolishment of God, she is made, through Lalain's influence, a living symbol of the Goddess of Reason, and proceeds in triumph through the streets of Nantes. The Revolutionary rabble encounter Morbec and clamor for his death; but Yvette pleads with them for clemency and secures immunity for him. Discovering, however, a moment later, that the Marquise of Blancheforêt is in his company, she suffers a revulsion of feeling, and hands them both over to the fury of the crowd. After they are imprisoned, she undergoes another revulsion of remorse and love. By selling herself to Lalain, she buys their pardon. It comes too late, however, to save the life of the Marquise. In the judgment hall Morbec reviles Lalain and is condemned to death; and Yvette, arising, curses the court and the Revolution, and is condemned to die with Morbec. Together the lovers are cast into the Loire.

This conventional story is set forth in a melodrama which is narrative rather than dramatic, and in which the action is swamped beneath floods of talk. The actors in the story are not realized as characters. They wear red caps and sing *La Marseillaise*, but they fail to convince the audience of essential humanity. Most of them have a habit of solilo-

¹*The Goddess of Reason*. By Mary Johnston. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 1907.

quizing at length about matters irrelevant to the moment. The author has attempted to lift this hollow fabric into literature by writing it in verse. Of this endeavor the only pertinent criticism is that dramatic literature is not a matter of mere words but a matter of telling the truth about real people in real situations. As verse, the writing of Miss Johnston does not detain consideration. Her verse is monotonously end-stopped and evidences no knowledge whatsoever of the elementary principles of phrasing and rhythmic variation. The author apparently is unaware that it is possible to set a complete pause at any place in a pentametrical line except the very end. The only merit of her writing is that it is simple in diction and shows a commendable avoidance of inversions. The piece is tedious to read; but in the theatre it is made almost worth seeing by the interpretative talents of a very able actress. In the theatre bad verse may be made to sound like good poetry by a performer who supplements the natural gifts of a beautiful presence and a melodious voice by a trained talent for reading. Good acting can sometimes transform an unreal part into a real character. Miss Johnston has been fortunate in the actress of Yvette: considered by and for itself her play is negligible.

Clayton Hamilton.

THE SILENT SISTERS OF THE POOR

BY GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

MEEKLY, with folded hands and patient brows,
Come two from out the shadow-deepened door;
A cross is on the altar of their House,—
It hushed their voices while it heard their vows;
Ay me,—the Silent Sisters of the Poor!

The cross upon the altar is of gold,
And coldly gleams in the chill chapel air;—
Is it for this their bosoms are so cold,
Nor beat as they were wont to beat of old?—
Or is a wintry cross enfixéd *there*?

The sun is dimly drooping down the west;
The ancient House against his glory stands
Sombre and gaunt and dark; and darkly drest
Two figures seem to fade within its breast
Meekly, with patient brows and folded hands.

George Herbert Clarke.

AN UNLEARNED LESSON FROM WAGNER

BY FREDERICK R. BURTON

MANY years have passed since the Wagner controversy ceased to agitate the world of music. Wagner has come into his own, as the saying is; his work is established, and we drift on, self-satisfied that his influence is manifested in every form of musical art. We have learned all about the *leit-motiv*; the once derided and misunderstood "infinite melody" has come to be so much a matter of course that we have forgotten the term; we have learned to memorize symbolical themes, and to adjust our mental processes to their orderly, or disorderly recurrence; appreciation of orchestral color has come to be so general that we well-nigh overlook the advisability, not to say the necessity, of original melody as the canvas for the color; we even imagine that dramatic unity has been infused into the opera because the action is now more synchronous with the music than it used to be, because the *recitativo secco* has been displaced by more or less musical declamation, and because the orchestra is supposed to keep the musical interest unbroken when the demands of the drama require concentration on the action. So well has the musical public learned these things that innovators who are trumpeted as out-Wagnering Wagner are received with more than respectful attention in opera house and concert room, and nothing is too cacophonous or unlovely to escape its meed of hysterical and apparently intelligent applause.

Because Wagner's works tended toward the broadening of the limits of form, toward greater and more agreeable diversity than the art of music had before his time, it is natural that some of the deplorable features of modern music should be charged to him, as if he should be held responsible for the errors of his imitators. But, acknowledging the wholesome advances in music that are attributable to his influence, we may be sure that the art will work out its problems to a future basis of sanity and beauty, and, for the present, looking toward the opera, where alone Wagner's genius was directed with marvellous insight, observe that one of the most important lessons he undertook to inculcate has been ignored. The book of the opera, all appearances of progress to the contrary notwithstanding, has not been improved. It has been reformed, but not to its indubitable advantage. Certain objectionable features of the libretto have been discarded, but features equally objectionable have taken their place.

Wagner cried aloud for the unity of the arts, and contemporary com-

posers and librettists, undertaking to profit by his teaching, have contrived a form of opera that approximates to the spoken drama in the continuity of its action. The chorus is employed with intelligent regard to its dramatic purpose. Arias take their origin from the situation, and are not lugged in without reason. Great regard is had for the story, that it shall abound in human interest and be effectively told. All this seems to be an advance on the ancient opera of, say, fifty years ago, and the method is in the main correct. The vital error lies in the nature of the subjects chosen by the librettists and sanctioned by the composers.

From the time when his art principles were fully formed and understood in his own mind, Wagner peopled the stage with no personages who could be called modern. In the main he chose his subjects from mythology, and when he did not, he harked so far back in history that his people appeal to us with much the same mistiness as his demigods and magicians. In so doing he established a principle well-nigh as vital as form itself. The opera has no business in the field of contemporaneous events. Inasmuch as it makes music an essential factor in its structure, it should have due regard to the limitations of music, as well as to its boundless potentiality for the expression of beauty, and the drama should be so constructed as to permit of music its highest possible efficiency. In opera of the present day both the musical efficiency and the dramatic efficiency are sacrificed; both are mauled and distorted in the vain attempt to make a satisfactory art work of the combination; and the failure to achieve a satisfactory result is the fault, not of the music, or the theory according to which it was composed, not of the method of the librettist, but of the nature of his subject. In other words, the libretto of the post-Wagnerian music-drama is bad; a hopeless vehicle for music, an impossible factor in music-drama. To be specific, *La Bohème*, *Madama Butterfly*, *La Tosca*, *Cavalleria Rusticana*, *I Pagliacci*, and many others, should be condemned because their books are bad; they never should have been set to music.

There is a standard objection to opera as an art form which is too familiar to need extended exposition. It is usually expressed in a humorous vein, as if the objector were conscious that he would be regarded as a Philistine by the elect, and therefore couched his argument with foreknowledge that no opera lover would condescend to reply to it; but the objection is well founded and worthy of serious examination. The argument in behalf of opera involves a frank dismissal of reason; we are asked to accept the posit of the makers of the work and regard the stage people as human beings deprived of certain characteristics and

endowed with others of an extraordinary nature. We are to assume that these personages love, hate, give way to passion, exercise self-abnegation, pray, rejoice, sorrow, and so forth, as we do; but that ordinary restraint in the matter of expressing their feelings is utterly unknown to them; that they are human beings who cannot help voicing their deepest, subtlest thoughts as well as their most superficial, transitory emotions; that they express them in loud tones addressed either to other personages, or to receptive space; that, moreover, they are beings whose sole vehicle of language is song.

Reason tells us that such human beings do not exist, and the demand of the opera maker is, therefore, a severe one; but it is proper, nevertheless, and, with the book of the opera properly constructed, not even a blasphemous humorist can object to it. The justification for the humorist lies in the fact that the posit of the contemporary opera maker compels him not only to dismiss his reason, but to eliminate ordinary intelligence from his system. When the stage people are such familiar types as are seen in *La Bohême* or *Madama Butterfly*, he finds the demand impossible. He knows that human beings under the heart-rending circumstances of those dramas would not sing, and he cannot disabuse his mind of the inconsistency. As well people the stage with Smith, his grocer, and Brown, his next-door neighbor, and set them to singing of last night's disastrous fire, or the campaign against tuberculosis. The result, in that case, would be farce, no matter with what seriousness, and excellent tenor and barytone voices, his familiars expressed themselves. It is to be suspected that current grand operas are saved from relegation to the category of farce by the fact that the familiar types therein sing in a foreign language.

Let us suppose that the objector is good enough, and strong-willed enough, to accept the posit of the librettist with regard to these personages; that he shuts his eyes to the ridiculous inconsistency of beings like himself who never open their mouths but to sing; he then has an unpardonable offence to charge against the composer. The librettist has aroused a strong human interest in the stage people and their circumstances; comes the composer at a critical moment, and every moment is critical in a stirring drama, and compels the observer to await developments for the slow unfolding of music. When the familiar types should do familiar, intelligible things, they must pause for song; when they should run, they must walk, if, indeed, the demands of music do not require them to stand still. The normal course of the drama is perverted for the sake of music, and the divine art, in its attempt to keep pace with the drama, is reduced often to the unintelligible, in itself

uninteresting level of melodramatic accompaniment. Thus is the efficiency of each factor in the combination minimized.

There is no need of this. It is the unnecessary clash of the familiar and the fanciful that jars. Give the observer beings who sing instead of talk, endow them with recognizable human characteristics, thus to forge the links whereby the sympathy of the observer is chained, and let them do whatever the plot of the drama demands; so long as they are admittedly creatures of fancy, and not next-door neighbors, or types from contemporaneous literature, intelligence is not offended, and the surrender of the observer to the posit of the authors of the work is willing and complete. By this means the opera-maker may attain true unity of the arts, and approach more nearly the ideal atmosphere of music, which should be as far dissociated as possible from the expression of ordinary thoughts in familiar words.

Music, in its highest potentiality, has nought to do with words. It is not a vehicle for ideas, using the word in its common meaning. Musical ideas there are, but they are expressible only through modulated sounds, and cannot possibly be translated into speech—no, not by the greatest poet who ever lived or ever will live. It stands apart from the other arts, unique, untranslatable, indescribable. It is absolute beauty, sufficient in itself, lamed rather than helped by garrulous man's attempts to put its emotive value into words. Nevertheless, so flexible is this art that it can readily be employed to enhance the meaning of words, and to arouse emotions more deeply than could be done by words unaided. Once joined to words, music, as such, loses some portion of its distinction. We may say that it stoops to conquer; for the majority of human kind is so imperfect in its appreciation of music that it must have words (if not in the form of songs, then as exegetical notes upon its programmes) in connection with it; and it is as if music, realizing that man must progress for centuries before he can take the art at its own valuation, condescends to join itself to words in order that, by the combination, man may gain at least a fraction of the joy that the art is ever ready to bestow upon its votaries.

This is idealization of music, confessedly, and it appears that, from the ideal point of view, logically there should be no opera of any kind. But men and women do sing. From that premise one step may be taken to the proposition that therefore, opera as an art form is defensible and desirable. All that I hope to establish by a hasty glance at the ideal domain of music is that it is right and just to demand of any art that it shall strive for its highest, and not contentedly stop short of the highest that it can attain. And my contention is that contemporary writers

of grand opera consciously stop short of the highest that is within their reach.

Taking his art with the utmost seriousness, the composer should be unwilling to associate it with whatever detracts from its highest beauty, or, if beauty be not always the aim of music, let us say efficiency, that is, its power to reach the understanding through the emotive sensibility of man to modulated sounds. Music at its highest being dissociated from words, it follows that, if it must be associated with them, as in opera, it should be with the highest possible verbal expression; not necessarily that every line should be of the loftiest verse, but that the general scene, the trend of the action, the very personages, should be as far as possible removed from the familiar, which is to say, the commonplace. It follows again that, to attain the greatest efficiency of the music, the nature of the action should be unidentified with common experience. Therefore, again, the stage people should be creatures of the imagination, and the incentives for their dramatic activity should be sought for in works of the imagination, in one word, the myth. The mature mind readily accepts the posit of the fairy tale; with equal readiness it enters into sympathy with the legendary beings of mythology; it expects them to employ a speech different from its own; it regards them in a way analogous to the poet's use of metaphor, to express in terms of the comprehensible those depths of feeling that defy the vocabularies of ordinary men. Build the opera upon the foundation of the imagination, and the most imaginative of the arts then becomes a factor in a firm structure that does no violence to the intelligence, that does not totter under the conflict of the ideal and the real, and that will find a more or less permanent place in the affections and respect of men according to the genius of the composer.

The attitude of the audience indicates that music is far weightier than drama in the combination. It never was the silly story of *Il Trovatore* that brought people to the opera house, but it was the glorious melodies of Verdi. English speaking audiences emphatically proclaim their higher esteem for the music, for they prefer that opera should be dealt out to them in a foreign tongue, whereby the jarring inconsistencies are minimized, and the necessary resorts to commonplace in the action of the drama are glossed over by the unfamiliarity of the words employed. Even in Italy it is said that the habit of conversing during the recitatives became fixed. In contemporaneous opera, whence the recitative has been banished, the composer requires close attention throughout, but what barren rewards do we not get! The discriminating listener is frequently conscious that the composer is industriously

composing, doing his best to make music serve purposes for which it is unfit, straining to carry our musical interest over such episodes as demand quick action, filling in intervals between songs or ensembles with modulated sounds that, musically speaking, mean nothing. Almost the dry recitative would be better, for that, at least, gave the listener's fancy a rest. He had not to listen to the recitative, but he must listen to the modern interludes in order that he may not miss the beginning of the next bit of real inspiration that the composer has to offer.

Let us confess that there are prosy pages in the *Nibelungen* trilogy, that Wagner could not attain to his ideals in that series; but is it supposable that he could have attained and maintained the lofty heights of *Tristan* if the personages had been dressed in the latest styles sanctioned by Broadway, if they had travelled by steamboat, if their discourse smacked of the boulevard, or the drawing-room? The question answers itself. Wagner drew upon visionary traditions for his story, he placed before us personages far removed from the familiar; thus he could put such speech upon their lips as necessarily called up the mightiest musical force that he could muster to meet the occasion; the very unreality of the personages, the impossibility of the story, with its resort to magic, these deliberate departures from common experience not only enabled but inspired him to bring into being the loftiest music which his nature was capable of conceiving. And the unrealities of the story in nowise detract from the profoundest human interest that follows its unfolding. It becomes an allegory, and strikes deeper to the heart and intelligence of man for the very reason that it is relieved of the embarrassing contradictions arising from the mixture of ordinary human facts with matters (that is to say, music) that arise from and depend upon the imagination.

It does not follow from this that *Tristan* is the greatest possible opera; it was the greatest of which Wagner was capable. Let a greater composer arise and, with an equally inspiring book, he will write a greater than *Tristan*. But, frankly, it is inferable that Puccini—and his name is used not from any lack of admiration for his genius, but, on the contrary, because he is deservedly the best esteemed composer of opera to-day—it is inferable that Puccini would write a far greater opera than has yet come from his pen if he would once abandon the banalities of the theatre and seek a text that should compel him to toil in the realms of the imagination. The dramas to which he sets music are better, more interesting, more artistic, as dramas unadorned by music than as operas. The music which he writes for them would be

more satisfactory, more uplifting, more artistic, if it were associated with personages and events removed from common experience.

It will not do to retort that it is unwise if not impracticable to base a work designed for public patronage upon matters outside common experience. As indicated in the foregoing, it is not the drama but the music that brings the people to the opera house; and, in view of the dominance of the musical element in the combination, we have the right to demand that it shall not be robbed of its highest efficiency by yoking it to subjects that limit its scope and compel it to ungrateful tasks. Opera is the most pretentious, most imposing form of musical art. So much the more, then, should the demand be for the best that can be made of it; so much the severer condemnation should be visited on those who deliberately make of it a thing that is beneath their own highest powers.

These considerations demand another observation with regard to the book of the opera. It needs a poet, and not a hack, as author. How many libretti are there that make the slightest pretension to literary style, form, or finish? Is there one that can stand by itself as poem, or drama? There may be a few, and, if so, they were written by Richard Wagner. I do not undertake here to suggest, much less assert their value as literature, but they were manifestly the best that the author could do, and they represented at least his reaching out for the heights. Some of the most satisfactory operas that the world has known were composed to versions of the Faust legend, and one explanation of their potency, aside from the fact that they deal with the myth and posit unreal circumstances as the basis for action, lies in Goethe's poem, which is of such form as to be readily adaptable to the requirements of the stage. Any Faust opera, whatever the merits or deficiencies of its lines, is in the right atmosphere. When the vast sums expended on opera are considered, when it is recognized that fashion and wealth are necessary to its support, and that fashion and wealth meet the emergency willingly and generously, it is positively mystifying that no effort ever is made to induce a poet of distinguished gifts to prepare a libretto. The ideal opera demands of the librettist gifts of imagination and expression commensurate with the gifts of the composer.

I have always decried opera in English because I am a musician, and I find that the singing of familiar words detracts from the sway of the music; but I should welcome such an impossible concatenation of circumstances as should bring about a whole season of opera in English at the Metropolitan and Manhattan, and wherever else the rival organizations give performances; for I am convinced that if once the public had

to hear *La Tosca*, *Cavalleria*, *Trovatore*, *Otello*, *Aïda*, and so forth, in English, there would arise an insistent demand for libretti worthy of the music, and for such a scheme of combining the arts as would lift the music drama from the commonplace of theatrical realism to the limitless heights of imaginative poetry.

There is apparently a conspicuous exception to the strictures of the foregoing in the book of *Pelléas and Mélisande*. Here is an opera whose story is based on myth, and to the writing of which literary genius of a high order was directed. I grant at once that this libretto is to be commended for its general character; and inasmuch as *Thaïs* has to do with personages far removed from the familiar in history, I would grant that there, too, a vital principle of operatic construction has been observed. But the very mention of these exceptions, which, as usual, prove the rule, suggests another point in the making of the libretto that deserves attention, although it is only by inference in line with Wagner's teachings. It was a fine thing for Debussy to take Maeterlinck's drama as a libretto; and whether Maeterlinck did or did not have a musical setting for *Pelléas* in mind when he wrote, does not matter, if it prove that he made a suitable text. That his text is suitable to the decorative music of Debussy may be admitted, but the opera-goer may reasonably demand, first, that the book be so constructed that the personages on the stage shall be permitted, if not required, to sing in the portrayal of their respective rôles; and second, that the movement of the drama shall not be so swift as wholly to bar the employment of well-defined melody by either the vocal or instrumental forces. In other words, resort to the myth as a basis for the libretto necessitates a special treatment in the working out of the drama. It will not do to apply to the myth the theatrical methods of the modern play. Wagner stormed against the aria of his time, and with such reason that there is no need here to enter into his argument; the reform instituted by him in the treatment of the aria is more blessed than the banishment of the *recitativo secco*; but Wagner did not neglect the possibilities of song, or condemn his singers to mere declamation. Before Wagner was well understood, it was often said that his operas could not be sung; but we know better now. We know that the best results in performance of any of his works are attained by proper use of the singing voice. He did make unaccustomed demands on the voice, but they were not abnormal demands; and he was keenly alive to the potentiality of pure singing. In every one of his operas there are long solo passages that give opportunity not only for sustained singing, but for the orderly development of his themes in the band. These two eminently desirable results would have been im-

practicable if his libretti had been constructed for the swift movement of the spoken play. Compare his severest creations with the works of Strauss, who so far ignores singing as a factor in operatic representation that he frankly declares that it does not matter whether or not the performers sing the notes penned in the score. To Strauss the singers are manifestly a necessary evil, and one is tempted to presume that he writes as he does in the hope of killing them off one by one so that eventually his works may be performed by a band of a thousand instruments and a dozen bellowing megaphones concealed in fancifully dressed and undressed manikins. Strauss deliberately chooses personages upon whose lips song seems to be a profanation, and he accepts for their utterance thoughts and emotions that are of pathological rather than artistic interest. So Strauss may well be left to wallow in his mire, and as for Debussy, whose gentler nature it seems a pity to mention in the same breath, it may be said that the disconnected, highly colored sounds that he writes as an accompaniment to Maeterlinck's drama are pleasing to himself. He appears to have a congenital aversion to well-defined melody, and his work, therefore, the best he can do, may be allowed its little day before oblivion overtakes it, there being nothing in its music distinctive enough for the memory to grip.

It must not be overlooked that Wagner's elevation of the orchestra from the position of an accompanying force to that of an essential factor in the narration of the story, calls for such a construction of the text as will enable the band to perform its new and higher function effectively. Thematic development, whether after the manner of the standard symphonists, or in the modern psychological way, requires time and freedom from interruption. A libretto designed in the style of the spoken play is, to a musician, a succession of interruptions, and the musical appetite cannot be satisfied with music constructed upon it. Again it is a clash of imagination and realism that offends; again it is a reduction of musical art to a lower degree of efficiency than is desirable or necessary. Formal song may be abolished from the opera, but the dialogue should be of such a nature that the people on the stage may sing at least a part of the time, and the orchestra proceed with orderly development of its melodic material all the time, save when climaxes justify the apparently disconnected, melodramatic method of composition. Thus only can opera become what it is not to-day, a distinctive art with a value all its own. To-day it is an inartistic mixture, music subordinated to drama as in the old days drama was subordinated to music. A proper selection of subject coupled with a proper construction of text should be productive, in the hands of talented poets and composers, of music-drama

that should be wholly satisfactory to the musical listener; and when he is satisfied there is no need to consider anybody else, for he who cannot unbend to the demands of the myth on his imagination, and who, therefore, cannot adjust his mental attitude to the fanciful nature of operatic scene and story, should seek his entertainment in the theatre where the spoken play is given.

Frederick R. Burton.

TO THE TAWNY THRUSH

BY MAX EASTMAN

PINE spirit!
Breath and voice of a wild glade!
In the wild forest near it,
In the cool hemlock or the leafy limb,
Whereunder
Thou didst run and wander
Thro' the sun and shade,
An elvish echo and a shadow dim,
There in the twilight thou dost lift thy song,
And give the stilly woods a silver tongue.
Out of what liquid is thy laughter made?
A sister of the water thou dost seem,
The quivering cataract thou singest near,
Whose glistening stream,
Unto the listening ear,
Thou dost outrun with thy cascade
Of music beautiful and swift and clear—
A joy unto the mournful forest given!
As when afar
A travelling star
Across our midnight races,
A moving gleam that swiftly ceases,
Lost in the blue black abyss of heaven,
So doth thy light and silver singing
Start and thrill
The silence round thy piney hill,
Unto the sober hour a jewel bringing—
A mystery—a strain of rhythm fleeing—
A vagrant echo winging
Back to the unuttered theme of being!

Max Eastman.

WRITING AS A FINE ART

BY GEORGE PHILIP KRAPP

IN precept and in practice, Mr. Pater has typically illustrated the theory of writing as a fine art. All disinterested lovers of books, he says at one place, will always look to literature, "as to all other fine art, for a refuge, a sort of cloistral refuge, from a certain vulgarity in the actual world." Fine art, he continues, has for such disinterested lovers "something of the uses of a religious 'retreat,'" and it is for a "select few," for "those men of a finer thread who have formed and maintained the literary ideal," that literature at its best exists.

A "disinterested" lover of literature, however, is hard to conceive. Only he can be disinterested who looks upon literature with the scientist's spirit, as something to be examined and analyzed, or as the objectifying classicist does, as an activity which has life and being independent of the persons through whom its activity is manifested, and which has value independent of its effect upon its human recipients. It is mere pride of intellect which would make fine art in writing a religious retreat for the select world-wearied few, a pride arising from the artist's satisfaction and exultation in what he conceives to be peculiar to himself and consequently higher and better than that which can be shared with others.

As to the "certain vulgarity in the actual world," of which Mr. Pater speaks, it is difficult to know what to say. We have not here to do with matters of reason, of common-sense, but with matters of feeling, of temperament. In the eyes of one of Mr. Pater's way of thinking, the mere denial of the vulgarity of the actual world carries no weight. The denial invalidates itself. In common charity, however, the alien must be allowed to express his belief. That a tree or a flower, growing and blowing in its natural setting, or a man or a woman with all the thousand and one accompaniments of life that an artist can never hope to represent, should be less admirable than the picture of a tree or flower or of a man or a woman, seems hard to understand. Remoter from the actual world the picture may be, but is there any essential reason why remoteness from actuality should result in a quality of refinement which the actual itself lacks? We may grant that the appeal of the picture is different from the appeal of the living fact, we may assume that its interest is less intimate and less profound, and less generally moving of the whole complex of the human soul; but that it is for these reasons higher, or better, or more comforting to the spirit, does not follow. Is it not indeed a weakness to flee from the actualities of the real world and to seek a "cloistral refuge"

in our poor limited sentimental transcriptions of the actual world? Marvellous the works of the painter's brush and of the writer's pen are when they are viewed from the side of human inadequacy and ineffectiveness, but they sink into almost contemptible insignificance when we measure them against the exhaustless and effortless richness of life itself.

A sequence, almost a necessary sequence, of this exaggerated view of the value of art, and the corresponding depreciation of the value of the actual world, is the belief in a kind of mystical sympathy between the thought and its expression. This is the old belief in an absolute standard of excellence beyond that of human experience, and Mr. Pater has included this doctrine likewise in his literary creed. The well-known chapter on Euphuism in *Marius the Epicurean* expresses this ideal. Mr. Pater here uses the term Euphuism in its strictly etymological sense, not in the commonly accepted sense as designating certain extravagant characteristics of Elizabethan style, centering about Lyly and his contemporaries. These extravagances he regards merely as the accidents, so to speak, of Euphuism, the "fopperies and mannerisms" on the surface "symptomatic of that deeper yearning of human nature toward ideal perfection, which is a continuous force in it." And this is the essence of Euphuism, a deep regard for expression, apart from thought, a quest for an ideal perfection of form, absolutely and inalterably right in the nature of things. At another place he quotes sympathetically from a commentator on Flaubert, the latter's belief "in some mysterious harmony of expression," of his certainty that "there exists but one way of expressing one thing, one word to call it by, one adjective to qualify, one verb to animate it." And Mr. Pater adds that the whole problem of style lies there, in the finding of "the unique word, phrase, sentence, paragraph, essay or story."

As a practical preventive of loose and careless writing this doctrine is undoubtedly of great service, especially to beginners, but as a defensible philosophical statement, it has little foundation to rest upon. The belief in a unique word for each and every human thought, implies an objective counterpart to human thought in language. But how has the language come into existence? It is merely the accumulated total of the voluntary linguistic acts of all the past generations which have used the language. Now the race has lived so long, has passed through the experiences common to humanity so frequently, that it has in most instances fashioned, even consecrated, we might almost say, certain words for their appropriate uses. To detach violently these words from their uses is of course a crime against all the sacred customs of the speech. But we cannot for a moment suppose that past experience has

exhausted all the possibilities of human experience, and if new experiences arise, how can there be already existent in language the unique word or phrase which is to give them expression? Flaubert's theory, in short, does not take account of the fact that language is a human invention, is indeed a piece of practical, human machinery, and like all human inventions, it has its imperfections and inadequacies. Logicians are fond of discussing how far language conditions thought. That it does so to some extent cannot be questioned, and the literary artist in seeking his final and unique word is often compelled, unconsciously perhaps to himself, to adapt his thought to the exigencies of the language. When he has brought his thought to its full expression, he may persuade himself that it could not have been expressed otherwise by a syllable or a comma, but this is a flattering conviction, an emotional, subjective synthesis of his thought and his expression, which may not appeal to others. Even the crudest literary artist, as observation proves, may be persuaded of the ultimate perfection of his art. If he has no other standard of propriety in expression than his subjective certainty, if his only test is that he "feels" his expression to have hit the unique word or phrase, the likelihood that his expression will impress others as it does himself is dependent entirely upon the extent of the past experience of the race and the language which he has assimilated and made his own.

At the other extreme from the exaggerated idealism of form and art in writing, lies the question whether modern English style is not tending toward an extreme and narrow utilitarianism. In the broadly conceived sense of that term, perhaps style can never become too utilitarian. If we understand the purpose of language to be the expression of the whole of human life, then the justification of language can only be its use in the realization of this purpose. Aside from this use it has no significance and no value. But the whole of human life is an ample field for the activities of language, and such a generous utilitarian conception of style or language needs no defence. Indications are not lacking, however, of a tendency toward a much narrower interpretation of the purpose and meaning of literary expression. This is called a practical age, and the description—or charge—is in many ways justified. That which is not immediately and obviously efficient, is put on the defensive. We are inclined to measure everything by an economic standard, not necessarily a money-standard, but by some avowed and explicit measure of immediate efficiency. The instinctive test of likes and dislikes, the cultivation of the pleasant merely because it pleases, of the beautiful because it is beautiful, are held to be unsafe rules of conduct, and unworthy an age which knows its own mind and what is best for it.

Literature takes on, nowadays, the reportorial tone to an extent never before equalled in its history. The newspapers themselves, one of the most important literary phenomena of our age, are of course the greatest purveyors of fact and commentators on fact. In the gradual extension of the liberal spirit in letters, they have become the mouthpiece of the great popular party whose interests as yet rarely extend beyond the concrete facts of their immediate experience. But other and professedly higher forms of literature as well, the drama, the novel, the essay, concern themselves mainly with newspaper matters, with problems and policies which differ from those discussed in the daily press only in that the treatment of them is a little more analytic and remote, and that dates, places and real names are not supplied. The few weak efforts made to escape from the tyranny of the newspaper report, as for example in the artificial historical romance or tale of adventure, or in the melodramatic play, only emphasize the bondage under which we labor. The appealing subjects to-day are men and women in the immediate relations and complications of daily life.

In all this there is nothing that in itself need be seriously deplored. Literature should serve as a medium of record and of comment on life, and we may rejoice to see the contact between the experiences of life and their expression as general and as intimate as it is. At the same time, the practical interest of the content of literature to-day tends to react upon literary expression in a way not altogether to be commended. Important as the qualities of efficient, businesslike directness are, they should not be allowed to dominate the whole of English expression. There are moods in which sincerity to the mood lies not in a spare efficiency, but in a more diffused, less obvious and less direct method of attack. Our reportorial English, having overcome the crude vices of bombast and turgidity, tends to become meagre in outline, to acquire the nervous thinness of the highly trained athlete or race-horse. But style should not always be as one stripped for the race, and in writing as elsewhere, the quickest way there is often the longest way around.

A typical defence of the neat athletic style is that made by Herbert Spencer in his essay *The Philosophy of Style*. The governing idea of Mr. Spencer's philosophy is economy. In the broad significance of that term, as with utilitarianism, economy is a sufficient principle to cover the whole ground. The best expression is undoubtedly that which attains the end of the expression most certainly, most swiftly and with the least necessary effort. Anything which diverts attention from the result to be attained is bad because it necessarily subtracts by so much from the amount of energy bestowed upon the real point at issue. But having

established this principle of economy, Mr. Spencer makes the mistake of supposing that it will be more forcible if he limits its significance. The best English style, he declares, is that which is simple, straightforward, direct. The best vocabulary is the Saxon vocabulary, because its words are short, therefore produce their effect immediately, and are familiar through long use, and therefore are appreciated without effort. Concrete terms are better than abstract because the mental accompaniment of concrete expression is likely to be more definite and solid than of abstract expression. Consequently, says Mr. Spencer, do not write in general and abstract terms, but in concrete and specific terms.

The obvious objection to be made to Mr. Spencer's interpretation of his principle of economy, an interpretation which he himself partially corrects in later passages of his essay, is that economy is not always served by blunt and concrete expression. Mr. Spencer, in his own writings, has shown that the generalized Latin vocabulary is not only permissible, but at times is absolutely essential for a just statement of the ideas which he wished to express. If English were restricted to the native vocabulary—granting for a moment the possibility of the impossible—it would mean a return to the meagre, naïve scale of expression which characterized the literature of the pre-Renaissance period, it would mean the renunciation of all the variety in phrasing, the melody and amplitude of cadence won for the language by the century of endeavor from Caxton to Shakespeare. It would mean, in short, the reversal of those very qualities by virtue of which modern English style is what it is. The cultivation of the native, or so-called Saxon vocabulary, though it may serve as a corrective of the extravagant and high-flown diction often employed by untrained writers, has in itself no virtue, indeed is vicious if it leads to a neglect of the varied possibilities of English expression. No other test of diction or manner of phrasing can be found except truth to the thought and mood which inspires the expression. If the thought is simple and obvious and concrete, then the expression must be so; but a thought or a mood which is not simple or obvious or concrete, can be forced into the mould of the simple style only at the expense of truth and propriety of expression. The words elegant and elegance have grown somewhat old-fashioned, perhaps have been worn away by too constant use in a period when they were applied to anything commendable from a poem to a bird-cage. But the quality of elegance in style, of the nice choice of phrasing to distinguish a nicely distinguished mood, is one that the writer of English cannot afford to lose in a blind worship of a narrow and practical economy. If he does so, he simply errs at the other extreme from the advocate of art for art's sake in writing.

The question of the right proportion between art and nature in English style fairly raises what is after all the great, the fundamental question of English style—the question of the relation of the literary and written speech to the natural spoken language. Is literary English, or rather should literary English strive to be, something different from spoken English? That they are in fact different in some respects is inherent in the nature of the two. One is the breath of a moment, it is expression by means of lingual gesture forming sound; it is addressed only to the ear and it is always accompanied by helps to intelligibility in that we have the actual physical proximation of the individuals between whom the communication passes. In written or literary expression, however, the movements of the vocal organs are exchanged for a motion of the fingers and hands; it has to express itself in a system of permanent, visible symbols. The persons who are concerned in the communication are often hundreds of miles, hundreds of years, apart. There is no way of qualifying a statement by a smile or of enforcing it by the gleam of the eye. The written word stands not for what it is, but for what the reader can make out of it. The prime question is, therefore, whether this difference in the method of expression entails a necessary and essential difference in the character of the expression. With the inexperienced writer we know that it does. When the farm hand lays down his prong and takes his pen in hand to write a few lines, he feels that he is entering on a strange and new activity which demands unusual and violent effort. He may be most eloquent in addressing his horses, but a few simple ideas to be expressed on paper throw him into an agony of uncertainty and terror. What the ploughman suffers, every writer suffers in his degree. We all write at some remove from our own experience, we write with awkward and crippling stilts at the ends of our fingers. Not only to the literary novice is the act of writing unusual; with most of us it has never been reduced to unconscious habit, as spoken language has, and so it is hedged about by all sorts of hampering restraints.

These restraints, however, are adventitious, and as skill increases gradually disappear. In the end the practiced writer expresses himself as freely and as rapidly in writing as in speaking—sometimes, indeed, more freely and rapidly. But the mere mechanical inconveniences of literary expression being thus overcome, does there still remain an essential difference between spoken and literary style? An unprejudiced comparison of the two will show that there is no such essential difference, that, to be “literary,” expression need not be in response to a different set of mental activities from those which result in spoken expression, and furthermore,

that the conscious "literary" intention usually results in qualities of style which defeat the purpose of the intention.

The range of spoken expression should first be considered. All spoken English is not necessarily colloquial English. The average circumstances of daily life do not, to be sure, require anything other than the relaxed forms of expression which we call colloquial; these forms are intelligible, and the general tone of daily conversation, its potential energy, does not encourage greater effort than is required for intelligibility. But spoken speech is not all on one plane of conversational utterance. As soon as a new element enters into colloquial communication, as soon as there is a slight increase of passion, of formality, of earnestness, as soon as the audience is increased in size and diversity, the forms of the language immediately change; the speaker immediately chooses different words, different phrases, different sentence cadences, and all these changes are in the direction of what we call literary expression. It has often been observed that people in the height of passion or under the stress of great suffering express themselves with a power and poetic quality altogether lacking in their normal speech. These unexpected powers are an exemplification of the fact that literature and the literary quality exist in essence before there is any thought of putting pen to paper. Indeed it is only necessary to imagine the state of affairs before the art of writing existed to realize that writing is an external and artificial accompaniment of literary expression. Intelligent lovers of literature may be found who assert that all the highest and best forms of literature, for example, the poetry of Homer, were composed before it was possible to record them in written symbols. And, psychologists of to-day tell us that nine out of every ten writers "hear" their writing before they put it down on paper—they hear by means of that inner ear which has come to be our second nature through the tens of thousands of generations during which we have grown accustomed to the spoken word.

The attempt, therefore, to find in literature a specific, artistic quality distinguishing it from all other language expression is artificial and untrue to the facts. Literature is not a superior form of expression, it differs from oral expression only in the mechanical means by which it is recorded. The literary quality may be distinguished from the colloquial quality, but colloquialism is only one of the many forms of spoken expression. Rightly viewed, this conception of the nature of literary expression should not be regarded as lowering the dignity of literature and the literary style. It is no defect in literature that it is an echo, a reflection of actual life; rather it is its highest commendation. Literary expression can become mean and sordid only when the general tone of

life is mean and sordid, and when that stage of affairs is reached no amount of conscious literary artifice will save literature from its certain fate.

George Philip Krapp.

THE FLIGHT

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

HARK—how the bugles blow,
 Airy bugles that ring!
 Full of wonder, over and under
 All other tides of sound!
 Oho! but we must go,
 We of the wandering wing!
 The call comes drifting, dying and lifting,
 And we are northward bound!

Drooping plumes of the palm,
 Scent of the jasmine flower,
 Lull of the dreaming waves on the gleaming
 Reach of the level sands;
 Languorous nights of calm,—
 How we have longed for the hour
 When we should cry to them gladly good-bye to them,
 Seeking the northern lands!

Too much swaying at ease!
 Cloying of every sense!
 Naught but a vision ever elysian,—
 Glamour of blue and gold!

Never a tang in the breeze
 Drowsing with indolence;
 Never the glory of mountains hoary,
 White with the touch of cold!

But now—away! away!
 The summoning bugles have blown;
 The spell is broken; we know the token,
 We of the wandering wing!

On through the night and day,
 Over long leagues and lone,
 Bearing, bearing, where'er we're faring
 The word and the wonder—Spring!

Clinton Scollard.

ARAMINTA¹

BY J. C. SNAITH

CHAPTER XIV

UNGENTLEMANLIKE BEHAVIOR OF JIM LASCELLES

JIM LASCELLES continued his labors. He arrived at Hill Street each morning at ten, and worked with diligence until two P.M. Urged by the forces within him and sustained by the injudicious counsel of his mother, he devoted his powers to the yellow hair, in spite of the fact that by the terms of his commission it was his duty to copy the auburn.

About three days after the dance he was interrupted one morning by Lord Andover. Jim was feeling rather depressed. For one thing, his conscience smote him. He had deliberately risked the loss of a sum of money which he could not afford to lose, and further it was most likely that he was about to offer an affront to his only patron. The more work he put into the picture the more marked became the difference between it and the Gainsborough. Again, and this perhaps was an equally solid reason for his depression, this morning the Goose Girl had forsaken him. She had gone for a ride in the park with her duke.

Doubtless Andover was sharing Jim's depression. At least when he entered the drawing-room to inspect the labors of his protégé, a countenance which as a general rule made a point of exhibiting a scrupulous amiability was clouded over.

Andover's scrutiny of Jim's labors was long and particular.

"I invite you to be frank with me, Lascelles," said he. "Is this a copy of the Dorset or is it a portrait of a living person?"

By nature Jim was a simple and ingenuous fellow. But really his present predicament was so awkward that he did not know what reply to make.

"Some of it is Gainsborough," said Jim lamely, "and some of it, I am afraid, is nature."

"I am sorry to say, my dear Lascelles," said Andover judicially, "that I cannot accept that as an adequate answer to a straightforward question."

"No, it is not a very good answer," Jim agreed.

Suddenly his jaw dropped and he burst into a queer laugh.

"The fact is, Lord Andover," said Jim, "I am in a hole."

Andover regarded Jim in a highly critical manner.

"Yes, Lascelles," said he slowly, "I think you are."

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"A hole," Jim repeated with additional emphasis, as if he desired to gain confidence from a frank statement of his trouble.

Jim's odd face seemed to appeal for a little sympathy, but not a suggestion of it was forthcoming.

"What can a fellow do?" said Jim desperately. "She will come and sit here on that sofa in a better light than the duchess. The sun of the morning will shine upon her; and when Nature comes to handle pink and white and blue and yellow she has a greater magic than ever Gainsborough had."

Andover shook his head with magisterial solemnity.

"Lascelles," said he, "you have a very weak case. And I feel bound to say that the manner in which you present it does not in my opinion make it stronger."

"I expect not," said Jim ruefully. "But dash it all, what is a fellow to do if she will come and sit on that sofa and pose like Romney's Emma!"

"His duty is absolutely clear to my mind," said Andover, "and I think it is simple. He should order the intruder out of the room."

"Oh, yes, I know," said Jim, "that is what a really strong chap would do." Jim gave a groan. "I know that is what a Velasquez or a Rembrandt would have done. And he would have cursed her like fury for sitting there at all."

"Yes, I think so," said Andover suavely. "Rembrandt especially. In my opinion Rembrandt would have shaken his fist at her."

"That is the worst of being a mediocrity," said Jim gloomily. "It takes a chap with enormous character to do these things."

"I am afraid, Lascelles," said Andover, "the plea of mediocrity will do nothing for you. If anything it weakens your case. Personally, if I were advising you, I should say either put in a plea of consummate genius or do not put in a plea at all."

"I am not such a fool as to believe that I'm a genius," said Jim with excellent honesty.

"I am not such a fool as to believe you are either," said Andover with a frankness that was equally excellent. "And, therefore, examining you conduct with all the leniency the circumstances will permit, I am unable to find the least excuse for it. I fear my old friend Lady Crewkerne is much annoyed—forgive my plainness, Lascelles, but I feel it to be necessary—by your presumption in copying her niece instead of her Gainsborough; and I as an old friend of the house feel bound to share her disapproval."

"Rub it in," said Jim.

He stuck his hands in his pockets and began to whistle softly with an air of supreme discomfiture.

"Yes, Lascelles, I intend to do so," said Andover. "In fact I find it difficult to say all that I should like to do upon the subject, without actually saying more than one who was at school with your father would feel it desirable to say to a young man who has his own way to make in the world."

"Say just as much as you like," said Jim. "I know I have made an ass of myself. And, of course, I haven't a leg to stand on really. And I expect the old cat will have me on the carpet too."

Andover dropped his eyeglass with an air of dignified agitation.

"I beg your pardon, Lascelles," said he. "To whom do you refer?"

"To that damned old woman," said Jim Lascelles, with an unabashed air.

"Can it be possible," said Andover, "that you refer to Caroline Crewkerne, my oldest friend?"

"I mean the aunt of Nature's immortal work," said Jim coolly. "I really can't help it; I feel that I must curse somebody this morning. And as she is bound to curse me, I don't see why I shouldn't curse her."

"Your habit of explanation, Lascelles, is decidedly unfortunate."

"Well, tell me the worst," said Jim ruefully. "I suppose you withdraw your offer; and I am to be bundled out neck and crop with my canvas and forbidden to come here again."

"I certainly withdraw my offer," said Andover. "In regard to prohibition of the house, that of course rests entirely with my old friend, of whom you have spoken in a singularly disrespectful and, shall I say, ungentlemanlike manner."

"I couldn't help it," said Jim humbly. "It would slip out. But, of course, I'm in the wrong altogether."

"You are undoubtedly. To my mind you are more in the wrong than I could have believed it possible for any man of your age, upbringing and antecedents to be."

"If a confounded girl," said Jim, "will come in to ask you what your opinion is of her hat and her frock, and whether you have ever tasted cream buns and pink ices, and whether you think Muffin's mauve was as nice as her lilac is——"

"My dear Lascelles," interrupted Andover, "your habit of explanation is really most unfortunate."

"Well, kick me out and my canvas too," said Jim desperately, "and have done with it."

Jim Lascelles, like the rash and hasty fellow that he was, feeling

himself to be irretrievably disgraced and that he had forfeited forever the respect and good will of his only patron, proceeded to pack up his brushes and his pigments.

"The former part of your suggestion, Lascelles," said Andover, "is much the simpler matter of the two. But in the matter of the half finished canvas I foresee difficulty."

"You have repudiated it, haven't you?" said Jim rather fiercely.

"Unquestionably as a copy of the Dorset," said Andover. "But all the same I do not think it can be permitted to leave this house."

"Why not?" said Jim.

"It is an unauthorized portrait," said Andover, "of my ward, Miss Perry, who at present is in *statu pupillari*."

"Yes," said Jim dubiously. "I suppose it is. All the same it is rather hard on a fellow. I have put a lot of work into that picture."

"I can see you have, Lascelles."

"And of course," said Jim injudiciously, "I should like to put a lot more work into it. It is such a fine subject."

"The subject is much too fine, Lascelles, if I may venture an opinion, my advice to you is burn the canvas and forget that it ever existed."

No pity was taken on Jim's blank consternation.

"Burn it!" cried Jim, aghast.

"I am afraid if you don't, my dear Lascelles, Lady Crewkerne will."

"But she has no right—" said Jim fiercely.

"I am afraid, my dear fellow, her right is not to be contested. To my mind this half finished canvas is far more her property than it is yours."

"Well," said Jim apprehensively, "I shall remove it at once to my studio."

Andover had dropped his little bombshell. The gyrations of his victim, whom he had fully alarmed, seemed to afford him a great deal of pleasure.

"Let us take it a little easier, my dear fellow," said he. "I agree with you that it would be a great pity to destroy such an extremely promising work of art. Let us seek for an alternative."

"The only alternative I can see," said Jim, "is that I should remove it at once."

"In its half finished state? That would be a pity."

"Well, I don't mean it to be burnt if I can help it," said Jim.

During the pause which followed Jim looked highly perplexed, a little disconcerted and also somewhat belligerent.

"I have a suggestion to make to you, Lascelles," said his patron. "In the circumstances I think it is quite the most you can hope for."

"I shall be happy to hear it," said Jim, with a rueful smile.

"First," said Andover, "it seems to me that the best thing I can do is to get the permission of Lady Crewkerne for you to finish the portrait of her niece. Now, I warn you it may not be easy. As I think you have conjectured, she is a difficult member of a most difficult sex. But I am only prepared to do this upon one definite understanding."

"What is it?" asked Jim, in a tone that was not very hopeful.

"The understanding must be this, Lascelles," said Andover, with a very businesslike air. "As you have treated me so abominably—I regret exceedingly that candour compels me to use the term—if I obtain permission for you to complete your portrait of Miss Perry, I shall insist upon being allowed to purchase it upon my own terms."

"Yes," said Jim, "that is only fair."

It seemed to him that things were taking a much more favorable course than he could have hoped for.

"If I can get permission for you, Lascelles," said Andover, "to complete that picture, and you finish it as well as you have begun it, it will be a pleasure to hang it at Andover House."

Jim Lascelles was touched by the kindness of his patron.

"I didn't quite see my way," said he, with admirable simplicity, "to offer you an apology for my rotten behavior, because you know you did rub it in, but I am going to now. And I hope you'll accept it because you've been so kind to me—much kinder to me than you ought to have been really."

"Yes, Lascelles," said Andover impartially, "I am inclined to take that view myself. But your father was good to me at school; and you are young and you have talent and you have a great subject to work upon, and I can't help feeling that it would be a pity if you lost the opportunity which in a sense you have already had the wit to create. Mind, Lascelles, I don't excuse you in the least. I palliate nothing; take your conduct all round, it has been abominable; but in my humble judgment, had it been more correct than it has been, I personally should not take such a hopeful view of your future. For you have conformed to my fundamental belief that all the men who are worth anything must begin by breaking the rules. Although always remember, my dear Lascelles, when you come to breaking the rules, that it is very easy to get expelled the school. And should that happen—well, of course, you are done for unless you are able to found a school of your own."

Jim Lascelles forbore to smile at this piece of didacticism. He was very full of gratitude. The old fogey had behaved so much more nicely than he need have done.

"If only I had genius," said Jim, "I would give up my days to the fashioning of the most absolute masterpiece that ever adorned Andover House."

"You remember Carlyle's definition?" said the owner thereof.

"Carlyle was an old fool," said Jim.

"That was always my opinion," said Andover. "And I once had the privilege of telling him so, and what is more, the noisy fellow admitted it. Doubtless what he meant to express by his definition was the fact that Genius is perfect submission to the Idea."

"Well, here goes for perfect submission to the Idea," said Jim Lascelles.

He took up his brush and his palette and gave a very deft touch to the vestments of Miss Perry.

"Do you like my new riding habit?" said a perfectly ludicrous drawl coming in through the door.

Jim Lascelles made a gesture of despair. He kept his back turned upon the new riding habit resolutely.

"Dear me," said Andover, "Artemis."

"Isn't it silly?" said Miss Perry. "They don't like you to jump the railings in Rotten Row."

"What is the source of your information?" Andover inquired.

"Gobo says so," said Miss Perry.

"Put not your faith in that man, my dear Miss Goose," said Andover mellifluously. "It is only because he is afraid of taking a toss."

"But they have got p-p-policemen," said Miss Perry impressively.

There is no doubt that in her new riding habit Miss Perry looked perfectly distracting. Andover thought so. As for Jim Lascelles, he waved her away from him with great energy.

"That is the sort of thing," said he with an appeal for sympathy and protection.

"Miss Goose," said Andover, "Mr. Lascelles has made a serious indictment against you."

"Has he?" said Miss Perry, opening very large, very round, and very blue eyes upon Jim.

"Mr. Lascelles complains," said Andover, with paternal severity, "that while he is assiduously engaged in copying that famous portrait of your great-grandmamma, you persist in coming into this room in your smartest gowns; in sitting in the middle of that sofa; in absorbing the best light; in posing in a manner that no really sensitive painter can possibly resist; with the melancholy result that you literally force him to

paint you instead of your great-grandmamma, quite, as he assures me, against his rational judgment and his natural inclination."

"Oh, I don't mind at all," said Miss Perry, with charming friendliness. "It made me rather tired at first holding my chin like this, but at the end of an hour I always get a cream bun."

"At the end of an hour you always get a cream bun! Do you, indeed?"

"Yes," said Miss Perry, "small ones, but they are almost as nice as the large ones."

"I hope, Lascelles," said Andover, "you have something to offer by way of extenuation."

"Well, what can a fellow do?" said Jim desperately. "What with the sun stuck up there, and this pink and white and blue and yellow arrangement! As for the chin—well, if a chin will curve like that it must take the consequences."

Andover was shocked.

"Say as little as possible, Lascelles, I entreat you," said he. "Your case is hopeless. But I feel bound to say this. Since we have had this astounding allegation of the cream buns, without probing the matter to the depths, which I am really afraid to do, I must say your future as a painter seems more roseate than ever."

"Thank you, Lord Andover," said Jim modestly.

"But in regard to your future as a human being, as a unit of society, I prefer to exercise a wise discretion, which will take the form of saying nothing whatever upon the subject."

"Thank you, Lord Andover," said Jim again.

Jim Lascelles then turned his gaze upon Miss Perry. It was of such singular resolution that it seemed as if he sought to hypnotize that irresponsible person to maintain the semblance of discretion.

"If you will go and put on that new frock," said he in a manner that Andover was forced to regard as effrontery, "we can get just an hour before luncheon, and then to-morrow you will start a cream bun in hand."

The prospect offered seemed sufficiently enticing to Miss Perry.

"Yes," said she, "that *will* be nice."

She left the room with great cheerfulness.

Andover regarded Jim Lascelles with that paternal air which he was wont to assume rather frequently toward the world in general.

"Lascelles," said he, "I shall have to revise my estimate of your attainments. It is becoming increasingly clear to my mind that you may go far."

"Gillet said, if I applied myself," said Jim, without immodesty, "I might be able one day to paint a portrait."

"Gillet's opinion is valuable," said Andover, with rather the air of one who set a higher value upon his own opinion than he did upon that of Gillet. He examined Jim's work very critically. "Yes," he said, "there are latent possibilities. You have had the wit to find a subject, and if you continue as you have begun there seems much to be made out of it."

Jim's face expressed his pleasure. He was a simple fellow enough, but he had ambitions of a kind.

"Lascelles," said his patron, "may I give you a word of advice?"

Jim expressed himself gratified at the prospect of receiving it.

"It is this," said Andover slowly. "You must get into the habit of charging more for your pictures."

"I hope I shall be able to," said Jim. "But times are hard and it is uphill work for a man without a reputation."

"I appreciate that," said Andover. "But I heard you spoken of as the coming man the other night, and I see no reason why you shouldn't confirm the prediction."

"If only I had a little more talent," said Jim.

"If only you had a little more faith in it, Lascelles. It is the faith that is so necessary, as every artist tells us."

"I suppose so," said Jim. "Yet all the same I wish the fairies had been a little kinder."

"I am of opinion that they have been sufficiently kind," said Andover, "to the man who could pose that head and put that hair upon canvas. But what I wanted particularly to say to you is this. My friend Kendal intends to ask you to paint a portrait of his daughter Priscilla."

Jim Lascelles was thrilled by this announcement.

"That is awfully good of him," said he, "and awfully good of you, Lord Andover."

"Perhaps I have the more genuine title to your gratitude," said Andover amiably, "because as far as Kendal is concerned he is one of those undiscerning and sluggish fellows who always prefer to take some one else's opinion rather than form one of their own. I told him you were the man to paint his daughter Priscilla, and he was only too glad to have my word for it. And I am by no means sure you are not."

Jim Lascelles was at a loss to know how to express his sense of obligation, particularly as he could not help feeling that he was not entitled to receive such kindness.

"I wish now," said Jim, "I hadn't behaved so badly."

"The worst of any sort of bad behavior," said Andover sententiously, "is that it carries such a heavy premium. But no matter. The chief thing is to behave well to my friend Kendal. Paint his daughter Priscilla to the best of your ability, and be careful to charge him five hundred guineas."

Jim was staggered.

"Five hundred guineas!" said he. "Why, he will never pay it! He could get an absolute first rater for that sum."

Andover smiled sagaciously.

"Doubtless he could," said he; "and if my friend Kendal pays five hundred guineas he will consider he's got one. When I come to examine it on the wall of his gloomy and draughty dining-room in Yorkshire, I shall say, 'Kendal, that picture of Priscilla appears to be an uncommonly sound piece of work.' And he will say, as proud as you please, 'I should think it was, my dear fellow. That young chap Lascelles turned out absolutely first rate. He charged five hundred guineas for that picture. I am telling everybody.'"

Jim Lascelles found it hard to accept his good fortune. Further he seemed to be rather troubled by it.

"I hope it is quite fair to Lord Kendal," he said, "to charge him five hundred guineas for a picture I should be only too glad to paint for fifty."

Andover was amused.

"My dear Lascelles," said he, "simplicity is greatly to be desired in art, but it is well not to take it into the market-place. There is the man with whom you are doing business to be considered. If my friend Kendal paid fifty guineas for the picture of his daughter Priscilla he would think exactly ten times less of it than if he paid five hundred; and instead of hanging it in his dining-room in the worst possible light he would hang it in one of the smaller bedrooms in a very much better one."

Andover's homily was interrupted at this point by the return of Miss Perry. In her Gainsborough gown, which she had worn at the fancy ball, and in her "runcible" hat, which by some miracle had been clapped on at just the right angle, she looked more distracting than any human creature ought really to do. She seated herself in the middle of the sofa with great composure, tilted her chin to the light of the morning, and folded her hands in her lap with almost the air of a professional.

"Out for blood," said Jim approvingly.

"Lascelles," said Andover, "I am almost afraid this means a large one."

"Yes," said Jim, "I am a poor and obscure painter, but this zeal to serve the arts really merits encouragement."

"Perhaps, Lascelles," said Andover, "if Buzzards are sincerely interested in art, as one feels sure they must be, they might be induced to make a reduction upon the large ones if you contracted for a quantity."

Jim Lascelles was frankly delighted with the pose and worked very happily. He was in high spirits. Thanks to Andover's generosity he had got out of his difficulty far more easily than he could have hoped to have done. His future prospects had also taken a sudden and remarkable turn for the better. Yet apart from these considerations his subject fired him. As he worked during this precious hour he felt that his execution had never had such boldness, freedom and authenticity.

Andover watched his *protégé* with approval. As a critic he was sufficiently accomplished to detect great possibilities in Jim's method. Here might be a genuine "*trouvaille*," if the young fellow only had thoroughness as well as courage.

Miss Perry had not moved her chin once for nearly an hour, so that she felt her guerdon was as good as earned; Jim Lascelles had yielded for the same period to a genuine inspiration; and Andover sat at his ease watching with every outward sign of satisfaction the fair fruits which were springing from his liberal treatment of the artistic temper, when this harmony of sitter, painter and patron was gravely imperilled by the entrance of a little fat dog. As usual he heralded the approach of an old woman leaning upon an ebony stick.

No sooner had the old woman entered the blue drawing-room than she stood dumfounded with amazement. And yet there is reason to believe that this attitude was in some measure assumed. Jim Lascelles continued to ply his brush in blissful ignorance of her presence; Miss Perry for political reasons continued strictly to maintain her pose. Andover, however, put up a solemn forefinger. Nevertheless, signs were not wanting that the mistress of the house was about to disregard his warning.

"Ssssh, Caroline," said he.

"What, pray, is the meaning of this?" demanded the old lady.

"This is a most critical stage," said Andover. "Three minutes more and I shall invite you to speak with freedom."

"Tell me," snorted the old lady. "Why is that girl sitting there in that manner in the gewgaws of a playactress?"

"Sssh, Caroline," said Andover. "Don't you see?"

The perfect composure of the fair sitter, and the fact that she chose to remain deaf, dumb and blind to the intruder, seemed to exasperate that autocrat.

"Tell me, girl, what is the meaning of it?" she stormed.

She beat the carpet with the ebony walking stick.

"Move not the Chin Piece, the young man said," Jim whispered.

The filmy, faraway look continued in the eyes of Miss Perry. She paid heed to none.

Andover held up his forefinger very gravely.

"Sssh, Caroline," said he. "One short and brief minute more. The whole situation is most critical."

"Is the creature hypnotized?" demanded Caroline.

"Yes," said Andover, "she is undoubtedly."

"Who gave permission for her to sit for her portrait?" demanded the old lady. "In those fal-lals, too."

"Nature gave her permission," said Andover, "amiable old dame Nature. She couldn't refuse it."

"I forbid it," said the old lady with all the energy of which she was capable. "It is disgraceful. It shall not go on."

Then it was that Miss Perry spoke.

"Large cream bun to-morrow morning, please," said she.

"Is it an hour?" said Jim Lascelles. "Dear me! how time flies. One can hardly believe it."

"Girl," said the old lady, "I demand an explanation."

As Miss Perry seemed to have no explanation to offer, Andover came to her aid.

"The truth is," said he in honeyed tones, "my distinguished young friend Lascelles is the victim of a very natural error. My idea was of course, Caroline, as you are aware, that he should come here to copy your Gainsborough; but it would appear that he has put another interpretation upon his mandate. And I feel bound to confess that I for one cannot blame him."

Caroline Crewkerne, however, was not appeased so easily.

"In my opinion," said she, "it is unpardonable that any man should take it upon himself to paint clandestinely the portrait of my niece. And in my house too."

Jim held himself very proudly and perhaps a little disdainfully also. The old woman's tone was certainly offensive.

"Lady Crewkerne," said he, not so humbly as he might have done, "I will admit that I have done wrong, but I hope my offence is not a very grave one."

The old lady looked Jim over very scornfully. She was evidently not quite sure whether such presumption was entitled to a reply at all.

"It depends upon the light in which one chooses to view the sub-

ject," said she in a voice which trembled with anger. "I have formed my own opinion about such behavior. I must ask you to leave this house immediately and in future it will be closed to you."

Jim was stung. The mildest-mannered fellow in the world would have been by such an unbridled display of despotism. Andover, who by long association with the Whigs understood their arbitrary nature, was really less shocked by such an uncivil exhibition than he pretended to be. He took Jim Lascelles by the sleeve, drew him aside and bestowed a whimsical smile upon him.

"Say nothing, my dear fellow," said he in a sagacious and paternal manner. "Give her her head and then leave her to me."

Jim Lascelles, however, was furious. He was young and hot-headed; and adversity had rendered him more sensitive upon the score of his personal dignity than it is wise for a young fellow to be. Therefore, he was by no means disposed to leave the adjustment of the matter to his friend. Not by his demeanor only did he express resentment, but by word and by deed also.

"I am sorry, Lady Crewkerne, you have taken this view," said he not very pacifically. "I shall be quite happy to obey your instructions. A couple of men will come from Peabody's this afternoon to fetch the canvas."

And then with an incredible absence of judgment Jim Lascelles packed up his tools, and distributing curt bows to everybody, stalked out of the room and out of the house.

Andover showed genuine consternation. Miss Perry looked ready to shed tears. Cream buns apart, she was very fond of Jim.

"An incomprehensibly foolish thing to have done," said Andover.

"A deplorable exhibition of impudence," said Caroline Crewkerne. "I have the greatest mind not to give up that canvas. I should be within my rights if I destroyed it."

"I have grave doubts whether you could do it legally," said Andover.

For a man of his vaunted wisdom and experience it was a sadly injudicious thing to have said.

"You think so," said the redoubtable Caroline. "That decides me. That man must be taught a lesson. Andover, have the goodness to ring the bell."

Andover showed genuine concern.

"Surely, Caroline," said he, "you cannot mean that you are going to destroy it."

"That is my intention."

"Oh, but," said Andover, "it would be nothing short of a crime. There is no other word for it."

"It is going to be done," said Caroline Crewkerne.

"But the young fellow has put many hours of fine work into that picture," said Andover with great seriousness, "and fine thought in it too. It would be a crime."

"If a man has no manners he must be taught them," said Caroline grimly.

"The kettle is invariably the severest judge of the pot," said Andover in a whimsical aside. "Really, Caroline, you began it," said he.

"The man began it by painting my niece's portrait without obtaining my permission. Not content with abusing my hospitality he must show insolence when remonstrated with."

"Well, you know, my dear Caroline," said Andover, "that hand of yours is uncommonly heavy. And although no one deplures the young fellow's conduct for his own sake more deeply than I do, he acted precisely as his profoundly rash and hot-headed father would have done in the circumstances."

"I am not in the least interested in such a person or in his father either," said Caroline Crewkerne. "But I have made up my mind that that canvas shall be destroyed."

CHAPTER XV

DIPLOMACY IS NECESSARY

Andover's gravity was of a kind he seldom displayed.

"Caroline," said he firmly, "if you behaved in that way no right-minded person could possibly forgive you. The lad is very poor and his history is a sad one. He is the son of Lascelles, V.C., as rash yet generous-hearted a fellow as ever lived. Had it not been for a dishonest broker the young chap would be a man of wealth and position."

"I am prepared to hear nothing further upon the subject," said Caroline Crewkerne. "I have made up my mind. Andover, have the goodness to ring the bell."

The affair must have had a tragic termination there and then had not the God who watches over poor painters—whatever their own private and personal doubts in regard to that Deity, it is only right for laymen like ourselves to assume that there is one—seen fit to enact a little providence of His own. At that crucial moment there came to Andover's aid no less a person than George Betterton. And as if that opportune arrival

was not in itself sufficient, Providence took the trouble to play a double coup. Mr. Marchbanks made the announcement almost immediately afterward that luncheon was ready.

While Caroline enlarged upon her grievances to George Betterton and outlined the extreme course she proposed to take as soon as luncheon was over, Andover scribbled hastily in pencil on the back of a card: "Remove picture from No. — Hill Street immediately to the Acacias, Hawthorn Road, Balham."

This accomplished, he proceeded to take Mr. Collins into his confidence. He placed the card together with a sovereign in the palm of that gentleman.

"Go down at once," said he, "to the people at the Bond Street Galleries and give them this card. They are to remove that half finished picture in the blue drawing-room to that address. By the time luncheon is over it must be out of the house. Is that clear?"

"Perfectly clear, my lord," said Mr. Collins, who among his many virtues had a proper tenderness for the peerage.

"See that this is done, and when questions are asked all you need know upon the subject is that a couple of men came and took it away. You understand?"

"Perfectly, my lord," said Mr. Collins.

During luncheon Andover was seen to particular advantage. At any time it called for very little effort on his part for him to be one of the most agreeable men in London. To-day he excelled. He retailed some of the newest stories and a quantity of the freshest gossip; he was really genial to George Betterton and encouraged him to enlarge at length upon the subject of the Militia; and to his hostess he gave a tip for the Oaks, for which species of information she had a decided weakness.

It was but seldom among his intimates that George was permitted to mount his hobby horse. As for Andover he was the last man in the world as a rule to consent to hold the head of that extraordinary quadruped while George established himself firmly in the saddle. But on this occasion he performed that operation in the most graceful manner.

"Excellent speech of yours in the House the other evening, my dear fellow," said he. "I wasn't there myself—Philosophical Society's annual meeting—but you were very carefully reported in the *Times*. Quite your best vein, if I may say so. Very shrewd, very searching, sound common sense. You thought so, Caroline, did you not?"

It seems incredible, but Caroline Crewkerne walked straight into the trap. With all her ruthlessness and all her knowledge of mundane affairs she had one besetting weakness. She attached an absurd importance to

any form of politics. It was her Whiggism doubtless. She would encourage the most consummate bore, for upon the slightest pretext her vanity would lead her to believe that her fingers were really in the pie, and that she had a very considerable hand in the destinies of the country.

In the heyday of her glory it used to be asserted freely by idle persons that if the country was not actually ruled from Hill Street, ministers at least were made and marred there, and that of that quarter governments went in fear and trembling. And it is by no means improbable that Caroline Crewkerne came to believe it. It is surprising what vanity will do for us.

To-day the smouldering embers of a life-long illusion, if the figure is permitted, allowed Caroline Crewkerne to establish George Betterton quite firmly astride his hobby horse. Andover counted the minutes of his exquisite boredom. George was always heavy. He spoke so slowly and impressively that he could deliver a platitude in a longer space of time than any man living, and he could use fewer words in the operation. Indeed, upon the strength of that gift he had gained a reputation for incisive brevity.

To see Caroline Crewkerne nodding her vain old head and wagging her vain old ears in an exaggerated attitude of statesmanlike attention was a positive joy to Andover, particularly as time was so valuable. The minutes grew tedious in their passing, all the same. The clock chimed half past two and Miss Perry mentioned the circus.

"Let us postpone it until to-morrow, my dear Miss Goose, if you really don't mind," said Andover. "The conversation is so absorbing. The preserved ginger is highly delectable, too."

Miss Perry shared the latter opinion.

"Benedictine or Maraschino, my lord?" said Mr. Marchbanks.

"Both," said my lord.

Mr. Marchbanks dissembled his surprise in an extremely well-bred manner. In his eyes, however, a peer of the realm was in the happy position of Caesar's wife.

It must not be assumed, however, that Andover indulged in both these luxuries. His respect for the internal economy forbade that course. But observing that George Betterton selected Maraschino he contrived to smuggle unseen the Benedictine to George's side of the table. He then addressed his mind to slumber.

After a full twenty minutes thus blissfully stolen he awoke with a little start.

"Beg pardon, George," said he. "Did I understand you to say the

Militia had gone to the dooce and the Country must be reconstructed or that the Country had gone to the dooce and the Militia must be reconstructed?"

"The Country, Andover," said Caroline Crewkerne in her most *af-fairé* manner, "certainly the Country."

"What a good head you have, Caroline," said Andover, giving expression to a somnolent admiration. "Take after your father. Sorry to interrupt you, George. Most able discourse. By the way, Caroline, you never give one the treat of the famous old brandy these days. Not for myself. I never touch brandy; but I was thinking of George. It is known to be excellent for any kind of disquisition."

George Betterton, duly fortified with a little of the famous old brandy and with a yet further supply of Benedictine, which Andover caused to be conveyed to him, proceeded on his victorious way.

"Country gone to the dogs—yes," said Andover. "Militia gone to the dooce—quite so. Circus to-morrow, Miss Goose. But Gobo quite educational too."

Andover addressed himself again to slumber with a peaceful, resigned, yet vastly contented air.

It was five minutes past three before Caroline Crewkerne quitted the table. In spite of her fund of natural shrewdness she could not help feeling—so easy it is for the wisest people to deceive themselves in some things—that she had sat at the feet of a political Gamaliel who played ducks and drakes with the War Office. As for George Betterton, having been endured with a patience that was not always extended to him, without actually giving himself airs, he felt that upon the subject of the Militia he really was no end of a fellow. Andover, who had enjoyed an additional thirty-five minutes of undisturbed repose, gave him clearly to understand that he concurred in that opinion.

Back in the drawing-room Caroline Crewkerne reaffirmed her intention of destroying the half-finished portrait of Miss Perry.

"An unpardonable piece of presumption in the first place," said she. "And in the second the man was positively insolent."

Andover had already looked for the canvas, and with a whimsical little sigh of satisfaction had looked in vain. It would seem that the myrmidons of the Bond Street Galleries had done their work.

"Do be more lenient, my dear Caroline," said Andover persuasively. "The fellow is young and his lot is hard. Pray don't take the bread out of the mouth of a rising genius who has to support his mother. George, my dear fellow, throw the weight of your great influence into the scale. Caroline must be more humane. Rising young man—highly susceptible

—wholly captivated by our distracting Miss Goose. Any young fellow with any sort of instinct for Nature at her choicest would have done the same."

Andover concluded upon an exclamation from the redoubtable Caroline.

"Why," she cried, "the picture has been taken away!"

Mr. Marchbanks was summoned.

"Two men from Peabody's fetched it an hour ago, my lady," Mr. Marchbanks explained.

"Without my permission," stormed his mistress.

"I had no instructions, my lady," said Mr. Marchbanks. "I was under the impression that it was the property of the young painting gentleman."

"You were under the impression!"

"Caroline," said Andover gravely, "if you have not been properly scored off, it looks uncommonly like it. Young fellow evidently didn't allow the grass to grow under his feet. He said he would send for it to-morrow, but he seems to have changed his mind. But in my humble judgment, if you must blame anybody you will do well to blame George. If he hadn't been so devilish interesting on the subject of the Militia it would never have happened."

CHAPTER XVI

HYDE PARK

Little recked Jim Lascelles of the train of circumstances which enabled his precious half-finished work to return to its maker. When it arrived at his hermitage at Balham that afternoon he merely saw in its premature return an additional affront. He took it for granted that the old woman of Hill Street had ordered it out of the house.

"An absolutely inconceivable old cat," Jim assured his mother with great truculence.

"I am afraid so, laddie," said his mother sagely. "Power is so bad for poor Female Us."

"She has ruined me," said Jim miserably. "She and that infernal temper of mine."

"Temper is feminine too, laddie," said Jim's mother profoundly. "She invariably plays old Harry when she gets hold of the reins."

Perhaps it ought to be stated that Jim's mother had recently tried to eke out her slender purse by writing a novel. At least that is the only

explanation there is to offer of how she came to be so wise. The writing of novels is very good for the mind, as all the world knows.

Jim was woefully gloomy for many days. He felt that by his unlucky outburst he had irretrievably ruined his prospects. And they were getting bright so suddenly that they had almost seemed to dazzle him. Not only had he forfeited the hundred pounds which Lord Andover had promised him for a faithful copy of the Gainsborough, but doubtless after his unhappy exhibition of temper Lord Kendal's daughter Priscilla would choose to be painted by somebody else.

This, however, was not the worst. The Goose Girl had passed clean out of his ken. Henceforward he would be debarred the sight of the "runcible hat," the Gainsborough frock, and the full-fledged cream-bun appearance. She had driven the unfortunate young fellow so nearly to distraction that while he found it impossible to expel her from his thoughts, he could not summon the resolution to unlock the door of the studio he had caused to be set up in the small Balham back garden. It was nothing less than an affliction to gaze upon the half-finished canvas, which now could never be completed.

By nature Jim Lascelles was a bright and cheery soul. But the fact that he had destroyed his prospects "just as things were coming his way" by a single unbridled act, made him extremely unhappy. It needed all Mrs. Lascelles's gay courage and invincible optimism to keep Jim steady during these days of trial.

"Finish her out of your head, laddie," said she, "then send her away and have done with her."

"Nay," said Jim. "I must either put all I know into that little work or stick a knife through the canvas."

Jim brooded dreadfully upon the subject. Black rings came under his eyes, he smoked too much and ate too little.

"I must and I will see her," said Jim.

"That is the true spirit, my son," said his mother cheerfully.

It is not quite clear whether she ought openly to have expressed her approval. It was very necessary, all the same, to rouse the unhappy Jim from the lethargy that was making his life unbearable. At all events he seemed to derive a certain inward power from the mere resolution.

The next morning Jim made his way to Hyde Park. It was now June and it was looking its best with the trees, the rhododendrons and the ladies in full bloom. For some time he stood by the railings with a kind of indefinite hope that he would be rewarded for his pilgrimage. Then he began to walk slowly in the direction of Knightsbridge; and confronted by so much fine plumage he began to wish ruefully that his blue

suit was not so shabby and that his straw hat was not in its second season.

He was still hopeful, however. He took a careful survey of the riders. Somewhat oddly his attention was attracted to a heavy red-faced rather stupid-looking man who was pounding along on a gray horse. His appearance was perfectly familiar to Jim Lascelles, yet for the moment he could not remember where and when he had seen him.

It was with an odd mingling of satisfaction and disgust that he was able to recall the heavy red-faced man's identity. He stopped and turned to follow him in his progress. Yes, it was he undoubtedly. And there at the corner by Apsley House was a chestnut horse, tall, upstanding, proudly magnificent, surmounted by a royal creature crowned with the light of the morning. At the respectful distance of thirty paces was Mr. Collins, seated as upright as his own cockade upon a more modest charger. Even he, a man of austere taste and exclusive instinct, did not attempt to conceal an air of legitimate pride in his company. Mr. Collins had seen nothing that morning, nor many mornings previously, that could in any wise compare with the wonderful Miss Perry.

Doubtless it is hardly right to say that Jim Lascelles's eyes were envious when they followed the man with the red face and marked his paternal greeting of the Goose Girl. It is hardly fair, for envy is a vulgar passion, and Jim was too good a fellow ever to be really vulgar in anything. All the same it must be confessed that he swore to himself softly. He then behaved in a very practical and mundane manner. He took out his watch, one of those admirable American five-shilling watches which are guaranteed to keep correct time for a very long period.

"Three minutes past eleven," said Jim. "Oho, my merry man!"

Precisely what Jim meant by that mystic exclamation it is difficult to know; but anyhow it seemed to please him. He then observed that the little cavalcade had wheeled round the corner, and had started to come down slowly by the railings upon the left.

Jim stood to await it with a beating heart. It was a most injudicious thing to do, but he was in a desperate and defiant humor.

"Five to one she cuts you," Jim muttered. "Two to one she cuts you dead. They are all alike when they mount the high horse."

As Jim Lascelles stood to await the approach of the cavalcade he no longer thought ruefully of his cheap straw hat and his shabby blue suit. They had become dear to him as the badge of his impending martyrdom.

Gobo hugged the railings. He was so close to Jim that he nearly touched him with his spurs—dummy spurs as Jim noted. Miss Perry

was explaining that all the girls had white frocks at Buckingham Palace, and how she wished that Muffin had been there, as a white frock always suited her, although she was inclined to tear it, when Miss Featherbrain was met by the steady and unflinching gaze of Jim Lascelles. Instantly her hand went up, not one of darned cotton, but a yellow, gauntletted affair that matched her hair, in quite the regulation Widdiford manner.

"Why—why," she cried, "it's Jim! Hallo, Jim."

In the ears of Jim Lascelles the incomparably foolish drawl had never sounded so absurd and so delicious. It was plainly the intention of Miss Perry to hold animated conversation with the undeniably handsome youth who returned her greeting. But the intervention of the highest branch of the peerage, as solemn as the British Constitution and as solid, too, between her and the railings; and the fact that there was a resolutely oncoming rearguard in the person of the scandalized Mr. Collins, who in his own mind was tolerably sure that the presumptuous young man by the railings had no connection with the peerage whatever, sufficed to keep Miss Perry in the straight path.

Therefore, Jim Lascelles had to be content with one of the old Widdiford smiles, which, nevertheless, was enchanting, and a parting wave of the yellow gauntlet which was the perfection of friendliness, comradeship and natural simplicity. He stood to watch the cavalcade pass slowly down the ride, the magnificent chestnut and its rider the observed of all observers, for both were superb and profoundly simple works of nature. The red-faced and stolid personage on the gray, a more sophisticated pair, were yet well in the picture also, for if less resplendent they, too, in their way were imposing.

Jim's reverie was interrupted by a voice at his elbow.

"There they go," it said, "the most ill-assorted pair in England."

With a start of surprise Jim turned to find an immaculate beside him. Andover was wearing a light gray frock coat with an exaggerated air of fashion.

"Crabbed age and youth," said Jim, yet quite without bitterness. He was still glowing with pleasure at his frank and friendly recognition.

"A pitiful sight," said Andover. "A man of his age! How odd it is that some men are born without a sense of the incongruous."

"Yes," said Jim.

"Gal looks well outside a horse. Very well, indeed. Pity that old ruffian should ruin so fair a picture."

Andover seemed prepared to criticize his rival's style of horsemanship. Reluctantly, however, he forbore to do so. For George had been drilled

very severely in his youth; and in spite of his years and his weight he was able to make a creditable appearance in the saddle.

"Do you know," said Jim, "I almost regret that I did not attempt an equestrian portrait."

Andover's brows went up.

"Upon my word, Lascelles," said he, "you are an uncommonly bold fellow to mention the word portrait."

"I agree with you," said Jim.

He laughed rather bitterly. Andover affected a gravely paternal air.

"Lascelles," said he, "I think the fact that at school your father imbued me with the elements of wisdom gives some sort of sanction to a little plain speaking on my part."

"Go on," said Jim, with gloomy resignation. "Rub it in."

"I think, Lascelles," said Andover, with a fine assumption of the air of a "head beak," "your conduct merits censure in the highest degree."

"It has received it," said Jim. "I have been kicking myself ever since for being such a hot-headed fool."

"One is almost afraid," said Andover ruefully, "that the indiscretion you committed is irreparable. Really, Lascelles, making due allowance for the fact that your father was one of the most rash and hasty men I ever encountered, and allowing further for the fact that my old friend has a deplorable absence of, shall we say, finesse, your behavior amounted neither more nor less than to suicide."

"I don't regret what I did," said Jim, "as far as that old Gorgon of a woman is concerned. I am afraid I should behave in just the same way again if I were placed in a similar position. But of course it is a very serious thing for me. As for the portrait I intend by hook or by crook to finish it."

"Well, Lascelles," said Andover, giving the young fellow a kindly touch on the arm in parting, "do what you can; and when the work is complete you must let me see it."

It was a new Jim Lascelles who returned to Balham by the twelve-thirty from Victoria and took luncheon with his mother. He called at the green grocer's just as you get out of the station, and arrived at the Acacias with a number of paper bags tucked under each arm. He hummed the favorite air in the very latest musical comedy, while he proceeded to make a salad whose mysteries he had acquired in Paris. He had been initiated into them by Monsieur Bonnat, the famous chef of the Hotel Brinvilliers. And it so happened that Jim's mother, who spoiled him completely, had purchased a lobster, which she really

couldn't afford, such was the current price of that delicacy and the present state of her finances, to cheer Jim up a bit.

"My dear," said Jim, "let us have the last bottle of the Johannisberg."

Miranda, the demure little maid of all work, was ordered rather magnificently to procure the same.

"Pity 'tis, 'tis the last," said Jim, who proceeded to toast his mother. "May those precious publishers," said he, "learn truly to appreciate a very remarkable literary genius, my dear."

"I am afraid they do, dear boy," said she. "That is the trouble."

"It is a rattling good story, anyhow," said Jim stoutly.

"It certainly ends as every self-respecting and well-conducted story ought. But this old addle pate hasn't a spark of literary genius in it."

"Oh, hasn't it!" said Jim, bringing his fist upon the table. "George Sand is a fool to you, my dear."

"Dear fellow," said Jim's mother with a smile of pleasure. "At any rate, I am enough of a genius to like appreciation. But with you, laddie, it is different. You are the real right thing, as dear Henry James would say."

"Oh, am I?" said Jim. "Well, here's to the Real, Right Thing, whichever of us has it. I know which side of the table it is if you don't."

"The Realest, Rightest Thing is outside in the garden waiting for the hand of the master to complete her," said Mrs. Lascelles.

"Ye gods, the hand of the master!" said Jim. "You pile it on 'a leetle beet tick,' as Monsieur Gillet would say to you. But shall I tell you a secret? I saw the Goose Girl this morning."

"Of course you did, dear boy."

"How did you guess?"

"The step on the gravel told me."

"You are wonderful, you know," said Jim. "Fancy your finding it out like that when I tried hard to walk slowly."

"That vain, wicked, foolish and depraved Goose," said Jim's mother. "You met her in Hyde Park this morning walking with her Duke, and she gave you a smile, and if she was more than usually foolish she said, 'Why, it's Jim!'"

"She was *en cheval*. But you *are* wonderful, you know," said Jim.

"Riding was she?" said Jim's mother. "And pray how did the great overgrown creature look outside a horse?"

"I could never have believed it," said Jim. "She was mounted on a glorious chestnut, a great mountain of a beast, a noble stepper, and in her smart new habit and in an extraordinarily fashionable topper—

think on it, my dear, the Goose Girl in a topper!—she was a picture for the gods.”

“One can readily believe,” said Jim’s mother, “that the creature would set high Olympus in a roar.”

“She was to the manner born,” said Jim. “She might have learned the art of equitation in *l’haute école* instead of in the home paddock at Widdiford on that screw of the dear old governor’s.”

“Oh no, dear boy,” said Jim’s mother with decision, “poor dear Melanchthon was anything but a screw. He was by Martin Luther out of Moll Cutpurse. He won the point to point on three occasions.”

“I humbly beg Melanchthon’s pardon,” said Jim. “That explains why the Goose Girl comes to be so proficient. She certainly looked this morning as if she had never sat anything less than the blood of Carbine.”

“I think the secret of the whole matter, my son,” said Jim’s mother profoundly, “is that the Female Us is so marvellously adaptable. If she is really smartly turned out on a fine morning in June with a real live duke on the off side of her and all London gazing at her, if she had never learned to sit anything else than a donkey she would still contrive to look as though she had won the whole gymkhana. It is just that quality that makes the Female Us so wonderful. It is just that that maketh Puss so soon get too big for her dancing slippers.”

“Well, you wise woman,” said Jim, “the Goose Girl would have taken all the prizes this morning. And she didn’t even cut me.”

“Cut you, laddie!” exclaimed Jim’s mother. “Gott in himmel! that Goose cut you indeed!”

“There are not many Goose Girls that wouldn’t have done it,” said Jim, “in the circumstances. But she is True Blue. And I am going to finish her portrait. And I am going to make her permanently famous.”

Jim’s mother tilted the last of the Johannisberg into his glass.

“Go in and win, dear boy,” said she. “You have genius. Lavish it upon her. Earn fame and fortune, and buy back the Red House at Widdiford.”

“And in the meantime,” said Jim, “she will have married that old fossil and borne him three children.”

“She will not, dear boy,” said the voice of the temptress, “if you make her promise not to.”

“Oh, that wouldn’t be cricket,” said Jim, “with her people so miserably poor and James Lascelles by no means affluent; and the old fossil with a house in Piccadilly, and another in Notts, and another in Fife-shire, and a yacht in the Solent, and a box at the opera, and a mausoleum at Kensal Green. No, old lady, I’m afraid it wouldn’t be cricket.”

Jim's mother exposed herself to the censure of all self-respecting people.

"It would be far less like cricket," said she, "for that perfect dear of a Goose to have her youth, her beauty and her gaiety purchased by a worldly old ruffian old enough to be her grandfather. Come, sir, she awaits her very parfit gentil knight."

But Jim shook his head solemnly.

"No, old lady," said he, "I am afraid it wouldn't be playing the game."

All the same, immediately luncheon was over Jim took the key of his studio off the sitting-room chimney piece, and went forth to the misshapen wooden erection in the small Balham back garden. The key turned in the lock stiffly. It was nearly three weeks since it had last been in it. For several hours he worked joyfully, touching and retouching the picture and improvising small details out of his head. And all the time the Goose Girl smiled upon him in the old Widdiford manner. Her hair had never looked so yellow and her eyes had never looked so blue.

CHAPTER XVII

DEVELOPMENT OF THE FEMALE US

The next morning, a little before eleven, the wonderful Miss Perry, accompanied by the admirable Mr. Collins, was approaching Apsley House when the figure of a solitary horseman was to be seen. It had a combination of unexpectedness and familiarity which fixed Miss Perry's attention. She gave a little exclamation. The horseman was unmistakably Jim Lascelles.

Jim received a most affectionate greeting.

"You are just in time," said he. "It is a near thing. Gobo is yonder in the offing. I was afraid he would get here before you."

Miss Perry was delighted but perplexed by a suggestion that Jim put forward. It was that they should go down the left while Gobo rode up on the right.

"But I promised Gobo," she said.

"Look here, Goose Girl," said Jim with tremendous resolution, "do you suppose I have invested the last half sovereign I have in the world on the worst hack in London to be cut out by that old duffer? Come on round, you Goose, before he gets up."

Really Miss Perry is not to be blamed. Jim Lascelles was resolution incarnate once he had made up his mind. Jim's horse, a nonde-

script who does not merit serious notice, walked a few paces briskly, the chestnut followed its example, as chestnuts will, and the next thing was Jim's horse broke into a canter. The chestnut did the same. Of course it was Miss Perry's business to see that the chestnut did nothing of the sort. But it has to be recorded that she failed in her obvious duty. And then so swift is the road to destruction, in less time than it takes to inform the incredulous reader, the chestnut and the nondescript began literally to fly down Rotten Row.

It was a golden morning of glorious June, and of course things constantly happen at that vernal season. But as the four pairs of irresponsible hoofs came thundering by, flinging up the tan in all directions and nearly knocking over a policeman, equestrians of both sexes and pedestrians too stared in polite amazement and very decided disapproval. If not absolutely contrary to the Park regulations it was certainly very wrong behavior.

There is every reason to believe that the opinion of that high authority, Mr. Collins, was even more uncompromising. Not for an instant did he attempt to cope with the pace that had been set. He was content sadly to watch his charge get farther and farther away. He then turned to look back at the man with the red face who had just arrived at the turn.

That elevated personage, who could not see at all well without his spectacles, halted at the turn and looked in vain for the wonderful Miss Perry. His friend Andover, who had entered the gates just in time to be *au courant* with all that had happened, accosted him cheerfully.

"Doctor's orders, George?"

"Ye-e-s," said George rather gruffly.

"I warned you years ago, my dear fellow," said his friend sympathetically, "that any man who drinks port wine in the middle of the day as a regular thing can count later in life on the crown of the martyr."

George looked rather cross. He peered to the right and he peered to the left. The ever-receding pair were by now undecipherable to stronger eyes than those of George Betterton.

"Seen a gal about?" he inquired rather irritably. There never was a duke since the creation of the order who could endure to be kept waiting.

"I've seen several," said his friend with an air of preternatural innocence.

"I mean that gal of Caroline Crewkerne's," said George.

"I was not aware that she had one."

"Tall, bouncing gal," said George. "Ginger hair."

"Ginger hair," said his friend. "Tall, bouncing girl. Do you mean my ward, Miss Perry?"

"Your ward," said George. "What d'ye mean, Andover?"

"Caroline Crewkerne seems to think," said Andover coolly, "that I shall serve the best interests of a lonely and unprotected and extraordinarily prepossessing girlhood if I act as it were in *loco parentis* during Miss Perry's sojourn in the vast metropolis."

George began to gobble furiously. It was a sign, however, that his mind was working. That heavy and rusty mechanism was very difficult to set in motion.

"If it comes to that," said he, "I should say I am quite as capable of looking after the gal as you are."

"A matter of opinion, George, I assure you," said Andover with genial candor.

"What d'ye mean?" said George.

"For one thing I am rather older than you," said his friend, "and therefore in Caroline's opinion I am better fitted to occupy the paternal office."

"Are you though?" said George stubbornly.

"I am sixty-five, you know," said his friend with an air of modest pride. "The ideal age, if I may say so, for wisdom, experience and knowledge of the world to coalesce in the service of innocence, beauty and extreme youth. At least I know that is Caroline Crewkerne's opinion."

"Goin' to marry the gal, are you?" said George bluntly.

Some men are very blunt by nature.

"The exigencies of the situation may render that course expedient," said Andover rather forensically. "But in any case, my dear George, speaking with the frankness to which I feel that my advantage in years entitles me, I am inclined to doubt the seemliness of the open pursuit by a man of nine and fifty of a wayside flower."

"What d'ye mean, Andover?" said George with a more furious gobble than any he had yet achieved.

"What I really mean, my dear fellow," said his friend, "is that you can no longer indulge in the pleasures of the chase without your spectacles. Had you been furnished with those highly useful if not specially ornamental adjuncts to the human countenance, you would have been able to observe that the wonderful Miss Perry—whose hair, by the way, is yellow—was spirited away exactly ninety seconds before you arrived on the scene."

"Who took her?" said George, who by now had grown purple with suppressed energy.

"A young fellow took her," said Andover. "A smart, dashing, well set up young fellow took her, my dear George. He simply came up, tossed her the handkerchief, and away they set off, hell for leather. By now they are at the Albert Memorial."

No sooner was this information conveyed to him than George Betterton did a vain and foolish thing. Without bestowing another word upon Andover he set off in pursuit. It was supremely ridiculous that he should have behaved in any such fashion. But it is surprising how soon the most stalwart among us loses his poise; how soon the most careful performer topples off the tight rope of perfect discretion and sanity. The spectacle of George pursuing the runaways with a haste that was almost as unseemly as their own was certainly romantic. And at the same time it provided infinitely pleasant food for the detached observer who was responsible for George's behavior.

Andover stood to watch and to laugh sardonically. The marionette had begun to answer to the strings in delightful fashion. He promised to excel all anticipation.

(To be continued)

THE COMING OF APHRODITE

[PARIS SPEAKS]

BY CHARLES T. ROGERS

'Twas such a day as lifts its sunny head
Not half a score of times 'twixt birth and death;
One of those days when, seeming to relent,
The gods unroll in golden characters
Writ large across the halting universe
The riddle of this life—the missing word
Leaps almost to the lip—then, like a stone,
Falls back upon the baffled heart again;
Even such a day as this, now hardly dead,
That brought remembrance of cool Ida's grove
Where I made choice, and linkèd consequence
Stretched on therefrom to chain the foolish world.

Deep mazed, I paused, slow poising in my hand
The apple, and in shaken silence strove
To hold true balance of their promises.
Hera, the mother-look deep in her eyes
And shyly wistful shoulder that invites
To its faint hollow sweet the weary head,
Gave pledge of lifelong happiness and peace:
Bright Pallas in her stark, cold beauty leaned
To tempt with honors large, while her gray eye
Lit with a spark of promise that forespelled
A hope of fire behind her blue-veined bust
To warm its aureoled peaks.

And then She came—
The Paphian One, whose hint of cooling foam,
Clinging to Her, scarce made endurable
The dread delight of Her. As She drew near,
The budding wood about Her burst and leaped
To brighter green mid Spring's faint, pale-gold haze,
While all the throbbing world in time did keep
The undulance of Her light, swaying walk:
One hand did stay a leaping breast perverse,
Tormenting with its peeping, half-hid charm:
Her eye, alight with Spring, did catch and hold
Spring's guerdons closer than is mortals' wont
For that She had seen many Springs slow die:—
The changeful music of her voice slid on
From notes of shivered silver lower down
To golden undertones that widened round
In sighing vibrances of deeper pulse
Than deepest string, soft smitten, of the lyre—
"Paris, if thou wilt choose me, I will give
To thee, the fairest woman in the world."
My heart so shaken was it seemed to me
As though the whole wide, ravening sea therein
Made tumult; each fierce wave, a wave of flame.
"But Thou, but Thou," was all my stammering tongue
Could say while reaching forth to Her my hands
So close the apple 'gainst Her girdle smote.
Then She did laugh, nor shrank from me away:
"She shall be fair as I, and over thee

With her eyes shall I keep true watch alway"—
And so was gone, the apple 'gainst Her cheek.
But now, but now, even as it was to-day,
I hear Her voice in clear-sent whisper call
To me amid the clamor of the siege,
Alluring me from meteor-streaming spears,
The locking shields, the searching swords, bright wounds
And joy of combat, unto Helen's arms;
Some strange, mad dream that tortures with a hint
That She is Helen's self and Helen Hers.
Yet always the tempestous rapture fades
And leaves but dross filch'd of Menelaus.
Aye, there she lies now in her chamber dim,
Her shape curved down the couch, white through the gloom,
That I could almost loathe; her restless sleep
Broken a score of times to stretch hot arms
And crave yet more caresses. Yet in dreams
She babbles of her Spartan home.

Oh, Gods,
That I might whiff once more the first faint reek
Of my rekindled fire and from my door
Glance out o'er Ida's black, gashed, misty gorge
To spy my goats on wet cliffs opposite
Nose toward the crisping herbage of the dawn;
Might hear the wakening cry of my own son
End suddenly against Aenone's breast
And clasp them both, tight, tight, within my arms.

And yet, I cannot go. Oh, sick, sick dreams!
Such as do follow frays and many wounds.
Here must I stay while Trojan women 'reft
Reville me as I move along the walls
And hungry children mock me in the streets;
While Hecuba gives aye a toothless curse
As I draw near, fixing on me the bale,
Unwavering, of her sightless, hollow eyes.

Charles T. Rogers,

AN INSPIRING ORIENTALIST

BY ALBERT SCHINZ

(Professor of Romance Language in Bryn Mawr College)

ABOUT fifteen or twenty years ago students in European colleges and universities were passing secretly from hand to hand novels of a strange character. They discussed the author among themselves, but they did not speak to their professors, because they felt sure beforehand that the books would not be approved; although perhaps not realizing what fascinated them so, they were sure they liked the weird, mystic note, and words of irony or criticism might spoil their delight.

This was the time when Naturalism was being violently shaken from right and left; everywhere people were tired of brutal realism, and an intense desire for a change of atmosphere in art was manifest; as usual, professors were the last ones to yield; they long remained true to the creed of their generation (and of their lectures) when the public was already applauding Daudet's sentimentalism, so little in keeping with apathic Zolaism and when Symbolists were gathering around them many a disciple. As to the man who fascinated our youth, he was striking a new note too, but he did not belong to either of the two movements just mentioned. Péladan had been born in Lyons, in 1859; possessed of a genial enthusiasm and a thoroughly artistic nature, he found in himself energy enough to start a movement of reaction all on his own account. Within a few years he wrote twenty novels under the general title *La décadence latine*, in which he fought both modern evils of absence of art, and of absorption of art by science; and those novels of his "*Ethopée*," *Le vice suprême*, *La victoire du mari*, *L'Androgyne* we curiously devoured. If there was a thing the author did not care about, it was to describe characters that were "real" in the ordinary sense of the word (as in Zola for instance); and another peculiarity, a thing almost incredible in our age, was his olympian indifference toward all social and economic problems. His heroes were not unfrequently above the laws of time and space; besides their material bodies, they enjoyed the privilege of travelling around in an ethereal body; everywhere prevailed the romanesque atmosphere of magics and of necromancy. All this proved, in fact, much too anti-realistic for the general public, who did not see the intensely spiritual aspirations back of those stories. But for the élite, the originality of this extraordinary man was evident; and with a few disciples, Péladan organized a society, which has remained famous, the Order of the Rose et Croix—an imitation of the

order of the same name in the Middle Ages, whose members devoted themselves to the study of the problems of a supernatural life. The members of the order called themselves "Magi," and their chief took the title of "Çar"—hence the name of Çar Péladan, under which our author is still known. They held their reunions, open only to the initiated, somewhere in Paris, and often represented plays that savored of ancient and oriental mysteries.

It seemed to me interesting to recall the early career of Péladan before speaking of his last work, which is that of an erudite. Age has somewhat tempered the ardor of youth; the Çar gave up the Order, but he still believes like Hamlet:

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

He still scorns those little laws of nature which our modern scholars endeavor to make us believe are the essence of wisdom. The priests of former creeds, Magism, Zoroastrism, Buddhism, Pythagoreanism, Eleusianism, Gnosticism, and so forth, knew surely more than we do, or at least were surely looking for a truth more worth while than the one that gave us telegraph, telephone and automobiles. Péladan is a devout Catholic, yet he sees in the mystic rites of the Church much more than formal ceremonies to dazzle the faithful; he sees in them the direct outcome of the oriental and Greek mysteries, the modern manifestation of similar aspirations. He has therefore devoted years of study and has done extensive travelling in Eastern countries in order to learn whatever possible of the ideas of these early sages. To his keen sense of interpretation of myths and art, he adds an erudition that would do honor to many an old German professor.¹ He has given us already several inspiring volumes regarding the different countries thus explored by him, and now his last book—to which I wish to call attention here²—is a remarkable summary of the present state of Oriental studies, a summary that cannot fail to be welcome to those interested in the numerous expeditions sent out year after year to the holy land and other countries mentioned in the Bible.

In a suggestive *Introduction*, Péladan explains the real meaning of archeological studies. After reading him, we understand better why the

¹In 1901 he made a very interesting discovery by means of scholarly computations. He discovered, namely, that the grotto visited by pilgrims to Jerusalem as the holy sepulchre was not the real place where the body of Christ had been deposited; but that the real sepulchre was in the Mosque of Omar.

²*Les Idées et les Formes. Antiquité Orientale.* Par Josephin Péladan. Paris: Mercure de France. 1908.

word "Art" is so vague a term to-day. He demonstrates how printing has wrought irremediable damage to art, especially to plastic art. There was a time when people, with a very few exceptions, could neither write nor read; ideas were conveyed to them by architecture and other arts: a pyramid, a temple, a palace, were then nothing but very large hieroglyphs. To-day, on the contrary, when we wish to express ideas we write them down, print them, and the people to whom they are destined read them from the books. On the one hand, therefore, art has become useless; conveying ideas by means of books is the simplest and surest way; doing it by art is only a luxury on our part; this has brought about our modern "art for the sake of art," which in itself is nonsense: "Printing has substituted words for forms, and closed the era of synthetic art to open the era of analysis and specialization. . . . To-day *art for the sake of art*, which, not a doctrine, but a fact resulting from social conditions, is synonymous with speaking without saying anything." On the other hand, we have, owing to lack of practice, become blind for the understanding of antique art; man has learned how to read, but he has forgotten how to see. "There is as much transcendental metaphysics in a marble statue or column, as in a treatise of Aristotle's; only those who read are thousands as compared with the few who can see."

What Victor Hugo did in his immortal novel *Notre Dame de Paris*, namely, interpret in words the ideas, beliefs, hopes, expressed in the architecture of the great cathedral, Péladan does for us with the monuments of oriental antiquity; he *reads* them for us. This, for instance, is his characterization of the Egyptian temple: It does not rise (like, for instance, our cathedrals with their spires), it stretches horizontally, it almost creeps on the ground, the immense area of its basis is the striking feature, thus "aesthetically, it expresses more certitude than hope:¹ the staunch confidence of the priest in his gods; it is an architecture of creeds, of powerful affirmation." Compare also this characterization of the Buddhist temple: "The Hindoo never had the sense of architecture; shortsighted aesthetically, he sees the interest only of the little spot which he touches, and he remains dead-set on that. Now, the impression of the beautiful results only from a harmony in the proportions, and there remains no proportion with the mad carving of the Aryan people on the shores of the Ganges. Our middle ages conceived of, and realized, the idea of the stone lace, but we framed it within the generic lines of the edifice, without allowing it to outstrip or deform those lines.

¹The spire shooting up, the ogive, etc., of Western countries, of Christianity, would express hope.

The endless carving is the worst vice. The pagoda of Chawmuch, at Satrunji, has no longer any form."

Presented that way, archæology is no longer a dry science for specialists, it becomes a fascinating study; and it is because he knows so well how to get in the little remark which illuminates everything that Péladan is so valuable a guide. His chief purpose has been to summarize for us all that is at present known of the history of the Orient that may serve us as keys to understand better the Oriental art and the riches that accumulate so rapidly in all our museums.

As a sample of the elegance, the concision and the absolute clearness of Péladan's style, I should like to quote a passage which summarizes the hypothesis suggested to modern scholarship by all the data in hand regarding prehistoric times:

"The highest antiquity is found at the delta of the Nile and at that of the Euphrates.

"However, civilization went up the river instead of down; a fact which would suggest that it was brought there by sea and all complete, since the works of art at Memphis prove to be the most perfect of Egypt.

"According to traditions, the famous deluge would have engulfed a continent, *Atlantis*, which was then the abode of a complete civilization; and the Atlantic race, or Red race, dispersed by the cataclysm would be found again, prosperous near the Nile, less abundant and rapidly mixed in Chaldea, erring and disabled on the Armorican coasts, stupefied and decayed in North America . . . one may also suppose that those who were to fix themselves definitively on the shores of the Nile, landed at first at the delta of the Euphrates, and then not finding this marshy country favorable for permanent staying, they left in large quantities the Persian delta, crossed the desert, and established themselves at the other delta." However that may be, is it not interesting to see that modern scholarship is gradually driving us toward the old biblical doctrine of the unity of human civilization? To the writer, after closing the book, this seems the most valuable demonstration of it. He grants that he may be prejudiced, for his own studies in linguistics and literature have for a long time inclined him to admit, at the bottom of all our civilizations, no matter how varied they look to us now, one common source, and the pagan legend of Atlantis and the biblical story of Babel seem to be only two different versions of one and the same prehistoric fact. But now there are remarkable little bits of evidence strewn in the pages of the book under consideration, and nobody can fail to see their value in connection with this problem: how does it come that the coat of arms of the city of Paris represents the barge of the Egyptian goddess Isis? or

that the superstitious belief in the were-wolf existed in all antiquity in Egypt and among the Celts, and nowhere between? The Welsh menhir or dolmen, the Egyptian obelisk, the Bethels of the people in the holy land, are without any possibility of a doubt the same monument; the Chaldean system of triads of gods is strikingly similar to that of the Celtic mabinogi. And again look at the relations between Chinese and Chaldean civilization and language; or the same notion of what a monument for the dead ought to be in Egypt and in the earliest time known of the Chinese civilization. These and many other facts cannot be explained by mere chance.

One of the best chapters that illustrates the instructive method of Péladan, and his contempt for accumulation of non-relevant facts is that on Phenicia. Everywhere you find the Phenicians; they travelled more extensively than any other peoples; to judge by their colonies they must be one of the most genial races of antiquity. But Péladan says: "The Phenician is the least of the Semites. He left us neither an art of his own, nor a literature, and one may add not even a religion. But studied in his unceasing moving about as a merchant-navigator, he creates so numerous contacts, so frequent contacts between so diverse peoples, that the history of civilization would become incomprehensible without him." His greediness has served him instead of genius; the unpleasant character is shown in the minutest things, even in the handwriting of the Phenicians as compared with that of other nations: "From the point of view of graphology, this cursive hand corresponds to the writing of the miser." Finally, see how clearly he states an interesting anthropological problem: "One can reconcile only with difficulty the activity and the boldness of the race with the abomination of its morality. It makes one almost think that those eternal corruptors cultivated vices in order to understand them better so as to cater for them better."

The chapter on Israel is a good test for the impartiality of Péladan. He writes, this devout Catholic, with perfect ease and calm, and without pose for paradox or apologies for heterodoxy, such disturbing little paragraphs as: "Archæology has ruined the religious prestige of Israel." Or further down: "One has been deceived up to quite recent times with regard to the origin and the real center of humanity. Jerusalem will no longer be, from now on, what it was for Racine. That mediocre city held the position which belonged to a more venerable past. . . ." "There is no Jewish art: the Decalogue had forbidden carved images, and to represent materially, things heavenly or infernal." The explanation of the part played by Israel is thus given: "The recent researches and comparison of texts prove that the originality of the Bible is more in

the perfection of an incomparable poetry than in ideas, and that alone the literary man was great in Israel: this is what won over occidental imagination, when the Gospel has appeared to him as if it were a sort of second volume and a realization of the Semitic book." Why it took so long to find out that there was no relation between the old Testament and the new, this, Péladan admits, is not easily understood: "No matter how great the literary beauty of the Bible may be, its adoption by the occidental races remains the most insoluble problem of history, although it owes its good fortune to the fact that it was given out as the prologue to the Gospel."

Albert Schinz.

THE PENNELLS' BOOK ON WHISTLER

BY ARTHUR HOEBER

INTERESTING as is the book by Mr. and Mrs. Pennell, *The Life of James McNeill Whistler*—and there is not a dull page in the two volumes—it is a thousand pities permission was legally denied them to insert therein the many letters from the dead artist that were available, for he was no less brilliant with his pen than he was with his tongue, and he surely did not lack for cleverness with the latter. Perhaps, however, we ought to take the gifts the gods have sent us with due humility and appreciation and not ask for too much, looking happy the while. At any rate, the reader will not lack for amusement and entertainment. Incidentally he will gather many notions of the life, the artistic crowd, and the happenings that covered a period of some fifty years more or less, a half century of a very crowded life, one of great activity, astonishing experiences, of failure and success, of bitter struggles and animosities, of few friendships and those invariably broken after a while, of mingled homage and ridicule, both disproportionate,—in short, of a career that is scarcely paralleled in the history of art. It is the strange story of a most earnest man with a highly irascible temper, who took himself always with the greatest seriousness and managed by the sheer strength of his personality fairly to hypnotize all with whom he came in contact; a man so singularly artistic in every fibre of his being that you could never mistake his endowment. The inartistic jarred upon him as a wrongly-played chord would have affected a musician, and to the smallest detail he insisted on the fitness of things. The personality, too, was purely mental, for physically he was most insignificant; while toward the end of his life, strangely wrinkled, his hair dyed, and elaborately,

not to say insistently curled, himself dressed in anything but fashionable garments, he was a singular spectacle. Thus he appeared to the present reviewer, who met him for the first time in May, 1888, at dinner at the house of Mortimer Menpes, in London, whither came Whistler and "Maud," the former then on terms of the greatest intimacy with Menpes, with whom there was shortly to come the inevitable break. Mr. Pennell's impression of him was much the same, as we learn in the second volume. He met him for the first time on July 13, 1884—dates are given throughout the books with commendable exactitude—at Whistler's house in Tite Street, Chelsea. He had gone to call to get him to do some work for the *Century Magazine* and he was armed with a letter of introduction from Richard Watson Gilder. The door, in response to his knock, was opened wide by the master himself. Says Mr. Pennell: "Save for his little black ribbon tie, he was all in white—his waistcoat had long sleeves—and every minute it seemed as if he must begin to juggle with glasses. For, to be honest, my first thought when I saw him was that a bar-keeper had strayed from a Philadelphia saloon into a Chelsea studio. Never had I seen that thick mass of black curling hair before except on the head of the man at Finelli's in Chestnut Street." This, it must be remembered, is from one who was perhaps the most faithful of all Whistler's genuine admirers. Such, indeed, was the appearance he gave the reviewer, and though the moment he began to talk he held one, still it took some time to get rid of the first impression.

The Pennells saw much of Whistler in the latter part of his life and received at first hand many of his impressions of men and things, many reminiscences, and they learned much of his earlier struggles, for it was he who asked them to write the story of his life. Thus it was that they made copious notes, lay awake apparently to frame questions he should answer, important and necessary questions be it understood, questions quite proper and of the greatest value in enabling them to prepare these books. That they went at their task affectionately and sympathetically is evident at a glance, and they have, with their literary experience and capacity, done wonders. Occasionally they have possibly overstepped the line, telling here and there an incident that were best left out and dropping into exaggerations; but in the main the reader receives a reasonably exact view of the man, who was eccentric to a remarkable degree; who, while he furnishes splendid material for a biography, would at times have tried the patience of Job himself. Many cities have been claimed as his birthplace, but although Whistler chose in his humorous way to deny it at times, it was at Lowell that he first saw light, and this Massachusetts town has since made an effort to pre-

serve the house. A man from that town once told him that he as well was born there. Whistler replied, "I shall be born where I want, and I do not choose to be born at Lowell." He was baptized James Abbott, but later he dropped the Abbott and took his mother's maiden name of McNeill. His father was an engineer officer of the U. S. Army, and the Russian Government employed him to build a railroad from St. Petersburg to Moscow; so it was that as a lad Whistler went to Russia with his mother to join the father already there, and he stayed some years. His sister, on a trip to England, met the eminent surgeon and later etcher, Seymour Haden, whom she married, and so was enabled to give her brother something of a home in London when he came there from Paris, whither he had gone to study art. For he had from his earliest infancy shown signs of that taste, though it was not thought to be much of a career for him. In 1851, an appointment having been secured, he went to West Point, where he entered the United States Military Academy.

The story of his experiences there has been told many times. They talk about him yet in the officer's mess, and his famous explanation of his retirement is a household word. His "If silicon had been a gas, I would have been a Major-General," is quoted the world over. But it seems that his horsemanship was little better than his chemistry, and though he left many interesting memories behind him, it was quite evident the good Lord had not intended him to be a soldier. Yet to the end he never tired of talking of the Point, and he held to many of the traditions of the place. Particularly was this true of his later days. Like dear old Colonel Newcome and his memories of Grayfriars, Whistler would constantly revert to old times on the banks of the Hudson, and there was a pathos about it too. The year before he died, when he was seriously ailing, he received an expected visit from the great French sculptor, Rodin. There was no work in view about the place, and so it is evident that Rodin was delicate about saying anything in reference to it and thus putting Whistler to any trouble in the matter. This is Whistler's account of the visit. "It was all very charming. Rodin distinguished in every way—the breakfast very elegant—but—well, you know, you will understand. Before they came, naturally, I put my work out of sight, canvases up against the wall with their backs turned—nothing in evidence. And you know, never once, not even after breakfast, did Rodin ask to see anything, not that I wanted to show anything to Rodin, I needn't tell you—but in a man so distinguished, it seemed a want of—well, of what West Point would have demanded under the circumstances."

The Latin Quarter of Whistler was still the Latin Quarter of Henri Murger, whom Whistler got to know when he went to Paris, where, speaking the language fluently and being at heart much of a Latin, he had more association with the Parisians than with the English or Americans. Even late in life Whistler was always quoting Murger, and he delighted in the company of extreme bohemians, men who had barely the necessities of living. Indeed, in the student days he had some acquaintances whom he referred to as his "No-shirt friends," men to whom later he lent his *atelier*, but who so abused his hospitality that finally he was obliged to give them up altogether. A lot of the Englishmen who subsequently became royal academicians and great swells, Leighton, Poynter and others, were there at the time, as well as DuMaurier; but Whistler made fun of them and he was really never one of them. He didn't work very hard, according to his friend the sculptor Drouet, for he went too frequently to the students' balls, rarely getting up before noon. In short, he was a type of student that the *quartier* sees, alas! very frequently. He must have pulled himself together, however, because one way or another he did considerable work when all is considered, despite these reports. When he had money—generally for a short while after his allowance arrived—he spent it in a princely fashion, and then he would resort to anything to meet his passing needs, even to the pawning of his coat, which he did once in the summer-time, going for several days in his shirt-sleeves.

Toward 1859 he was continually coming and going between Paris and London, visiting his sister, Lady Haden, at the latter city, not always to the delight of herself or her husband, for he had a way of bringing over friends who were not invariably presentable. Some of these shied at the shower bath in the house, not being accustomed to such luxuries. When Legros, the artist, first heard the sound of this bath in Haden's house he enchanted Whistler by asking him, "*Mais, mon cher, qu'est que c'est que cette espèce de cataracte de Niagara?*" But Whistler settled down now in London and took up with the fellows among the English crowd he had known in Paris. He became at once a leader, for despite his eccentricity he was a most amusing chap, whose gaiety was contagious and who led in all the fun. He was a great amateur actor and never, in any direction, was he like any one else. In 1860 he had finished his "At the Piano," which attracted some favorable attention, and was bought by John Phillip, the academician, for thirty pounds. It subsequently, during Whistler's own lifetime, brought two thousand eight hundred pounds. The *Daily Telegraph*, however, thought it "an eccentric, uncouth, smudgy, phantom-like picture of a lady at a piano-

forte, with a ghostly-looking child." And it is an interesting fact that from the first, even though it was rarely praise he received, he was always noticed, never ignored. Though he went to Paris frequently and did not a little work there, he made his home ever afterward in London, attracted by the charm of its fogs, its river, architecture and life, the Thames specially holding him enchanted. He dearly loved this river, painting it, etching it and spending much time along its banks.

Early Mr. Whistler as a letter-writer became a personage to be reckoned with. His pen was very frequently dipped in gall, but it is a joy to read him for his very delightful, personal style. No one ever wrote quite like him. Hamerton—with whom he had many passes, always to the critic's great discomforture—once, in reviewing his "Symphony in White," stupidly called attention to the fact that there were many other tints in the picture besides white. There was, he maintained, the reddish hair of the woman, for instance, her flesh color, a bit of blue ribbon and so on. Whistler responded: "*Bon Dieu*, did this wise person expect white hair and chalked faces? And does he then, in his astounding consequence, believe that a symphony in F contains no other note, but shall be a continued repetition of F F F F? . . . Fool." And, of course, the world is familiar with Whistler's studied insolence in his reply to a communication to the *New York Tribune* by Hamerton, who complained that Whistler refused to answer his letters. Whistler referred to the writer as "a Mr. Hamerton," which made Hamerton perfectly furious and so served Whistler's ends.

The book is copiously illustrated; indeed, there are some pictures in it that might well have been left out, heresy as it is to his admirers to say so. Not all that Whistler did was pure gold by any means, though Mr. Pennell refers to him as "the greatest artist of his generation." This statement, however, is open to discussion, though as an etcher that palm may be freely awarded him. We learn much in the book of his way of getting at the copper and his methods. The story of the famous trial is told in detail, that affair when Whistler sued Ruskin for damages and received from the jury—one farthing! It came about from this paragraph in Ruskin's publication, *Fors Clavigera*. "For Mr. Whistler's own sake, no less than for the protection of the purchaser, Sir Coutts Lindsay ought not to have admitted works into the gallery in which the ill-educated conceit of the artist so nearly approaches the aspect of wilful imposture. I have seen and heard much of cockney impudence before now, but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two

hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face." The picture referred to was "The Falling Rocket" (Nocturne in Black and Gold), and curiously enough, it is now owned in this city by Mrs. Samuel Untermyer.

It is a delightful work the Pennells have given us and there cannot be another so authoritative on the man. Their intimacy with him was great, they have the literary instinct for just the right sort of material that goes to the making up of the volumes, and their extensive acquaintance with painters enabled them to secure memories of the man that were not possible otherwise. To their requests many have responded, giving valuable bits of intercourse, souvenirs, and such matter that is of the liveliest entertainment. To the very end the authors hold one profoundly interested and the books are put down with regret, for even the stranger feels he has had the inestimable privilege of making the acquaintance of a wit whose lightest utterance was worth the while, who was doing something of value in the world, had, as it were, some excuse for all his unconventionality.

Arthur Hoeber.

RICHARD MANSFIELD: THE MAN AND THE ACTOR¹

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

THE method of Mr. Paul Wilstach's biography of Richard Mansfield is consistently narrative throughout. The author never ventures upon criticism, either of Mansfield the actor or of Mansfield the man. He limits his intention to that of "making a permanent record of the events and achievements of Richard Mansfield's life and of presenting through them the personal side of his large and complex character as he revealed it to his intimates." In restricting thus the limits of his labor, Mr. Wilstach exhibited both discretion and judicious taste,—discretion, since the memory of this momentous actor is too recent for a definitive criticism of his life-work to be at present possible, and judicious taste, since Mr. Wilstach's long personal association with Mr. Mansfield must necessarily have tended to unfit him for formulating a final critical judgment of the man.

Since the book is not a study, but a piece of story-telling, it is for-

¹*Richard Mansfield: The Man and the Actor.* By Paul Wilstach. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1908.

tunate that the story which the author had to tell is rich in the essentials of romance. There were no waste places or waiting periods in Mansfield's life: he was always doing something. He never loitered for things to happen to him; he perpetually made things happen. His career, in consequence, was at every point eventful. Reviewed in retrospect, it almost has the look of being *meant* to be narrated. Mr. Wilstach sensed this, and tactfully determined to let the story tell itself. With commendable simplicity, he set forth his material chronologically, without making any attempt to marshal the events in accordance with an ulterior intellectual design. In handling certain incidents, such as the famous first performance of *A Parisian Romance*, the author displays an engaging talent for direct, straightforward narrative. At times he writes a little carelessly, and here and there a passage has the tone of being a little more than journalism and less than literature; but for the most part the story-telling is adequate to the story that is told.

The book is, therefore, readable and interesting in every chapter. At times, however, in following the account of the actor's failures and successes, the reader regrets the author's deliberate avoidance of the critical method. A record of an artist's achievement remains unsatisfying when it fails to reveal exactly what it was that the artist did achieve. I find in my own case that Mr. Wilstach's narrative is satisfactory in so far as it deals with any of the twenty different parts of which I remember Mansfield's presentation, but that it becomes unsatisfactory whenever it deals with the acting of a part I never saw. I infer from this that a reader who had never seen Mansfield act at all would not be able to imagine from the present account the aspect of his histrionic compositions; and when it is remembered that the American actor never played in England after 1889, it will be seen that this lack of critical exposition of his art must limit the usefulness of the book for an entire great section of those readers who are interested in the English-speaking stage. This limitation will become more regrettable as time advances and the immediate memory of Mansfield's acting is lost. It is, for instance, a matter for regret that Mr. Wilstach decided not to take advantage of the few opportunities that were afforded him for measuring Mansfield in comparison with his peers. For the most part Mansfield created characters which were never played, before or since, by anybody else; and the task of assigning his place in the history of acting will therefore be exceedingly difficult for future students of the stage. But in Shylock and in Cyrano he invited comparison with two of his greatest contemporaries; and in refusing to face the demand for com-

parative criticism thus created, Mr. Wilstach disappoints us. It would be impossible for a reader who had never seen Mansfield's Shylock to deduce from Mr. Wilstach's narrative any critical reason for the prevalent belief that it was inherently a lesser work of art than Sir Henry Irving's. And surely a studious comparison of the performances of Mansfield and Coquelin in *Cyrano de Bergerac* would have contributed a great deal to the reader's understanding of the actor's art.

In representing Mansfield the man, Mr. Wilstach has attempted a sound impartiality. His attitude is one of undisguised enthusiasm; and yet he lays considerable emphasis on those defects of Mansfield's temperament which made him the least loved of the great actors of his time. These defects Mr. Wilstach now explains to the public very much as Mansfield used to explain them to himself. To balance the scale, the biographer gives glowing accounts of the actor's lavish benefactions and kingly kindlinesses. Through all of this the author tells the truth and nothing but the truth, but he does not succeed in telling the whole truth. The reason, once again, is the absence of critical method. Mr. Wilstach does not strike at the very soul and center of the man and create an image so entire as to explain itself.

The nature of Mansfield was essentially imperial. He considered life not as something to be loved or contemplated or enjoyed, but as something to be conquered, ruled, commanded. He was always undismayed by failure, because he lacked ability to imagine and to realize it. He was bound to win ultimately, because he never knew when he was beaten. A man of impulses and intuitions, capricious, unreasoning, impetuous, imprudent, prodigal, he escaped chaos solely by holding his attention fixed upon his star. He believed in his own destiny, and thereby achieved renown.

An indomitable nature conquers admiration. Hats will evermore be tossed aloft when an emperor rides rough-shod over life. It is only in calm, wise moments that we grow aware of the tragedy of kingship. Mansfield knew how to command, but he never learned to serve. With dauntless zest he flung himself at life; but seldom did he experience the wonder of receiving life gently to his heart. His universe was himself; he lacked ability to imagine others; he missed the mystery of sympathy. He could be kind and gracious, but only with an imperial excess; he was incapable of what Wordsworth has so sweetly phrased,—those "little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love." He was fascinating as a host, uncomfortable as a guest. Community of spirit he could not understand. He was doomed to be admired or disliked: it was scarcely possible to love him. How much of life he lost

will be seen at once by comparing his experience with that of Joseph Jefferson, whose life, as it is charmingly revealed in his autobiography, was so much more richly human. Jefferson's progress was not blazoned by a blare of imperial trumpets; but he was a man whom everybody loved.

Clayton Hamilton.

MR. ALDEN AND THE NEW REALISM¹

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

MR. ALDEN's recent volume of essays, gathered together chiefly from the "Editor's Study," in *Harper's Magazine*, is divided, as the title implies, into two distinct groups, which, as it happens, are of very different degrees of interest. The first group, which deals with the relation of periodical to general literature, comprises a series of eleven papers, ranging from an historical survey of "Early English Magazines" to a discussion of such varied topics as "The Modern Writer's Prosperity," the comparative popularity of modern writers, and the special needs and demands of "The American Audience." Genial and readable though they are, and full of felicitous and suggestive little touches, the essays of this first half, nevertheless, fail to stimulate discussion. They have certain definite things to say; they succeed in saying them admirably, and we either agree with them as we read, or else our disagreement is along lines scarcely meriting to be dignified by serious discussion.

But turning to the second half of the book, dealing with what the author has chosen to define as "The New Literature," we find, on the contrary, many things that deserve to be examined in some detail; because while, on the one hand, they take an attitude unusually sane and stimulating toward the whole present-day movement in literature, they present, on the other hand, certain views with which it seems distinctly worth while to take issue. In spite of the fact that in his introduction Mr. Alden summarily dismisses, along with other worn-out formulas, "the fantastic label of optimist," it is the pervading spirit of optimism that first impresses one in reading these essays—their unquenchable faith in the onward and upward movement of letters and of life. "Within the memory of men, who have reached the age of fifty, the human spirit has found its true centre of active development and interpretation, its real modernity"—such is the keynote of the author's attitude toward the

¹*Magazine Writing and the New Literature*, by Henry Mills Alden. New York: Harper and Brothers.

people and the books of to-day. We have entered upon a "new psychical era," an era dominated by the "new realism," and it is only within the present generation that "this quiet renaissance," this break between the past and present, has reached its finality.

Now, there can be no question that in the main Mr. Alden's attitude is distinctly salutary. It is a good thing to be reminded that, however much we may reverence the past, there is no purpose in exalting it at the expense of the present; that however high we may place Michelangelo and Milton, a painting like "The Last Judgment," a poem like *Paradise Lost* would to-day be an impossible achievement, because they were the inevitable expression of a spirit that we cannot revive; and that, though "we may deliberately build a new cathedral, it is after all an anachronism." These, and kindred products of by-gone eras, Mr. Alden reminds us, "are far away from us, who are seeking to know what our world really means for us in all its possibilities and what are the real values of human existence." He insists, and rightly, that "whatever its heritage of precious possessions, every age has its own work to do, creatively. No new time can give us another Dante or Shakespeare, or even another Scott." He believes, above all, that each epoch and each generation should be true to itself, and get the most good out of the best that it has been capable of producing. And while others, like Mr. Alfred Austin, lament that the cultivated English audience of to-day is less intellectual than that of Pope's time, Mr. Alden boldly declares it a fortunate thing "that we do not know Pope's *Essay on Man* by heart, or much give our hearts to it anyway;" and adds his conviction that "the extensive appreciation of new novelists like Mrs. Humphry Ward and Maurice Hewlett is a very satisfactory test of the intellectuality of our period."

Now, all this is eminently wholesome; because one may say, without fear of contradiction, that there is an ingrained and mistaken belief on the part of a large majority of the reading public that when they are reading books that have stood the test of two or three generations they are reading literature, while if the title-page bears the date of the current year, they are not; that if they are spending an hour or two over Scott or Dickens, they are improving their minds, while if they are reading even the very best that the younger generation of novelists has to offer, they are at most indulging in an excusable relaxation. This view, of course, is arrant nonsense. The only valid argument to be offered in favor of those who prefer to limit their reading to books published prior to the nineteenth or the eighteenth or the seventeenth century is that the further back you go, the more effectually has time served the purpose of winnowing out the trash, and the less danger there is of mistakes on

the part of the reader who cannot or will not judge for himself. The critical mind, of course, is a gift not given impartially to every one; but worse than the blunder of misplaced enthusiasms is that self-distrust in one's literary judgment which results in a habit of depreciation, bordering on contempt, towards practically all authors whom authoritative criticism has not definitely and conveniently labeled "Classic." Therefore, for his fearless and emphatic encomium upon the New Literature, Mr. Alden's volume is entitled to cordial recognition as serving a high purpose in the cause of letters.

But let us examine a little further into what Mr. Alden regards as the distinctive qualities of this New Literature; what he thinks are the main tendencies of the current movement; whom he looks upon as the torch bearers of the present generation. When we come to details like these, the answers are not altogether easy to summarize. "Every age has its own work to do creatively." That, as already said, is his starting point. No generation can or should reduplicate the artistic forms and ideals of the generation before it. To this extent it is quite easy to find one's self in accord with Mr. Alden. But his reason for insisting on the necessity of this constant movement in the form and the aim of art is based upon his belief in the constant and radical changes in human nature. Flatly contradicting the widely accepted view of the everlasting sameness of human nature, "not merely in its constituent elements, but in its motives, impulses, and sense of life," Mr. Alden finds a series of marvelous and sweeping changes, which result, if we pass from Sophocles and Phidias to Dante and Michelangelo, in what is practically "a new human nature"; he tells us that "passing from Dante to Wordsworth the psychical transformation is still more wonderful;" and that at present we are living in a time when "a decade stands for an epoch in psychical evolution." The particular feature of this modern psychical evolution which bears directly upon the younger literature, Mr. Alden defines as a new "sensitivity to reality"—by which term he means that demand which has become general on the part of the public for a closer conformity to the actualities of life on the part of the makers of creative literature; a steady tendency in the direction of realism—to use the word in its current sense—as regards details of setting, naturalness of colloquial speech, subtle truth of psychological interpretation—and that, too, quite regardless of whether the book as a whole is to be classed as realistic or romantic. It is because human nature has changed, Mr. Alden argues, because the individual man and woman knows vastly more about material things and things of the spirit than the men and women of a century ago, and what is more, knows them quite differently, that the novel of to-day is

radically different from the novels of Defoe and Smollett, Richardson and Fielding—that in substance is Mr. Alden's chief claim. And that is where one feels inclined rather emphatically to take issue with him.

To confine the discussion to fiction, which is after all what Mr. Alden mainly has in mind whenever he talks of the New Realism, there is another factor quite as potent as any change of human nature could be,—namely, the improved technique of the modern novel. Mr. Alden, to be sure, does not wholly overlook the fact that there has been a gain in technique. Indeed, he is careful to say that there have been radical changes and great improvements in the whole conception both of the novel and short story as artistic forms. What he fails to feel is, that it is the modern understanding of technique which makes the vital difference between the successive stages of development in the English novel. The aim of the novelist has always been to tell the truth as nearly as his mind can conceive it and his mastery of pen strokes and verbal color can reproduce it. The crude forms of archaic statues, the faulty drawing of primitive Italian frescoes do not mean that those pioneer artists saw less truly the world about them than Phidias and Praxiteles, Raphael and Leonardo. But they do mean that technique still has some mighty strides to make. And when we compare a novel by Fielding with one by, let us say, Henry James (rather than follow Mr. Alden in his unfortunate choice of that greatly overrated writer, Mrs. Humphry Ward), the "vast difference" which our critic finds equally in the "superficial portraiture" and the "hidden meanings of life" is mainly explicable on the grounds of method—and that, too, after we have fully granted Fielding's psychological limitations and Mr. Henry James's marvelous and unequalled insight. *Tom Jones*, whether you rank it as a great book or not; whether you are carried along by the bold, frank, virile humor of it or repelled by its Rabelaisian coarseness, is not merely on a different but on a very much lower plane than, let us say, *The Ambassadors*—not because the world knew less a hundred years ago than it does to-day, but because, measured by modern standards, *Tom Jones* is a crude, amorphous, attempt, the expression of an art that has not yet thrown off the throttling hold of the *picaresco* school; while any one of Henry James's masterpieces shows the infinite care, the perfect polish, the supreme development of an art that has found itself.

It is this simple fact of the all-importance of form in the best of our modern fiction which explains one thing that seems especially to puzzle Mr. Alden—namely, that so many of our best writers seem to eschew popularity. It is a truism, but none the less regrettable, that the general public is not keenly interested in the highest developments of

artistic form. They would rather read Mr. Hall Caine or Mr. George Barr McCutcheon than either Mr. Meredith or Mr. Hardy; and even a more limited and discerning public prefer Mrs. Humphry Ward or Mr. Robert Hichens to the finer work of Maurice Hewlett and of Joseph Conrad. It is because our younger writers of to-day have many of them learned their technique well, that they find if they will live up to their ideals they must perforce sacrifice a widespread popularity.

Let us, by all means, join with Mr. Alden in hailing the New Realism confidently, gladly, even enthusiastically, for there have been better novels written in the last decade than in any previous epoch of English literature. But let us make no mistake regarding the grounds of our admiration, remembering that when a standard of artistic excellence has once been set we have no right to debase it by extolling that which falls short of the best. Let us feel quite confident that there are a few writers to-day who in spite of Mr. Alden's insistence on the growing tendency toward evanescence are likely to survive—writers like Kipling and Hewlett and Joseph Conrad, Kenneth Graham and Alfred Ollivant—long after other writers whom Mr. Alden seems to admire to an equal degree shall have been forgotten.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

KEATS

BY ELSA BARKER

HYPERION of poets—shining one!
 To thy pavilion in the realm of air
 Can my soul's incense rise? Art thou aware
 Thy name in every singer's orison
 Is writ in stars, not water? Has there none
 Of all earth's dying dreamers scaled the stair
 Of light after thee, breathless to declare
 Even to thy face thy fame beneath the sun?

But maybe in the region where thou art,
 No rumor of the world or the world's ways
 Can ever come. Thy dreams are now a part
 Of God's own vision, and thy deathless lays
 Signed by His name. Beholding Him, thy heart
 Is all oblivious of human praise.

Elsa Barker.

The Forum

APRIL, 1909

PRESIDENT TAFT AND THE SOUTH

BY HENRY LITCHFIELD WEST

FOR forty years the South has been politically solid. It has faithfully and even blindly supported the national nominees of the Democratic party, giving its electoral vote in many instances to men who were repudiated in the very States which claimed them as favorite sons. Is the time near at hand when this political solidity is to be disturbed? Will the Southern States experience regeneration?

There is already disintegration along the edges of the South. Maryland and West Virginia, once doubtful, have passed into the category of almost certain Republican States, while Kentucky, Missouri and Tennessee occasionally waver in their allegiance to the Democratic party. In the heart of the section, as in Georgia, there is a very apparent growth of Republicanism; and even in Alabama and Texas ostracism does not follow abandonment of the Democratic faith as it did in years gone by. It is more than possible that in the next four years the country will witness something like a radical departure of the South from its old traditions. To induce the South to break away from these ancient moorings is the task to which President Taft is devoting himself, and if he shall accomplish his desire he may well regard the result as the climax of his administration.

**Mr. Taft's
Interest in
the South**

Nearly three years have elapsed since Mr. Taft first gave evidence of his sincere interest in conditions in the South. While still Secretary of War he made a journey to the thriving town of Greensboro, North Carolina, for the purpose of telling the Southern people that he thought

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the time had come when, for their own interest, they should exercise political independence. "I believe that nothing that could happen in the politics of this country," he said, "would work greater advantage to the country at large, and to the South in particular, than the breaking up of what has been properly known as the Solid South." No one will question Mr. Taft's assertion that this declaration was not inspired by a partisan spirit. He doubts, in fact, whether the Republican party would profit, in the long run, by the addition of Southern electoral votes to its column, inasmuch as independence in the South might easily lead into the Democratic party many Northern voters who are now Republicans because they resent "the injustice and danger of Southern political conditions." Since this Greensboro speech Mr. Taft has addressed himself with effective frequency to similar discussions, not even omitting the subject in his inaugural speech. He has met with Southern men on every possible occasion; and when resting from the arduous labors of his campaign he went into the South with the feeling that he was a welcome visitor. The sincere hospitality extended to him was ample manifestation of the fact that he had won the hearts of his fellow-countrymen in the South, even if their political allegiance had not been secured.

It is peculiarly fortunate that at the present time President Taft and the South entertain these reciprocal sentiments of regard, because the Southern States are now, more than ever before, awakened to a thorough appreciation of their great possibilities in the matter of material development. They suffered long under adverse conditions. The period immediately succeeding the Civil War, when recuperation demanded, and should have enjoyed, the most favorable circumstances was, unfortunately, characterized by political conditions which retarded progress and especially proved an obstacle to needed immigration. A better feeling eventually prevailed, but the South was still hampered in its progress by the recurrence of fever in the Gulf States and by the inadequacy of its transportation facilities. Much that was uttered against the South was pure misrepresentation, but there was enough of truth in the assertions to give the semblance of actuality to every statement. Now, however, the dreaded yellow fever has practically disappeared, and the reports of the federal health bureau show that the climatic conditions by no means warrant the characterization of the South as an unhealthy section. On the contrary, Dr. Walter Wyman, the Surgeon-General of the Public Health and Marine Hospital Bureau,

**The South
Needs
Taft's Aid**

is authority for the statement that the freedom from cold winters is one of the privileges of the South, that the absence of extreme temperatures is a blessing, and that the open air life which the balmy character of the Southern section invites is a most desirable aid to longevity.

It is true, however, that the railroad facilities of the South are not sufficiently developed. The fact is that there are more miles of third and fourth tracks in the North and Middle West than there are miles of double track in the entire country south of the Ohio and Potomac rivers and east of the Mississippi. For this condition, however, the South itself is largely responsible. It is a condition which is not entirely economic, but, in a great measure, political. The sweep of Populism through the South some years ago, followed by the declarations in the Democratic national platforms and by Democratic leaders, resulted in a spirit of antagonism to the railroad interests, and this hostility found expression in adverse legislation. The railroads in the South were, even under most careful management, restricted to a narrow margin of profit; and, in many instances, this slight return was still further decreased by the application of net earnings to the purchase of additional rolling stock, the improvement of the road beds and the enlargement of terminal facilities. State laws, however, reduced the passenger receipts, and other phases of hostility created such resentment on the part of the railroads that contemplated enterprises were indefinitely postponed and improvements under way were abandoned. In addition to this, the fact that capital was liable to be placed in jeopardy at any moment chilled the enthusiasm of investors and halted the progress which the South was enjoying. President Finley, of the Southern Railway, than whom there is no more able or thoughtful executive, has done much to bring the South into a realization of the fact that if that section is to prosper it must encourage rather than hinder the work which the railroad corporations are doing.

There is every reason to believe that President Taft will, more than any of his predecessors, assist in promoting the objects which have called the Southern Commercial Congress into being. This organization, which had its birth in Chattanooga last August, has already purchased an admirable site in the national capital upon which it proposes to erect a building devoted to exploiting the resources and attractions of the South. Its proposed attainments are thus epigrammatically set forth:

To produce throughout the South a greater self-knowledge.

To free the mind of the world from misapprehension regarding the South.

To inform by authoritative utterances regarding the possessions of the South.

To bring men together in the language of commerce, which is the language of peace.

To show the importance of conserving rather than wasting; of using yet not abusing.

The programme thus briefly outlined is most comprehensive, and Washington is the ideal place for its successful execution. The Geological Survey will supply the data relative to mineral resources; the weather bureau will afford statistics regarding climatic conditions; the federal health bureau will furnish the figures which demonstrate a low mortality; the census office can give details of population and immigration, together with the results achieved in the line of agricultural and manufacturing industries; and, finally, the ambassadors and foreign ministers can be made effective agents in giving world-wide publicity to the information thus obtained. Most of all, a sympathetic President in the White House can effectively aid in the desired development by his appreciation of the conditions which prevail in that section and by placing the material interests of the South above partisan political considerations. The attitude of the President is thus a matter of national concern.

Some indication of Mr. Taft's purpose was afforded when, during the campaign, he undertook, through his chief lieutenant, Mr. Hitchcock, to deal with a new element in the South. For many years the Republican party in the South had been a by-word and a reproach. It consisted mainly of a few men who seemed to be Republicans for revenue only. They regarded federal offices as proper objects for barter and gain, and were faithful to the Republican organization because of the personal aggrandizement which resulted. There were some notable and praiseworthy exceptions to this rule, but they constituted a lonely minority. As far as possible, Mr. Taft ignored these professional politicians and allied himself with men who were Republican through principle and whose espousal of the Republican cause gave standing to the party in the communities where they resided. The wisdom of his action has been fully demonstrated. He has made the Republican party respectable in the South. He has infused genuine life into a perfunctory organization. He has convinced the South that intelligence and honesty and character stand higher in his regard than mere political control. To any one unacquainted with the conditions which have existed in the South during the past two decades it is difficult to convey an adequate conception of the transformation which

Race
Friction
Avoided

has been accomplished. It means that Mr. Taft has advanced in tremendous degree the likelihood of a rift in the hitherto unbreakable solidity of the South.

Most notable, as an evidence of the new era, is the change in the collectorship of the port of Charleston, South Carolina. With persistency characteristic, Mr. Roosevelt nominated and renominated Dr. William D. Crum, a negro, for that position. The appointment was universally unpopular, and the protests of the South Carolina senators prevented confirmation. It being evident that President Taft did not intend to retain Dr. Crum in office, the resignation of that official was tendered, and Mr. Edward W. Durant, Jr., has been nominated. Mr. Durant, although a Republican all of his life, is the son of a Minnesota man who was a Democrat until he left the Democratic party because he could not support Mr. Bryan. He has been a resident of Charleston for only seven years. Although he is a Northerner and a Republican, Mr. Durant's selection is thoroughly acceptable to the people of Charleston, irrespective of party affiliation, because he is identified with the business interests of the city and because he is known to be capable. The South Carolina senators promptly acceded to the confirmation of the new appointee, and the collector of the port of Charleston will, as long as Mr. Taft is President, not only be an official whose incumbency will reflect credit upon the city, but he will be able to conduct without friction the business of his office.

Some years ago the collector of the port of Wilmington, North Carolina, was a negro. There was not only constant irritation between him and those having business relations with his office, but in every social function—and hospitable entertainment of marine visitors is a feature of Southern ports—he was studiously ignored. Similar conditions have prevailed in Charleston. It is due to Mr. Taft that in the latter city, at least, they have become a thing of the past. It may be that, when it comes to casting their votes, the Southern Democrats will still be Democrats, but certainly the edge of their bitterness toward Republican administration will have been dulled. They must appreciate the fact that President Taft has no desire deliberately to create friction nor to invite an unpleasant situation. They must feel that he is not deaf to their appeals, and that, even at the risk of losing prestige with a numerous contingent of his party, he does not intend to impose unpleasant conditions upon the business element in the South; and this element, daily growing larger and more influential, will naturally regard him with a spirit of gratitude.

It is safe to say that the entire negro race has witnessed the incoming of President Taft with feelings of the liveliest curiosity. The colored people never knew exactly where President Roosevelt stood. At one moment they applauded him most heartily and at the next instant they were condemning him in violent terms. His attitude was constantly contradictory. Professor Kelly Miller, the ablest member of the faculty of Howard University, once summed up Mr. Roosevelt's conflicting actions in interesting fashion. He pointed out that Mr. Roosevelt, as civil service commissioner, had manfully resisted the dismissal of colored employees of the Government when a Democratic administration came into power, and yet, as Governor of New York, had delivered a most perfunctory address upon Frederick Douglass; while as historian of the battle of San Juan he had withheld from the negro troops the praise which was their rightful due. As President he had lunched familiarly with Booker T. Washington; and yet, in a message to Congress, had "set forth and embalmed in an official document and held up to the gaze of all the world" the "lecherous tendency of the negro race." He had appointed Dr. Crum to be collector of the port of Charleston, and had sustained him in that position despite a storm of protest; and yet, by an order which might well be regarded as arbitrary if not illegal, he had summarily consigned to everlasting disgrace several companies of a colored regiment stationed at Brownsville, without affording the men an opportunity to prove their innocence.

After this experience, and especially in view of President Taft's promptness in deposing Dr. Crum, it can well be understood that the negro race, not only in the South, but throughout the nation, is eagerly awaiting further developments. There are three great problems in this country—the control of monopolistic corporations, the relations of labor and capital, and the future of the negro. The first two are economic and can be adjusted without passion; the last is racial and sociological, and its solution will require the exercise of the wisest statesmanship for many years to come. In his personal concern for the advancement of the South, President Taft must necessarily come face to face with the negro problem. He has already marked out with some clearness the course which he intends to pursue. He is not in favor of universal suffrage for the negro, provided the ignorant and irresponsible of the white race are also denied the privilege of voting. He holds that when the laws of the Southern States are not at variance with the Constitution, it is not the disposition or within the province of the Federal Government to interfere with the domestic affairs of the South. He

believes that the appointment of negroes to office is an encouragement and an appreciation of the progress of the race, "but it may well admit of doubt," he adds, "whether, in the case of any race, an appointment of one of their number to a local office, in which the race feeling is so widespread and acute as to interfere with the ease and facility with which the local government business can be done by the appointee, is of sufficient benefit by way of encouragement to the race to outweigh the recurrence and increase of race feeling which such an appointment is likely to engender." He would solve the negro question by appealing to the South to insure the industrial and intellectual advancement of the race. He regards it as certain that when a colored man has acquired property, thus making himself sensitive to the burden of taxation and quickening his interest in honest economical government, and when he has reached a status of recognized intelligence, his exercise of the ballot will not be seriously contested.

It is hardly likely that the negro problem will be finally settled during Mr. Taft's administration, and yet it is within the power of the President materially and even mightily to advance its solution. He is a friend of the negro—a wise and sympathetic friend, who sees the shortcomings of the black man and yet is thoroughly alive to the potentialities of the race. He is peculiarly fitted to assist the negro because of his friendly relations with the South, where the negro is an important factor. The South will listen to Mr. Taft; and when the latter insists, as he does, that the negro shall be dealt with according to law and not upon the basis of traditional prejudice, there is reason to hope that his words will be effective. There is no question that the salvation of the colored race in the South lies in its increased financial and educational standing. There are innumerable examples of negroes in the South who not only are living in peace, but have won the respect of the white population because they have cultivated habits of thrift and industry. The colored farmer in the South—and in Governor Vardaman's State nearly three-fifths of the farms are directed by black proprietors—receives as much for his cotton as the white planter. The labor which the negro contributes toward the production of wealth is materially aiding in the development of the South's resources, and it is but fair that a proportionate amount of this wealth should go toward the education of the colored race. Unfortunately, this is not the case. Larger opportunity should also be given to the negroes to become skilled laborers, the results at Tuskegee demonstrating that they can acquire the knowledge which will make them proficient in even the higher branches of mechanical industry.

President McKinley died happily in the conviction that under his administration the last vestige of sectionalism had disappeared. President Taft can go still further. He can help the South in her effort toward that material development which her fertile soil, her forests, her mines, her splendid sea-coast harbors and her internal waterways so abundantly prophesy. He can treat her people with genuine consideration; he can respect their traditions, even though he may not adopt them; and he can dispassionately and wisely influence both the negro race and its white environment mutually to advance each other's interests. All this can be accomplished without raising the spectre of social equality—a phrase that has done more toward preventing harmonious relation between the races in the South than any other two words in the English language. President Taft, in all his utterances, has carefully avoided reference to this disturbing element. Evidently he does not regard it as a possibility, much less as a serious menace. He wants the South to prosper and the negro to advance, and he believes that these desiderata are linked together. It is happily within his power—as it seems to be within his ambition—to achieve both desirable results.

Henry Litchfield West.

THE VAGABOND

BY WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

AROUND the world I've been in many a guise,
In cape, or furs, or oilskin, fronting Fate;
Down rainy seas, through many a stormy strait,
By upland forests, over hills that rise
White, green, or crimson in the season skies;
Through civic arch and eagle-crested gate,
Imperial boulevards and halls of state;
And asked for Fame—and failed of every prize.

Except, except the experienced eye and free,
And these impregnable old sides of mirth;
Except, except a glorious wisdom, worth
All the poor scorn these tatters bring to me:
Some feeling for the massy bulk of earth,
Some still monitions of mortality.

William Ellery Leonard.

THE TURN IN THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

BY ALEXANDER D. NOYES

IN concluding, in the January number of *THE FORUM*, the review of the extraordinary "after-election boom" on the Stock Exchange and in general trade, I pointed out the extent to which markets and merchants alike had been influenced by the complete illusion regarding the actual facts of the industrial situation. The exact situation which then existed, and which was completely ignored in the excitement of the day, need not be here described again; it is necessary, however, to keep it in mind, because the industrial and financial history of the past three months has been made up almost entirely of the removal of these illusions from the minds of the public at large and the return to sober consideration of actual facts. The violence with which the markets and the people have had their eyes opened, and the suddenness with which the process of disillusionment has come on the community at large, have at times imparted to the events of the past three months an exciting and even sensational character. Looked upon as a whole, it will readily be concluded that this was an inevitable sequel to the curious mental attitude maintained by the financial world, particularly during 1908. To what extent the process of readjustment has been thorough and conclusive, we shall find in the course of our narrative.

It is a fact, to which allusion has frequently been made in the columns of this magazine, that the opening of a new calendar year does not necessarily mean the opening of a new financial year. Influences which prevail on industrial and financial markets during December are very apt, under ordinary circumstances, to prevail during January also, and for some time afterward. As a rule, the new events which shape the financial future, and which give distinct and definite character to a period, occur in April, when the condition of the crops makes itself known, or in July, when the harvest is made or marred, or in September, when the autumn test of the money markets' requirements and resources is applied to the situation.

In 1908, for instance, it was not until April that the actual character of the financial year disclosed itself; it was then that people watching the Stock Exchange, particularly, were able to learn of the extent to which the notion that all the after-panic effects were over, and that the boom of 1906 was about to begin again, had seized on the mind of the community. Similarly, in 1907, it was not until March, when what is still called the "rich men's liquidation" demoralized all financial mar-

kets, that observant people were able to see the way the wind was blowing. Many experienced observers then made up their minds as to what we had in store for us in the autumn. The character of the financial year 1906 was by no means plain until August, when, after a rather prolonged period of hesitation, the furious stock speculation for the rise was started by Union Pacific's increase in its dividend. Finally, it would be impossible to determine what was the typical character, financially speaking, of 1905 if one were to review the events of the first half of the year. It was not until September that the double influence of an enormous demand for capital all over the world, and of steadily impaired capital resources, came distinctly into view.

It was reasonable, therefore, that people should have expected at the opening of the present year a continuance of the general trend of things which prevailed in 1908, or, at any rate, a period of hesitation before the new order of things should develop itself. Precisely the contrary has happened. The new characteristics of the financial year 1909 were disclosed almost immediately with the beginning of the calendar year, and the three months' history which I now have to review is of a totally different character from that of the preceding quarter.

**The Turn
in the
Situation**

As to why this should have been so, the answer probably lies in the abnormal character of the events of 1908 itself. Based, as the financial operations of the year unquestionably were, on complete illusion regarding the real industrial situation, they moved with increasing rapidity in the direction in which the misunderstanding of events had started them. The election of Mr. Taft had given the final stimulus to this singular mental attitude; the public itself had gone wild after the returns of November 4th, and even when the public had abandoned the stock market, professional operators had continued their manipulation on a scale of daring and magnitude almost parallel to that of 1906. But the very violence of this movement at the close of 1908 made it inevitable that the artificial impetus should exhaust itself and that reaction should be prompt. It was perhaps an accident that this reaction should have come at the opening of the new year; had it not been for the fact that the November election hastened the culmination of the ill-grounded speculative movement, it is quite possible that the illusions might have been prolonged into 1909.

As it was, the process of disillusionment was prompt. For one thing, real facts which could not be ignored began to make their appearance shortly after the opening of January. To mention the less impor-

tant, there were our waning export trade, the continued deficit in the Treasury, and the wavering of the copper market, which financial interests had watched very keenly, because the upward or downward movement in that commodity had for a year or more foreshadowed the course of financial speculation.

Far more important than any of these considerations, however, was what came to light in the steel trade. Of what was actually done in connection with the industry, I shall speak in more detail later on. The point to notice, in explaining why sentiment changed so rapidly at the opening of the year, is that the data which then came to light put the final seal of proof on the assertion that the after-election boom had no logical basis in improving trade conditions. Even people who were in no sympathy with the excesses of that after-election movement were impressed by the constant and reiterated news of the starting up of new mills and the inrush of new orders. This was especially the case in the steel and iron trades, and it led to a very general and not unreasonable belief that volume of business in the industry, and earnings of the great Steel Corporation, would, at all events, show up handsomely for the two months after election. Toward the end of January the Steel Corporation published its quarterly report, with the monthly net earnings for the closing quarter of the year. Taken as a whole, net earnings for the quarter were 3 per cent. less than in the quarter ending September 30th; 19½ per cent. less than in the fourth quarter in 1907, and 37 per cent. less than in the three closing months of 1906. They were, in fact, the smallest since the December quarter of 1904. But this was not all. When the Steel Corporation's net earnings for the three months—October, November, and December—were scrutinized, the surprising fact was disclosed that earnings in November were \$650,000 smaller than in October, and that in December they were \$700,000 smaller than in November.

In other words, so far from it being true that the two months after election had been marked by vigorous increase in business and in profits, there had been a more rapid shrinkage in both than had occurred at any time since the early part of 1908. These somewhat surprising facts, being matters of public record, had an inevitable effect on sentiment, and were perhaps the immediate cause of the breaking of the long illusion. But there can be no doubt that larger causes were at work. To any one who surveys the history of the period following previous great financial panics it will be plain that the slowness of

After-Panic Illusions

realizing what the after-effects must be has been a striking incident in all of them. It is not true, as is perhaps commonly supposed, that after a serious financial disaster of the sort, the financial and commercial markets fall at once into stagnation, despondency, and decline. On the contrary, almost all experience goes to show that during the year or more following the panic shock itself, there exists an obstinate optimism that refuses to recognize that such after-effects must occur at all.

Let us take, for instance, the period following 1873, of which the public idea has usually been that the panic marked the country's immediate entry into a prolonged and unbroken period of industrial and financial stagnation. Nothing of the kind was true. The year 1874 itself was marked by frequent spells of vigorous revival, all of them characterized by confident assertion that the ill effects of the panic had at last spent themselves. There was less talk, doubtless, of resuming the previous boom than there was in 1908, but all the financial reviews of the period reflected the recurrent feeling that great prosperity had by no means departed from the United States. In September, 1874, there occurred what was described at the time as a genuine boom, both in business and on the Stock Exchange. With the end of the year, this movement also ended. The *Financial Chronicle*, writing, in January, 1875, its review of 1874, remarked that the bright hopes which had repeatedly been cherished of revival in trade and industry had been lamentably disappointed.

To come down to more recent history, one may inquire what happened in the aftermath of the panic of 1893. Early in 1894, even in the face of the tariff reduction plan, there was a brief, but rather substantial, revival of industry. How far this revival would have gone under ordinary circumstances, and to what extent the history of 1908 might thereby have been anticipated, is a matter of pure conjecture. By the middle of the year, markets and industries were alike confronted by the disastrous failure of the corn crop, by the collapse of the Treasury gold reserve—a result of the public deficit; by the consequent imminent danger of a lapse to the silver standard, and by a labor demonstration which reached, in the middle of July, to the proportions of industrial revolution. Naturally, all this checked the spirit of optimism; yet, when these unfavorable influences had spent their force, and when the Treasury had been protected through loans on the domestic market and through a contract with a foreign syndicate, the same premature revival as had been witnessed in 1874, and as was destined to be witnessed in 1908, occurred. In 1895 iron was marked up in less than six months from \$9 to \$12, the rate of production meantime increasing 40 per cent.

There did, in fact, occur an actual trade boom which was more real in character and longer in duration of time than anything of the sort which happened in 1908. Yet of 1895, as of 1908 and 1874, it must be said that the movement of expansion and speculation was based on entirely premature ideas regarding actual recovery from the panic. Precisely as the optimism of 1874 was destined to disappear in the hard times of 1875 and 1876, so the exaggerated and premature boom of 1895 left the country's industrial position wholly abnormal, our foreign trade disorganized, our merchants' shelves loaded with goods for which they could not find a market; and it thereby led the way, directly and inevitably, to the very distressing times of 1896.

If one is to draw comparisons between these after-panic episodes, it will have to be admitted that the period following the panic of 1907 resembles more closely that which followed 1873 than that which followed 1893—not less in that the premature expectations came in the very year after the panic shock. Perhaps it is natural that the resemblance should run closely to the older year, because we are coming nowadays to learn more clearly that the panic of 1907 itself was a counterpart, not of 1893, but of 1873. Preceded as it was by immense prosperity, by gigantic speculation, by enormous strain on capital, and eventually by a breakdown of credit—all of which occurred in 1873, none in 1893—the analogies between the panic of a year and a half ago and that of thirty-six years ago are extraordinarily close. It does not prove that the history of the after-panic period as a whole must parallel that of the epoch which followed 1873. It is impossible that the story should be the same—if for no other reason than for the reason that prosperity in our Western districts not only shows no signs of diminishing, as it did with great rapidity after 1873, but is actually increasing month by month, and is probably greater at the present time than it was on the eve of the panic of 1907. Nevertheless, the analogy is close enough to repay careful study of what happened.

All financial markets up to the very closing of December were in an excited and highly stimulated condition; it naturally followed that when the process of disillusionment began they would have to go down, and this is what happened very promptly. Some tangible provoking cause is usually necessary for a movement of this sort, and in the present case this requirement was supplied by a decision of the United States Supreme Court. The New York Legislature had by law lowered the price of gas in New York City from \$1 per

**The Break
in Stocks**

thousand cubic feet to eighty cents; the reduction had been contested by the company on constitutional grounds, and the suit had been carried to the highest Federal Court. Pending that appeal, the one-dollar rate was exacted, but the disputed twenty cents per thousand feet had been placed in the hands of trustees, to be held for the benefit of the company if the Court should rule in its favor, and for the benefit of consumers if the law should be upheld.

On January 4th the Supreme Court upheld the law, and Consolidated Gas stock, which had been raised 40 per cent in the last month of 1908 on the happy-go-lucky theory that the Court would certainly rule in the company's favor, broke with extreme violence. With it the general market broke, and this led many people hastily to infer that the whole reaction was the result of the Supreme Court's attitude. How little cause there was for such an inference was very soon made manifest.

During several weeks a singular situation had existed in the steel trade. Readers of THE FORUM will recall that when, in the early months of 1908, strong pressure was brought to bear, on the Steel Trust particularly, for a large reduction of prices in deference to the reduced consumption and the impaired resources of consumers, the chairman of the Steel Corporation had replied that "the fact that the demand is less than the supply does not furnish an argument for lowering the price"; that "in neither case would the quantity bought and sold be more or less," and that on those grounds he had opposed all reduction in the price of steel. A little while afterward, on an insistent demand of independent producers, a slight cut from \$28 to \$25 per ton had been made in one class of steel, but it had been almost unanimously recognized in the trade that this did not meet the situation. In the first place, it was pointed out that even after this slight reduction prices for steel were being maintained on the basis of the boom times. It was pointed out in Pittsburgh that, despite that small revision, steel billets were \$5.50 higher than in 1904, and \$10.50 higher than in 1898; that plates were \$2.70 and \$10.00 higher, respectively, than in the same two years, and that even iron was \$4.40 above the low price of 1904.

In other words, the steel business was dependent on recovery in commercial activity on the part of a paralyzed and hard-pressed community, with consumption scarcely 60 per cent. of normal, and with the consuming public's economies rigidly enforced, and yet was expecting this weakened customer to pay such prices as had been exacted from it in years like 1906 and 1905. The policy was paradoxical. To argue, as

**War of
Prices in
Steel Trade**

the head of the Steel Trust did, that his company had not exacted in 1906 as high prices as it might have done, and that therefore it was entitled to refuse extreme concessions now, did not meet the case at all. It was, no doubt, sufficient answer to such people as might have asked that steel prices be cut instantly in two, as happened after most of our former panics; but it certainly provided insufficient ground for maintenance of such prices as these.

Furthermore, the position of the independent steel manufacturers was becoming somewhat desperate. One of the largest of these independent companies reported later that in 1908 gross earnings had decreased no less than 54 per cent. from the preceding year, and that its \$2,443,000 surplus of 1907 had been turned into a deficit of \$1,326,000 in 1908. The Steel Trust itself had suffered during 1908 a decrease of 35 per cent. in gross earnings, as compared with 1907; but it had still earned a considerable surplus over the dividend on its common stock, and this, along with its great accumulated resources, made it possible for the big corporation to stand against difficulties which threatened to overwhelm its smaller competitors. At all events, it seems that these independent steel makers, whose production constitutes between 30 and 40 per cent. of the output of the trade, made up their minds that in the existing situation they must at all events get business on what terms they could.

Secret cutting of prices by these independent companies began on a considerable scale with the opening of January. Its existence was denied in many steel trade circles, and to a large extent it is possible that its real significance was ignored. Finally, however, the actual facts of the situation thrust themselves forward with such striking emphasis that they could no longer be overlooked. The most conservative trade organs began to talk out with much unusual emphasis. The *Iron Age* flatly declared that in the existing condition of the industry nothing but a broad and deep cut would restore equilibrium in the trade, and it intimated that financial affiliations of leading interests in the trade might prevent even that.

But the time was past when even what was popularly called "Wall Street domination" in the steel trade could be of any avail. On February 19th it was suddenly announced by the head of the United States Steel Corporation that all previous schedule prices and fixed agreements were abrogated, and that from that time on, until further notice, there would be an "open market" in the steel trade. This meant competitive cutting and competitive searching for orders by the billion-dollar corporation as well as by all others. It was followed immediately

by reductions in prices of steel ranging from \$5 to \$10 per ton, according to the articles affected and the nature of the business.

Naturally, such a decision disconcerted and alarmed the financial market. It was followed by great demoralization on the Stock Exchange. The point to keep in mind is that an open market in the steel trade had not been witnessed since the Steel Corporation itself was organized in 1901; in fact, the purchase of the Carnegie Company and the organization of the Trust itself were effected by Mr. Morgan primarily in order to put an end to price wars. In the preceding year, 1900, when the financial distress of England and Germany, consequent on the Boer War, had cut off the foreign demand for American steel, an open market had been witnessed, in the course of which steel was cut from \$41 per ton to \$17. In the period following the panic of 1893 steel prices fell from \$22 per ton in the middle of the panic year to \$15 in the ensuing March. Nothing of the kind had been witnessed since the organization of the Steel Trust; the \$4 cut of September, 1904, in the temporary depression of that period, was a formal lowering of the scheduled price in which all manufacturers participated and which left the trade agreement as to maintenance of prices exactly where it was before.

What will be the upshot in the present situation is a matter of conjecture; as this is written, the price war and the open market are still in active progress, though by no means with the virulence which has marked previous episodes of the sort. It is reasonable to suppose that, as time goes on, the overshadowing power of the United States Steel Corporation will make itself felt in the way of averting complete demoralization and of gradually bringing about a more normal condition at a level of prices properly adapted to the consumer's situation. When that occurs, and when it is evident that there will be no further violent smash of steel prices, it will be time to look for the consumer on a scale on which he has not yet been willing to send in his orders.

This depression, with the resultant somewhat violent readjustment of prices, was felt in numerous other trades, chiefly, however, and quite naturally, in trades such as copper and lead, where the price had been dominated by a powerful corporation. In the case of copper, the history of 1908 had been a little different from that of steel. Copper had been put up to 26 cents a pound on the eve of the panic of 1907. During the panic, after a prolonged decline forced by the accumulation of stocks, it fell to 12½ cents in October, 1907. In 1908, however, a rapid

**Fall in
Other
Metals**

recovery began, in the course of which the price was marked up during the election boom to $14\frac{5}{8}$ cents.

It was rather generally believed, at the close of 1908, that the Amalgamated Copper Company, which was mainly behind the movement to put up prices in the trade, would be able to raise the price considerably higher still. This notion was based, however, on the supposition that trade and consequently demand for copper were bound to revive—an expectation which had been similarly indulged in by the Steel Trust. Nothing of the sort happened in copper, any more than in steel, and from the highest price of January, which was $14\frac{1}{4}$ cents, copper declined with great rapidity, touching $12\frac{1}{8}$ cents again on March 16th, with some sales at lower prices. This was an extremely low price for copper, as may be judged from the fact that, except for the two or three days in the panic of 1907, no such price had been reached at any time since 1902. It was, however, warranted by the statistical showing of the trade. At the beginning of the present year, the copper producers organized an association to report on production, consumption, and stocks on hand—information which had been suppressed ever since the Amalgamated Copper Company was organized. The first monthly reports of this association were a little startling. Production, in the face of the trade reaction, was shown to be at the highest mark in the history of the American trade, whereas consumption was not much more than 60 per cent. of normal. The result was that in January 21,772,000 pounds of copper accumulated unsold in the hands of producers or dealers, and in February, 29,154,000. At other times of such accumulation—in 1902, for instance—the surplus was disposed of through enormous exports to Europe. But Europe was also hard pressed at the beginning of 1909; its consumption of copper had decreased almost as much as ours. At the end of January, stocks of copper in Europe and afloat for Europe were 52,935 tons, as against 42,134 at the end of July, 1908, and 20,660 at the end of January a year ago. Our exports in 1909 were on as small a scale as our home consumption.

It will be seen that the statistical situation fully justified the low price quoted, notwithstanding the fact that for many copper producers a twelve-cent price is unremunerative. All other metals moved similarly, reaching a low level of depression during March. In this they merely repeated experience, the teaching of all our previous episodes of after-panic reaction being that raw materials of manufacture are the first and the worst sufferers. This is a logical enough result of the general curtailment in consumption and in manufacture. It must be said that in the present case it was an equally logical result of the extravagant

inflation of prices for all of these commodities, which, under the auspices of the dominating trusts, had been indulged in during 1906 and 1907.

It cannot be said, however, that this same movement of extreme depression ran through every other trade; for the dry goods trade reports were comparatively optimistic at the very time when the metal trades were at their worst. It is true, prices for textiles were by no means up to the level of the boom times. It was pointed out, in February, that print goods were selling then at 5 cents a yard, as against 7 before the panic of 1907; silks at 85 cents against \$1.05; sheetings at $8\frac{3}{4}$ cents against 12; gingham at $5\frac{3}{4}$ cents against 7. Nevertheless, these prices were better than had been commanded in the middle of 1908, and, what was more important, trade was on a basis of equilibrium, the goods going promptly into consumers' hands and the amount of merchandise sold being close to normal. The reason for this difference in the dry goods trade, from the experience of the metal industries, is not far to seek. It will be remembered that when evidence of the severe decline in consuming power was manifest, three or four months after the panic of 1907, the dry goods trade, which is not dominated by a trust, met the situation promptly in the old-fashioned way, cutting production 15 per cent., wages 10 per cent., and prices 25 to 50 per cent. In other words, the dry goods trade took its medicine early in 1908 and was fully entitled to the better times which its merchants found in 1909.

When one surveys the movement of prices in general, or what may be called the average price movement, the index numbers read very curiously, in the light of what we have just surveyed. Taking, for instance, the London *Economist's* index number, we shall find that low level for the after-panic year was reached on September 1, 1908, when the index was 2168. From this figure there was a gradual recovery, the index number finally appearing to settle around a fixed level. It was 2,198 on December 1st, 2,197 at the opening of January, 2,196 in February, and 2,190 in March. These comparisons raise two natural questions. Producers, in the first place, are likely to ask how such stability of the general price average should have been possible during the very months when, as we have seen, metals were falling in price with great rapidity. Consumers, in the meantime, will ask why there has been no relief from excessive cost of living through the falling prices, of which they hear so much? The answer is the same to both questions—the fall in metal prices has been fully offset by the extraordinary rise of the period in prices of agriculture.

The wheat situation has itself become sensational during the past few weeks. In December, cash wheat on the Chicago market ranged around \$1.00 per bushel. From that figure a rise occurred to \$1.10 in January; then, with the last week of February, there began a violent upward rush to \$1.26, in the course of which speculators, professional and otherwise, rushed into the wheat market with almost as much vehemence as the Wall Street professionals and the public had invaded the stock market after last year's election. The price of \$1.26, reached at the close of February, was, in fact, the highest touched on the Chicago market at any time since Leiter's wheat corner in 1898. How much above the average price it was may be judged from the subjoined table of high and low wheat prices on the cash market at Chicago during the intervening period:

	High	Low
1908.....	\$1.11, June	\$0.84½, July
1907.....	1.22, Oct.	.71, Jan.
1906.....	.94¾, May	.69½, Sept.
1905.....	1.24, Feb.	.78¾, Sept.
1904.....	1.22, Dec.	.81¼, Jan.
1903.....	.93, Sept.	.70¼, March
1902.....	.95, Sept.	.67½, Oct.
1901.....	.79½, Dec.	.63½, July
1900.....	.87½, June	.61½, Jan.
1899.....	.79½, May	.64, Dec.
1898.....	1.85, May	.62, Oct.

The larger reasons for this rise in wheat are not at all mysterious; they have already been pointed out in the pages of this magazine. The world's wheat crop of 1907 was less by 325,000,000 bushels than in 1906, and less by 212,000,000 bushels than in 1905. These are declines of 7 and 10 per cent., respectively; the wheat crop of 1907 being, in fact, the smallest world's crop since 1901. Population, and, consequently, use of wheat as of other necessities of life, had in the meantime been steadily increasing. It had been hoped that the shortage of 1907, especially in Europe, would be made good by an abundant crop in 1908. This did not happen; crops in this country, in Australia and in Asia, were slightly larger last year than in the year before, but Europe itself produced less even than in 1907. The English expert Broomhall makes these estimates of the European harvest for the past eight years:

	Bushels		Bushels
1908.....	1,594,000,000	1904.....	1,747,262,000
1907.....	1,616,086,000	1903.....	1,830,526,000
1906.....	1,826,422,000	1902.....	1,817,602,000
1905.....	1,803,132,000	1901.....	1,513,553,000

Our own Agricultural Department, estimating in March, this year, on the whole world's wheat crop of 1908, showed 3,172,814,000 bushels as

against 3,142,150,000 in 1907 and 3,432,688,000 in 1906. The increase over the deficient 1907 crop was only 30,000,000 bushels, and all of this was accounted for by the 30,600,000 increase in the United States alone, which left a crop here of only ordinary magnitude.

Under such conditions it was inevitable that the stock of wheat in the world's storehouses should fall to very low figures. At the end of last year's harvest Europe's granaries contained 22 per cent. less of wheat than they held a year before, and all the rushing forward of American wheat to market last autumn left the stock of wheat on hand in Europe and America combined in February of the present year only 137,000,000 bushels, as against 144,000,000 at the same date in 1908 and 150,000,000 in 1907. It was this situation on which the speculators in wheat were banking in their February movement at Chicago.

There was one uncertain point in their calculations which has not even yet been wholly cleared up, but on which some interesting light has subsequently been thrown. This was the question of farm reserves. When wheat gets up to such extraordinary prices as those of February, it is a question of supreme importance how much of the grain is left in the hands of farmers, who are liable to respond to the high bid of the market. There has been much dispute as to what was left over in this way from the harvest of 1908. Some Chicago experts had made estimates as low as 100,000,000 bushels, where 148,000,000 was the figure reported by the Government in March last year, and 206,000,000 bushels at the same time in 1907. The best known private expert of the Chicago wheat trade had figured out 123,000,000. On March 8th the Agricultural Department gave out its fall estimate on these farm reserves. It was somewhat sensational in character, but not in the way which had been expected by the trade. The Government estimated 143,000,000 bushels in the hands of farmers, or only 5,000,000 less than in the preceding year. Although this estimate was vigorously disputed by the trade, it had the inevitable effect of checking the rise in wheat and forcing a slow and irregular reaction. To what extent this downward movement is destined to go, or to what extent prices will rise still higher, depends on other factors, among them on the highly disputed question, how much wheat will be raised and exported in Argentine, which is at present this country's principal competitor for the foreign grain trade? At present, estimates there are less favorable than they were a few months earlier in the South American harvest season. But, in the meantime, relatively high prices are inevitable in the great agricultural food stuffs, and unfortunately must serve to keep up the price of living amongst even the poor.

The effect of all of these various incidents on the Stock Exchange during the past few months has been to paralyze all activity. The period of dulness which has occurred has been of unusual length, and, except in midsummer, would be difficult to match without going back a decade. Undoubtedly it marks a changing tendency from the feverishly and unnaturally excited stock markets of last year. As is always Wall Street's habit, this unwelcome dulness was ascribed to everything except the obvious causes. At first it was declared that the market was waiting for Inauguration Day and for the end of the Roosevelt administration, of which Wall Street had professed itself so much afraid. The inauguration came and was received by the markets with complete apathy. Mr. Taft's inaugural did not go very extensively into details, but on the question of the Roosevelt policies made this pregnant declaration:

Dulness on
the Stock
Exchange

I should be untrue to myself, to my promises, and to the declarations of the party platform upon which I was elected, if I did not make the maintenance and enforcement of those reforms a most important feature of my administration. They were directed to the suppression of the lawlessness and abuses of the great combinations of capital invested in railroads and industrial enterprises. . . . The steps which my predecessor took, and the legislation passed on his recommendation, have accomplished much, have caused a general halt in the vicious policies which created popular alarm, and have brought about, in the business affected, a much higher regard for the existing law.

To which he added:

Relief of the railroads from certain restrictions of the Anti-Trust Law has been urged by my predecessor and will be urged by me. On the other hand, the Administration is pledged to legislation looking to a proper Federal supervision and restriction to prevent excessive issues of bonds and stocks by companies owning and operating interstate commerce railroads.

Manifestly, if Wall Street had the idea that immunity on the part of offending corporations against prosecution was to be promised by the new administration it was disappointed. But, as a matter of fact, the change in administration had no effect, and had no reason to have any effect, on the condition of the Stock Exchange.

When this landmark failed to bring about reviving activity, it was declared that the markets were waiting for the tariff bill. In this idea there was something more of reason; for alterations in the tariff, either up or down, can hardly occur without some effect on business conditions. Where they are in the nature of reductions of duty, as was expected of the pending tariff, it will be inevitable that business plans will at least be deferred in many cases until merchants can know

The New
Tariff

exactly what the new schedules are to be. This is as true of importers, who would welcome an actual free trade bill, as of manufacturers, who wish even more protection. The tariff bill came up for consideration at the extra session of Congress on the 17th of March. It proved to be quite as drastic in its cuts as any one had expected. The House Committee placed iron ore and hides on the free list; the duty on pig iron was reduced one-third, the steel rail duty one-half. In many other important directions, readjustment of large scope was proposed. The stock market received the news without emotion, became dull for three or four days after the Ways and Means Committee's announcements, then started in to rise again.

Possibly this reception was a reasonable forecast of the reception which industry at large will give to tariff revision. The notion that industrial and financial markets have invariably been upset through a prolonged period by revision of the tariff, especially in the direction of lower duties, is hardly borne out by the facts. The idea is based, no doubt, chiefly on the experience of 1894, when a tariff reduction bill was certainly followed by genuine hard times. The truth about 1894, however, which may be easily ascertained from any financial review of the period, is that the Wilson tariff, on its introduction and during the debate upon it, was received with something like indifference by the financial markets. There was, in fact, a rather substantial rise in prices during the very period when the debate was hottest.

By the time the bill had been enacted, however, there occurred three other incidents which had no possible connection with the tariff bill, but which wholly superseded it in their influence on business. These were the corn crop failure, the Railway Union strike, which amounted to an industrial revolt, and the piling up of a \$69,000,000 deficit in the Treasury, which forced the Government into an unfavorable loan market and threatened the absolute destruction of the gold reserve for redemption of legal tenders. So complete was the attention of the financial community at the time converged on these formidable influences that little was said in the discussion on the day's financial market of the tariff bill as an influence. It was only in 1896, when a Presidential campaign was impending, that Senator John Sherman brought forward the argument that the distresses of 1894 came altogether from "passing a law reducing revenue below expenditures for the first time since the Civil War."

Now, in the first place, the \$69,000,000 deficit of the fiscal year 1894, all of which was piled up before June 30th of that year, occurred while

the schedules of the McKinley tariff of 1890 were in full operation; and, in the second place, as we have seen already, there were far greater influences at work in creating the hard times of the year than could have been exerted by any tariff bill. Whether the Wall Street idea of the present season, regarding the influence of the tariff controversy, has been influenced by the extraordinary speeches of Mr. Taft last autumn, on the subject of the Wilson Bill and the panic of 1893, may be left to conjecture. The point of interest is that up to the present time the stock market has received the tariff reduction propositions in a spirit of entire calmness—this in spite of the fact that other and larger influences were at work which might easily have explained a further drop in prices.

**The
Outlook**

All this leaves the future of our finance and industry much more than usually a matter of conjecture. On the one hand, we have the spectacle of industrial depression throughout almost the whole domain of American industry, that depression being acute and giving little promise of immediate relief. On the other hand, we have, first, the assurance that, in this very lowering of prices, the preliminary steps toward normal readjustment of trade conditions have been taken as they were not taken—except in the textile industry—during 1908—and, second, the assurance that continued prosperity in the agricultural West guarantees a consuming market, which has never before existed so soon after a great financial panic. Mr. Morgan's dictum that "the man who is a bear on American prosperity will go broke" is as true to-day as it ever was, and it is equally true that the real strength of industrial America has been displayed in the aftermath of hard times, when speculative illusions and speculative values had disappeared, and when our merchants and producers were grappling vigorously with the realities. But the great achievements of those periods have never come until after a thorough readjustment of prices, production, and consumption.

Alexander D. Noyes.

THE PATENT RIGHTS OF ARMY AND NAVY OFFICERS

BY LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER CLELAND DAVIS, U. S. N.

THERE exists among officers and enlisted men of the army and navy a misapprehension regarding their relations to the Government in the matter of patents. There is a vague belief that patent laws apply only to civilians and that officers of the army or of the navy are estopped from taking out patents; or, if they do so, whatever may be the nature of these patents, the Government has the right to appropriate them for its own use.

This impression is calculated to defeat the very purpose for which provision was made in the Constitution for the establishment of a patent system. As a matter of fact, officers and enlisted men of the army and navy have all the rights under the Constitution and under the patent laws of any other citizen of the United States. Without the incentive of reward, in the shape either of honors or preferment or money, men cannot be expected to devote their means and the time outside of their regular duties to the creation of inventions.

It will lead to a better understanding of this question to give a brief description of the patent system as it obtains in the United States. The Constitution provides that, in order to promote the progress of science and the useful arts, Congress may secure to authors and inventors for limited times the exclusive right to their writings and discoveries, and our patent system has grown up under laws made in accordance with this wise constitutional provision. The inventor, under the law, takes nothing from the public nor can he monopolize any knowledge the public already possesses; he can only take that which he creates, and the particular creation—the new knowledge or new piece of property brought by him into being—can only be taken for a period of seventeen years, after which period the public comes into its possession by operation of law. There can be no extension of this monopoly except by a special act of Congress, and this privilege is seldom or never invoked: consequently every year thousands of patents issued seventeen years before become the property of the public.

Under the various laws enacted by Congress to carry out this provision of the Constitution, a patent when once granted to an inventor is a vested right and one that cannot be taken away from him except by due process of law. That is to say, neither the Commissioner of Patents, who granted the patent, nor the Secretary of the Interior, under whose juris-

diction the patent office is placed, nor any officer of the Government, has any authority to recall it or to cancel it. That can only be done through the medium of the court empowered to declare it invalid upon proof showing fraud, or proving that the laws were not complied with when the patent was originally issued; and this is where our patent laws are defective.

A feeling has grown up, not only among the public generally, but also in the Government, that a patent is not to be considered valid until passed upon by the courts. I recall one instance where the Government, having entered into an agreement to pay a royalty for the use of a certain invention, ceased payment thereon, while still continuing to use the invention, on the ground that the validity of the patent on which the royalties were based had not been determined by the courts.

As our industries multiply and competition increases, it becomes more and more important that the rights of the inventor be established without his being harassed by competitors and put to great expense to maintain his rights. He should be protected by the Government which has given him this vested right.

The patent when lawfully issued carries with it the exclusive right to make, to use and to vend the actual invention throughout the United States and the territories thereof for the term of seventeen years, and no person or corporation or the Government itself can encroach upon this right without becoming liable as an infringer.

There is a popular misapprehension in many minds that a patent, being a monopoly, is obnoxious to democratic institutions. As a matter of fact, a patent is in the nature of a contract made between the inventor on the one hand and the public on the other, in which the public agrees to reward the inventor for the device he has created, and for the expense he has incurred in developing the invention; and the inventor on his part agrees to relinquish the rights with which he has been vested by the Government to the public after a limited time. The consideration given to the inventor by the public is the exclusive right to use his own creation for seventeen years, and the consideration given to the public by the inventor is the property itself for all time after the patent has expired.

Of course, it is optional with the inventor whether or not he wishes to make this contract with the Government. He may prefer, instead of taking out a patent, to endeavor to keep his discovery a secret. If he succeeds in this respect, it will be his so long as others do not find out his secret. However, in modern times the state of education and intellectuality has advanced to such an extent that it is next to impossible successfully to conceal secret inventions. This has been the experience with

inventions relating to the art of war, and it has been found practically impossible to protect secret processes, which have become known in some cases even before they were put in operation.

There is no doubt that there is a great deal of inventive talent in the army and in the navy which lies dormant, and this is lost to the Government. There are several reasons for this. First, lack of knowledge on the part of army and navy officers as to their rights under the patent laws; and, second, lack of encouragement on the part of the Government in the way of preferment to successful inventors. Then again, the exactions of the official duties make it extremely difficult to develop an invention.

An invention may be considered to consist of two stages. First, the creation of the idea, and, next, a combination of means to put this idea into effect. The second is by far the more difficult. An officer of the army or navy is, therefore, under present conditions much handicapped in making inventions on account of lack of opportunity to work out his own ideas. Many officers complain that after having submitted their ideas to the Government, these ideas are pigeon-holed and never developed. They lose sight of the fact that they are throwing the burden of the work upon others who may not have the ability to carry out such ideas, and who, in any event, could not be expected to do other than choose the path of least resistance and take the view that the idea is not capable of being successfully put into practice.

As stated before, an officer of the army or the navy, as well as an enlisted man, has the same right under the patent laws as any other citizen of the United States, and the Government cannot deprive him of the fruits of any invention that he might make, subject to the limitations imposed by law—for the very simple reason that patent rights, as above stated, are vested private property, and the Constitution prohibits the Government from taking private property from its citizens without just compensation. In fact, it has been held by the courts that Congress, in view of this constitutional provision, could not pass a valid law authorizing the Government to ignore vested patent rights without just compensation, any more than it could pass a law authorizing the Government to appropriate to itself a farm or a house or a lot without just compensation. Even in the exercise of its right of eminent domain, those concerned have a claim for relief.

The decision of the Supreme Court in the case of *United States vs. Burns* (12 Wall., 246) employs in part the following language:

If an officer in the military service, not specially employed to make experiments with a view to suggest improvements, devise a new and valuable improve-

ment in arms, tents, or any other kind of war material, he is entitled to the benefit of it and to letters patent for the improvement, from the United States, equally with any other citizen not engaged in such service; and the Government cannot, after the patent is issued, make use of the improvement any more than a private individual without license of the inventor or making compensation to him.

This means that an officer must be specially designated to make improvements in any branch whatsoever. Whether it be in ordnance or in construction or in electricity, he is entitled to the benefit of anything he might invent and is at perfect liberty to sell the invention to the Government, or to any private individual. In case such invention can be used to advantage by the Government, it is proper, but only ethically, that he should give the Government the first opportunity to acquire the rights to his invention, but, under the law, he is not even compelled to do this.

This does not mean that the Government always actually pays on its own initiative for the patented inventions it uses, for it sometimes ignores the military man, as well as the civilian, as is evidenced by the numerous suits which have been brought against it. But, on the other hand, the Government has repeatedly paid for the inventions of its officers, and a few instances may be mentioned as follows: The Mills woven cartridge belt, the Dashiell breech mechanism, the Fiske telescopic sight, the Fiske range finder, the Driggs-Schroeder gun, the Fletcher breech mechanism, and the Sibley tent.

The misapprehension that exists in the army and navy on these points is, no doubt, due to the fact that the law is such that if an inventor while in the army or navy works out an invention under the direction of his superior, using Government time and Government facilities in perfecting the same, the Government has a shop right in the invention; but this same law applies to civil employers and employees as well, and it therefore constitutes no exception in the case of the military professions. This shop right, however, extends only to the Government itself, and cannot be delegated by it to an outside private concern.

A further misapprehension regarding patents is general in both military and civil walks of life, and that is the almost universal belief that a patent taken out abroad prevents its use in this country.

The facts are, that just as a United States patent is of no effect whatever beyond the jurisdiction of the United States, a foreign patent is of no effect whatever beyond the jurisdiction of the government that issues it. In other words, a patent taken out in the United States may be freely used in all foreign countries, unless it is also patented in those countries. And again, the publication of a patent in the United States will generally bar the grant of an infringing patent in foreign countries.

Another common misapprehension is the idea that it is perfectly proper for an officer of the army or navy to patent his military inventions in this country, and at the same time it is highly improper, or at least is not patriotic, for him to secure foreign patents on the subject-matter so covered in the United States. No reasoning could be more fallacious. The moment the United States patent is issued, printed copies of the drawings and specifications can be bought by any one upon the payment of a small fee in the United States Patent Office. Besides, the Patent Office distributes copies of all patents free to all foreign governments that have a patent system.

Now, suppose an officer takes out his United States patent only,—which is sanctioned by custom since the beginning. A Frenchman or an Englishman can for a few cents, or even for nothing at all, secure all the necessary details of that invention, and can furnish it for free use by the French or English people.

If, on the other hand, however, the same officer not only takes out his United States patent, but also patents upon the same invention in Great Britain and France, the Government and the people of Great Britain and the Government and people of France are rendered liable to the American officer for the payment of royalties for the use of the invention, instead of having the privilege of using it free.

Thus, if the invention is patented in the United States, patenting the same invention abroad imposes a restriction upon the use of the invention by the foreign government or people, and tends to limit rather than advance the use abroad of the said invention, and therefore, to protect rather than destroy any advantages the people of this country might have derived from it.

Patent rights, of course, are assignable in law, and subject to barter and sale, just like any other property, but in all cases in order to be effective against a subsequent purchaser acting in good faith, the assignment must be promptly recorded in the patent office.

Cleland Davis.

HOODLUMISM IN HOLIDAY OBSERVANCE

BY MRS. ISAAC L. RICE

"When you are past shrieking, having no human articulate voice to say you are glad with, you fill the quietude . . . with gunpowder blasts, and rush home, red with cutaneous eruption of conceit and voluble with convulsive hiccough of self-satisfaction. . . . It is pitiful to have dim conceptions of duty; more pitiful, it seems to me, to have conceptions like these of mirth."—*John Ruskin*.

SARAH BERNHARDT has said of us that "Americans do not know how to celebrate a day in public,"—a remark which is quite true, more's the pity; and any one who has travelled abroad, even though he be the most loyal of loyal Americans, must admit that we have much—if not everything—to learn from other countries regarding holiday observance. With the single exception of Mafeking Day, when the whole of England went mad with riotous, delirious joy over the relief of its far-distant post, it is difficult to recall an instance, among civilized nations, of that frenzied, hysterical abandonment to license which disgraces our country several times every year. While others rejoice sanely and merrily, or reverently and with beautiful patriotic fervor, we observe our holidays in a mad, hurrah spirit which seems a huge Brobdingnagian echo of that celebrated dictum of Uncle Joe Cannon's: "This country is a hell of a success!"

Regarding fête days abroad, Paris celebrates its great anniversary, July 14th, with decorations and illuminations, with military reviews and public concerts, with splendid displays of fireworks from its bridges, and with public balls in every available space, with free matinées for children at its music halls, and with operatic and theatrical entertainments for grown-ups. There is a kermess feeling in the air, and after seven o'clock in the evening dancing is general along the streets and boulevards, which are resplendent with lanterns and colored globes. Germany *en fête* flies to the country, which resounds with rich, patriotic melodies, for Germany sings with as much enthusiasm as France throws into her dances. Norway and Denmark combine charity with holiday glee, and children's days and commemorative funds are part of their national observance. As for Switzerland, it celebrates its Day of Patriotism, August 1st, with a fervor deep and silent and almost stern, which is as appealing as it is inspiring.

But we, Americans, even when abroad on our fête days, are not apparently, influenced by the surrounding sanity and order. An instance of this was afforded last July when a number of Americans in Berlin

celebrated the Fourth with a—prize-fight! A prize-fight in Berlin, where such things are absolutely under the ban, and where permission to hold this one was given only after representations had been made that prize-fighting was an American institution, and that it was thus that we habitually honored the glorious memory of our Revolutionary heroes! Another instance, which did not terminate happily, occurred in London, where an American newspaper man endeavored to show foreigners how New Year's ought to be celebrated. Blowing on a tin horn and shouting, he passed along the streets, followed by a crowd of about five hundred persons. Before long, however, he was arrested, taken to a police court and put under bonds,—which proves that even if Americans are, as Herbert Spencer says, too long suffering under injury, the English are not.

As for celebrations in our own country, there are three occasions, at least, when license reigns—the Fourth of July, New Year's Eve, and Election Day. To these we must add Christmas in the South, where its terrors quite equal those of Independence Day. But a few weeks have passed since the Mayor of Jacksonville issued an order to his Chief of Police regarding the use of firearms and fireworks on Christmas Day; Augusta, at the same time, confined the fireworks celebration to two of its public squares, and Savannah deplored the fact that its “noisefest” would be preceded by several days of noise and disorder. As for New Orleans, it honored the birth of Christ so riotously that as a result many persons were horribly maimed, stabbed, and burned, one hundred in all being injured. And yet, only a week later, we find New Orleans again “celebrating” with a vehemence which was sufficient to send seventy victims to the hospital.

Coming down to January 1, 1909, it would seem as if never before had the birth of a New Year been made the occasion for such a strident outburst of hoodlumism. Boisterous crowds filled the streets of all our large cities, North, East, South and West, and—regardless of decency as well as indifferent to the sufferings of the sick—gave themselves up to the maddest kind of license and noise-making. Above the steady din of booming bells and shrilling steam whistles rose the staccato clatter of the mob: drums were beaten, rattles and cowbells were shaken; tin cans were filled with bricks, or, worse still, with dynamite; whistles and fish-horns, some of them four feet long, were blown; fiendish new contrivances called musical dishpans or four-cylinder squawkers produced high-pitched, torturing sounds; while, most alarming of all, sharp reports of pistols or cannon-crackers occasionally rang out above the shrieks and shouts of the dense crowds. Confetti was thrown in clouds

upon the heads of passers-by, while Chinese snuff and ticklers menaced their eyes. In Philadelphia a newspaper placed two cannon on the roof, so that it could add deep, roaring effects to this infernal concert. In New York many merchants barricaded the front of their shops, and hundreds of extra police were detailed for duty. That these precautions were not unnecessary was shown by headlines like these:

WOMAN SHOT; GIRL DYING. SCORES HURT; RIOTS AT NEW YEAR.
BULLETS FLY ABOUT CROWDED STREETS, STRIKING
DOWN MERRYMAKERS AS THUGS RULE THE
ENTIRE CITY—MANY FIRE ALARMS

And this was not printed about the wilds of Texas, but about the heart of New York City. That the dangers of protecting the public from drunken and disorderly armed revellers are not slight can readily be realized. As was said by an Assistant Captain of Detectives in a large city: "I'd rather go out and take a chance in battle with a band of desperate thieves than get tangled up with that shooting mob about City Hall New Year's Eve." In New York a policeman was set upon by a gang of thirty men and severely beaten because he had ordered them to stop firing pistols, and a man who objected to having a horn blown in his ear was so roughly handled that he was taken to the hospital.

And yet this saturnalia is a thing of recent years, for we can all remember the time when the chief charm and dissipation of the evening consisted in a trip to hear some bell-ringing, with a little—very little—horn-blowing thrown in, as the most exuberant manifestation of the holiday spirit. Good resolutions were then in order and cheery social duties and pleasures. Alas, how far a cry it is from these simple observances to the national debauch which is a national disgrace! Now great cities vie with one another as to the largest amounts which can be spent in feasting, until New York and Chicago can each point proudly to an expenditure of a million dollars apiece. At least one divine in New York has lifted up his voice like a trumpet against this "Pagan Orgy of the Twentieth Century": "That night of sensual revelry, of licentious noise and dissipation is a stain upon our metropolitan life. There is nothing elevating or inspiring in these hordes of men and women and boys and girls jostling and jeering, screeching and making night hideous with their unearthly noises. On the contrary, it is degrading, and emphasizes the baser rather than the higher quality of human nature." Let us hope that at last a halt will be called upon this unbeautiful, irreligious, irrational mode of turning over each leaf in the book of time. Let us hope that the appealing claims of the sick upon our compassion will lead us to devise some better way of welcoming the New

Year than by tying down a steam-whistle for an hour, or by a night of brawling disorder.

As for Election Day, or, rather, Election Night, that too is devoted, though in a less degree, to a riotous exhibition of wild excitement. Let us glance for a moment at a few of the headlines which appeared at the time of our last election. Here is one:

MADDEST ELECTION OF ALL; RIOTS THROUGH THE NIGHT.

And another:

RIOTOUS NIGHT OF ELECTION REVELRY. FRENZIED MERRYMAKERS
MAD TO DELIRIUM JAR THE GREAT WHITE WAY WITH
HIDEOUS NOISES AND CONFETTI, TURNING THE
TOWN INTO PANDEMONIUM.

"Bedlam," "Delirium of Noise," "A Mad Night," all failed to give an idea of the howling, pushing crowds who fought their way along the streets.

But neither of these days, disorderly as they are, can be compared with Independence Day, when "Freedom shrieks" and Patriotism goes mad. It has been well said that "people can only thank God that Patriotism does not celebrate on more than one day out of the 365," for if Patriotism—or, rather, that pseudo-Patriotism which burns and maims and blinds thousands of victims on its great day of fire and blood—were to celebrate again and again, Heaven only knows what would become of us! The ghastly statistics of Fourth of July, 1908 show that 163 persons were killed and that 5,460 were injured; and those for the last six celebrations (from 1903 to 1908 inclusive) show that more than 1,300 persons were killed and that almost 28,000 were injured. Of the latter, many are now groping in the dreadful night of total blindness, while hundreds and tens of hundreds are horribly maimed and mutilated, totally unfitted for life's struggle. And yet these figures (for which we are indebted to the *Journal* of the American Medical Association) can only be considered as incomplete, for doubtless vast numbers of minor injuries were not reported, and therefore were not included in these tables.

What, perhaps, is the saddest feature, is the fact that almost all the victims of the Fourth are children, whose youth and ignorance and inexperience and helplessness would certainly seem to merit all due protection at our hands. Poor little ones, who play delightedly with danger! And how many among the victims of the Fourth are those who have not been "celebrating," but who have been shot down or burnt to death by the wanton recklessness of Independence Day "Patriots" (God save the

mark!). Bullets, cannon-crackers, blank cartridges, and strings of Chinese crackers spare none. Little babes have had their heads torn open, mothers have been killed as they sat beside their children, scores of girls have been burnt to death by having lighted firecrackers or fireworks thrown in their direction. Runaways have been frequent because hoodlums love to throw great "bombs" under frightened teams, and one of the merriest sports has been to place large torpedoes on car-tracks. In Vincennes (Indiana), for instance, one Fourth was "celebrated" by placing boxes of explosives on the tracks, by means of which car windows were shattered, passengers terrified and injured, and traffic blocked for hours; after these boxes had all been picked up it was found that two barrels of explosives had been collected. In Boston, only two years ago, seventy arrests were made for using firearms, while in Pittsburg a party of rich, young hoodlums terrorized the holiday crowds by dashing along in an automobile, firing volleys of shots up and down the streets and into the shops. Pittsburg's arrests July 4, 1907, numbered 300. But, then, what can we expect when we repeal for a period of twenty-four hours almost all laws regarding safety and sanity?

Another phase of the subject is that which has to do with the suffering of the sick during our patriotic saturnalia; for startling noise—which is one of the most desired factors in our observance of the Fourth—persists not only for hours or for days, but actually for weeks. How serious a matter this is to the sick and weak I can well appreciate, for on the Boards of our Society are those who represent almost forty-four thousand hospital patients, and their statements all agree as to the urgency of bringing about a cessation of this season of terror and suffering.

Regarding the monetary cost of our celebration, New York City is reported to have spent about \$14,000,000 on its last two holidays, with a resultant loss of 11 persons killed and 768 injured. As for the total monetary loss to the whole country, it can scarcely be calculated, nor can the fire-loss be estimated. Regarding the latter, however, I have been enabled, through the courtesy of Mr. Miller, General Agent of the National Board of Fire Underwriters, to obtain a few figures which show that during five years (from 1898 to 1902 inclusive) there were 4,827 fires in the United States due to fireworks; in Massachusetts from 1902 to 1906 inclusive there were 278 fires due to the same cause; and in Boston in one year, 1906, 72 took place. But quite apart from the effect of these conflagrations on our fire-loss (which is about nine times as high as that of the chief countries of Europe—\$3 per capita as against 33 cents), many accidents might perhaps be traced to carelessness engen-

dered in the young by the annually repeated spectacle of a whole community playing with fire and explosives. I firmly believe that this one day of dangerous license exerts a pernicious effect upon the other three hundred and sixty-four days of the year.

As for the reason, the excuse which can be brought forward in extenuation of this mode of celebration, the answer is always the same—Patriotism. If this, however, is Patriotism, then it recalls—with but a slight variation as to meaning—that utterance of Dr. Johnson's: "Patriotism which is the last refuge of the scoundrel." However, it is not Patriotism, but only craving for noise and excitement and danger which kills and blinds and maims on our Day of Carnage. Some, indeed, go so far as to declare that the usual celebration of the Fourth is "due to desire to break loose into a day of savagery and wallow in the unusual."

It might, perhaps, not be altogether inappropriate to refer here to the habitual "appeal in behalf of the boy," which always appears just before the advent of the Fourth, such as: "I think that boys ought to be allowed to express their patriotic feelings at least once a year, in the shape of firecrackers, pistols, cannon, etc." Or: "Do you want to make Anglomaniacs of the American race? . . . Without the celebration you will kill all good and true Americanism. . . . Don't kill the spirit of '76!" Another states that a sane celebration would "have a tendency to smother the fires of American patriotism and revive the spirit of the Tories of '76." Let us do away with this wretched sham and travesty of Patriotism and substitute for it something which is beautiful and rational and worthy of those who saved our country! As Governor Hughes recently said: "It is only because we are accustomed to . . . waste of life . . . that we go about our business, little thinking of the preventive measures that are possible."

Up to the present many cities have regulated the danger—a regulation, however, which, alas! does not regulate. A few wiser cities have prohibited it, and in these places quiet and orderly observances have replaced the former mad orgies. Even if we do not approve of keeping the Fourth in the manner suggested by John Adams as "a day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty," we can plan a celebration where thankfulness and gratitude and a wholesome sense of universal brotherhood will enhance the merry sports and commemorative exercises in honor of our National Birthday.

Mrs. Isaac L. Rice.

THE NOVELS OF MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

IT is high time that somebody spoke out his mind about Mrs. Humphry Ward. Her prodigious vogue is one of the most extraordinary literary phenomena of our day. A roar of approval greets the publication of every new novel from her active pen, and it is almost pathetic to contemplate the reverent awe of her army of worshippers when they behold the solemn announcement that she is "collecting material" for another masterpiece. Even professional reviewers lose all sense of proportion when they discuss her books, and their so-called criticisms sound like publishers' advertisements. Sceptics are warned to remain silent, lest they become unpleasantly conspicuous. When *Lady Rose's Daughter* appeared the critic of a great metropolitan daily remarked that whoever did not immediately recognize the work as a masterpiece thereby proclaimed himself as a person incapable of judgment, taste, and appreciation. This is a fair example of the attitude taken by thousands of her readers, and it is this attitude, rather than the value of her work, that we must, first of all, consider.

In the year 1905 an entirely respectable journal said of Mrs. Ward: "There is no more interesting and important figure in the literary world to-day." In comparing this superlative with the actual state of affairs, we find that we were asked four years ago to believe that Mrs. Ward was a literary personage not second in importance to Tolstoi, Ibsen, Björnson, Heyse, Sudermann, Hauptmann, Anatole France, Jules Lemaitre, Rostand, Swinburne, Thomas Hardy, Meredith, Kipling, and Mark Twain. At about the same time a work appeared intended as a text-book for the young, which declared Mrs. Ward to be "the greatest living writer of fiction in English literature," and misspelled her name—an excellent illustration of carelessness in adjectives with inaccuracy in facts. Over and over again we have heard the statement that the "mantle" of George Eliot has fallen on Mrs. Ward. Is it really true that her stories are equal in value to *Adam Bede*, *The Mill on the Floss*, and *Middlemarch*?

The object of this article is not primarily to attack a dignified and successful author; it is rather to inquire, in a proper spirit of humility, and with a full realization of the danger incurred, whether or not the actual output justifies so enormous a reputation. For in some respects I believe the vogue of Mrs. Ward to be more unfortunate than the vogue of the late lamented Duchess, of Laura Jean Libbey, of Mrs.

E. D. E. N. Southworth, of Marie Corelli, and of Hall Caine. When we are asked to note that 300,000 copies of the latest novel by any of these have been sold before the book is published there is no cause for alarm. We know perfectly well what that means. It is what is called a "business proposition"; it has nothing to do with literature. It simply proves that it is possible to make as splendid a fortune out of the trade of book-making, and by equally respectable methods, as is made in other legitimate avenues of business. But the case is quite different with Mrs. Ward. Whatever she is, she is not vulgar, sensational, or cheap; she has never made the least compromise with her moral ideals, nor has she ever attempted to play to the gallery. Her constituency is made up largely of serious-minded, highly respectable people, who live in good homes, who are fairly well read, and who ought to know the difference between ordinary and extraordinary literature. Her books have had a bad effect in blurring this distinction in the popular mind; for while she has never written a positively bad book—with the possible exception of *Bessie Costrell*—I feel confident that she has never written supremely well; that compared with the great masters of fiction she becomes immediately insignificant. If there ever was a successful writer whose work shows industry and talent rather than genius, that writer is Mrs. Ward. If there ever was a successful writer whose work is ordinary rather than extraordinary, it is Mrs. Ward.

To those of us who delight in getting some enjoyment even out of the most depressing facts, the growth of Mrs. Ward's reputation has its humorous aspect. The same individuals (mostly feminine) who in 1888 read *Robert Elsmere* with dismay, who thought the sale of the work should be prohibited, and the copies already purchased removed from circulating libraries, are the very same ones who now worship what they once denounced. She was then regarded as a destroyer of Christian faith. Well, if she was Satan then, she is Satan still (one Western clergyman, in advocating at that time the suppression of the work, said he believed in hitting the devil right between the eyes). It will be remembered that late in life Charles Reade was converted and became an active Christian. I have not heard of any such event in this case. She has given no sign of recantation, or even of penitence. I remember one fond mother, who, fearful of the effect of the book on her daughter's growing mind, marked all the worst passages, and then told Alice she might read it, provided she skipped all the blazed places! That indicated not only a fine literary sense, but a remarkable knowledge of human nature. I wonder what the poor girl did when she came to the danger signals! And, as a matter of fact, how valuable or vital

would a Christian faith be that could be destroyed by the perusal of *Robert Elsmere*? It is almost difficult now to bring to distinct recollection the tremendous excitement caused by Mrs. Ward's first successful novel, for it is a long time since I heard its name mentioned. The last public notice of it that I can recall was a large sign which appeared some fifteen years ago in a New Haven apothecary's window to the effect that one copy of *Robert Elsmere* would be presented free to each purchaser of a cake of soap!

Although *Robert Elsmere* was an immediate and prodigious success, and made it certain that whatever its author chose to write next would be eagerly bought, it is wholly untrue to say that her subsequent novels have depended in any way on *Elsmere* for their reputation. There are many instances in professional literary careers where one immensely successful book—*Lorna Doone*, for example—has floated a long line of works that could not of themselves stay above water; many an author has succeeded in attaching a life-preserver to literary children who cannot swim. Far otherwise is the case with Mrs. Ward. It is probable that over half the readers of *Diana Mallory* have never seen a copy of *Robert Elsmere*, for which, incidentally, they are to be congratulated. But many of us can easily recollect with what intense eagerness the novel that followed that sensation was awaited. Every one wondered if it would be equally good; and many confidently predicted that she had shot her bolt. As a matter of fact, not only was *David Grieve* a better novel than *Robert Elsmere*, but, in my judgment, it is the best book its author has ever written. Oscar Wilde said that *Robert Elsmere* was *Literature and Dogma* with the literature left out. Now, *David Grieve* has no dogma at all, but in a certain sense it does belong to literature. It has some actual dynamic quality. The character of David, and its development in a strange environment, are well analyzed; and altogether the best thing in the work, taken as a whole, is the perspective. It is a difficult thing to follow a character from childhood up, within the pages of one volume, and have anything like the proper perspective. It requires for one thing, hard, painstaking industry; but Mrs. Ward has never been afraid of work. She cannot be accused of laziness or carelessness. The ending of this book is, of course, weak, like the conclusion of all her books, for she has never learned the fine art of saying farewell, either to her characters or to the reader.

It was in the year 1894—a year made memorable by the appearance of *Trilby*, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, *Lord Ormont and his Aminta*, *Esther Waters*, and other notable novels—that Mrs. Ward greatly increased her

reputation and widened her circle of readers by the publication of *Marcella*. Here she gave us a political-didactic-realistic novel, which she has continued to publish steadily ever since under different titles. It was gravely announced that this new book would deal with socialism and the labor question. Many readers, who felt that she had said the last word on agnosticism in *Elsmere*, now looked forward with reverent anticipation not only to the final solution of socialistic problems, but to some coherent arrangement of their own vague and confused ideas. Naturally, they got just what they deserved: a windy statement of various aspects of the problem, with no solution at all. It is curious how many persons suppose that their favorite author or orator has done something toward settling questions when, as a matter of fact, all he has done is to *state* them, and then state them again. This is especially true of philosophical and metaphysical difficulties. Think how eagerly readers took up Professor James's exceedingly clever book on Pragmatism, hoping at last to find rest in some definite principle. And if there ever was a blind alley in philosophy it is Pragmatism—the very essence of agnosticism.

Now, *Marcella*, as a document, is both radical and reactionary. There is an immense amount of radical talk; but the heroine's schemes fail, the Labor party is torn by dissension, Wharton proves to be a scoundrel, and the rebel Marcella marries a respectable nobleman. There is not a single page in the book, with all its wilderness of words, that can be said to be in any sense a serious contribution to the greatest of all purely political problems. And as a work of art, it is painfully limited; but since it has the same virtues and defects as all her subsequent literary output, we may consider what these virtues and defects are.

In the first place, Mrs. Ward is totally lacking in one almost fundamental quality of the great novelist—a keen sense of humor. Who are the English novelists of the first class? They are Defoe, Richardson, Fielding, Scott, Jane Austen, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Stevenson, and perhaps Hardy. Every one of these shows humor enough and to spare, with the single exception of Richardson, and he atoned for the deficiency by a terrible intensity that has seldom, if ever, been equalled in English fiction. Now, the absence of humor in a book is not only a positive loss to the reader, in that it robs him of the fun which is an essential part of the true history of any human life, and thereby makes the history to that extent inaccurate and unreal, but the writer who has no humor seldom gets the right point of view. There is infinitely more in the temperament of the humorist than mere

laughter. Just as the poet sees life through the medium of a splendid imagination, so the humorist has the almost infallible guide of sympathy. The humorist sees life in a large, tolerant, kindly way; he knows that life is a tragi-comedy, and he makes the reader feel it in that fashion.

Again, the lack of humor in a writer destroys the sense of proportion. The humorist sees the salient points—the merely serious writer gives us a mass of details. In looking back over the thousands of pages of fiction that Mrs. Ward has published, how few great scenes stand out bright in the memory! The principle of selection—so important a part of all true art—is conspicuous only by its absence. This is one reason for the sameness of her books. All that we can remember is an immense number of social functions and an immense amount of political gossip—a long, sad level of mediocrity. This perhaps helps to explain why German fiction is so markedly inferior to the French. The German, in his scientific endeavor to get in the whole of life, gives us a mass of unrelated detail: one has only to glance at a popular recent novel like *Jörn Uhl* to realize the truth of this observation. A French writer by a few phrases makes us see a character more clearly than a German presents him after many painful pages of wearisome description.

Mrs. Ward is not too much in earnest in following her ideals of art; no one can be. But she is too sadly serious. There is a mental tension in her books, like the tension of overwork and mental exhaustion, like the tension of overwrought nerves; her books are, in fact, filled with tired and overworked men and women, jaded and gone stale. How many of her characters seem to need a change—what they want is rest and sleep! Many of them ought to be in a sanatorium.

Her books are devoid of charm. One does not have to compare her with the great masters to feel this deficiency; it would not be fair to compare her with Thackeray. But if we select among all the novelists of real distinction the one whom, perhaps, she most closely approaches—Anthony Trollope—the enormous distance between *Diana Mallory* and *Framley Parsonage* is instantly manifest. We think of Trollope with a glow of reminiscent delight; but although Trollope and Mrs. Ward talk endlessly on much the same range of subject-matter, how far apart they really are! Mrs. Ward's books are crammed with politicians and clergymen, who keep the patient reader informed on modern aspects of political and religious thought; but the difficulty is that they substitute phrases for ideas. Mrs. Ward knows all the political and religious cant of the day; she is familiar with the catch-words that divide men into hostile camps; but in all these dreary pages of serious conversation

there is no real illumination. She completely lacks the art that Trollope possessed, of making ordinary people attractive. But to find out the real distance that separates her productions from literature one should read, let us say, *The Marriage of William Ashe* and then take up *Pride and Prejudice*. The novels of Mrs. Ward bear about the same relation to first-class fiction that maps and atlases bear to great paintings.

This lack of charm that I always feel in reading Mrs. Ward's books (and I have read them all) is owing not merely to the lack of humor. Richardson had no humor, and yet I delight in reading *Pamela*. It is partly due to what seems to be an almost total absence of freshness, spontaneity, and originality. Mrs. Ward works like a well-trained and high-class graduate student, who is engaged in the preparation of a doctor's thesis. Her discussions of socialism, her scenes in the House of Commons and on the Terrace, her excursions to Italy, her references to political history, her remarks on the army, her disquisitions on theology, her pictures of campaign riots, her studies of defective drainage, her representations of the laboring classes, all these are "worked up" in a scholarly and scientific manner: there is the modern passion for accuracy, there is the German completeness of detail—there is, in fact, everything except the breath of life. She works in the descriptive manner, from the outside in—not in the inspired manner which goes with imagination, sympathy, and genius. She is not only a student, she is a journalist; she is a special correspondent on politics and theology; but she is not a creative writer. For she has the critical, not the creative, temperament.

The monotonous sameness of her books, which has been mentioned above, is largely owing to the sameness of her characters. She changes the frames, but not the portraits. First of all, in almost any of her books we are sure to meet the studious, intellectual young man. He always has a special library on some particular subject, with the books all annotated. One wearies of this perpetual character's perpetual library, crowded, as it always is, with the latest French and German monographs. Her heroes smell of books and dusty dissertations, and the conversations of these heroes are plentifully lacking in native wit and originality—they are the mere echoes of their reading. Let us pass in review a few of these serious students—Robert Elsmere, Langham, Aldous Reyburn (who changes into Lord Maxwell but who remains a prig), the melancholy Helbeck, the insufferable Manisty, Jacob Delafield, William Ashe, Oliver Marsham—all, all essentially the same, tiresome, dull, heavy men—what a pity they were not intended as satires!

Second, as a foil to this man we have the Byronic, clever, romantic, sentimental, insincere man—who always degenerates or dies in a manner that exalts the dull and superior virtues of his antagonist. Such a man is Wharton, or Sir George Tressady, or Captain Warkworth, or Cliffe—they have different names in different novels, but they are the same character. Curiously enough, the only convincing men that appear in her pages are *old* men—men like Lord Maxwell or Sir James Chide. In portraying this type she achieves success.

What shall we say of her heroines? They have the same suspicious resemblance so characteristic of her heroes; they are represented as physically beautiful, intensely eager for morality and justice, with an extraordinary fund of information, and an almost insane desire to impart it. Her heroine is likely to be or to become a power in politics; even at a tender age she rules society by the brilliancy of her conversation: in a crowded drawing-room the Prime Minister hangs upon her words; diplomats are amazed at her intimate knowledge of foreign relations, and of the resources of the British Empire; and she can entertain a whole ring of statesmen and publicists by giving to each exactly the right word at the right moment. Men who are making history come to her not only for inspiration but for guidance, for she can discourse fluently on all phases of the troublesome labor question. And yet, if we may judge of this marvellous creature not by the attitude of the other characters in the book, but by the actual words that fall from her lips, we are reminded of the woman whom Herbert Spencer's friends selected as his potential spouse. They shut him up with her, and awaited the result with eagerness, for they told him she had a great mind; but on emerging from the trial interview Spencer remarked that she would not do at all: "The young lady is, in my opinion, too highly intellectual; or, I should rather say—morbidly intellectual. A small brain in a state of intense activity." Was there ever a better formula for Mrs. Ward's constantly recurring heroine? Now, as a foil to Marcella, Diana Mallory, and the others, Mrs. Ward gives us the frivolous, mischief-making, would-be brilliant, and actually vulgar woman, who makes much trouble for the heroine and ultimately more for herself—the wife of Sir George Tressady, the young upstart in *Diana Mallory*, and all the rest of them. By the introduction of these characters there is an attempt to lend color to the dull pages of the novels. Now, these women are at heart adventuresses, but they are apt to lack the courage of their convictions; instead of being brilliant and terrible—like the great adventuresses of fiction—they are as dull in sin as their antagonists are dull in virtue. Mrs. Ward cannot make them real; compare any

one of them with Thackeray's Beatrix or with Becky Sharp—to say nothing of the long list of sinister women in French and Russian fiction.

There are no "supreme moments" in Mrs. Ward's books; no great dramatic situations; she has tried hard to manage this, for she has had repeatedly one eye on the stage. When *The Marriage of William Ashe* and *Lady Rose's Daughter* appeared, one could almost feel the strain for dramatic effect. It was as though she had realized that her previous books were treatises rather than novels, and had gathered all her energies together to make a severe effort for real drama. But, unfortunately, the scholarly and critical temperament is not primarily adapted for dramatic masterpieces. In the endeavor to recall thrilling scenes in her novels, scenes that brand themselves forever on the memory, one has only to compare her works with such stories as *Far From the Madding Crowd* or *The Return of the Native*, and her painful deficiency is immediately apparent.

In view of what I believe to be the standard mediocrity of her novels, how shall we account for their enormous vogue? The fact is, whether we like it or not, that she is one of the most widely read of all living novelists. Well, in the first place, she is absolutely respectable and safe. It is assuredly to her credit that she has never stooped for popularity. She has never descended to melodrama, clap-trap, or indecency. She is never spectacular and declamatory like Marie Corelli, and she is never morally offensive like some popular writers who might be mentioned. She writes for a certain class of readers whom she thoroughly understands: they are the readers who abhor both vulgarity and pruriency, and who like to enter vicariously, as they certainly do in her novels, into the best English society. In her social functions her readers can have the pleasure of meeting prime ministers, lords, and all the dwellers in Mayfair, and they know that nothing will be said that is shocking or improper. Her books can safely be recommended to young people, and they reflect the current movement of English thought as well as could be done by a standard English review. She has a well-furnished and highly developed intellect; she is deeply read; she makes her readers think that they are thinking. She tries to make up for artistic deficiencies by an immense amount of information. Fifty years ago it is probable that she would not have written novels at all, but rather thoughtful and intellectual critical essays, for which her mind is admirably fitted. She unconsciously chose the novel simply because the novel has been during the last thirty years the chief channel of literary expression. But in spite of her popularity it should never

be forgotten that the novel is an art form, not a medium for doctrinaires.

Then, with her sure hand on the pulse of the public, she is always intensely modern, intensely contemporary; again like a well-trained journalist. She knows exactly what Society is talking about, for *she* emphatically belongs to it. This is once more a reason why so many people believe that she holds the key to great problems of social life, and that her next book will give the solution. Many think that her forthcoming book on America, carefully worked up during her visit here, will give the final word on American social life. Both England and the United States will at last find out what the word American really means.

Mrs. Ward is an exceedingly talented, scholarly, and thoughtful woman, of lofty aims and actuated only by noble motives; she is hungry for intellectual food, reading both old texts and the daily papers with avidity. She has a highly trained, sensitive, critical mind—but she is destitute of the divine spark of genius. Her books are the books of to-day, not of to-morrow; for while the political and religious questions of to-day are of temporary interest, the themes of the world's great novels are what Richardson called "love and nonsense, men and women"—and these are eternal.

William Lyon Phelps.

ONLY A LITTLE WHILE

BY BRIAN HOOKER

ONLY a little while since first we met,
And soon the sea, with many a weary mile,
Shall sever us forever, Sweet . . . and yet,
Will it be very easy to forget?—

Only a little while!

Only a little while that I may claim
The whole soul's breath of you without denial,
And see your eyes grow golden with a flame
That is not love, yet hath no other name—

Only a little while!

Only a little while to use my art
So that some day you may look back, and smile
Out of a joy wherein I have no part
On that old self of yours that filled my heart—

Only a little while!

Brian Hooker.

THE PROMISE OF NEW PLAYWRIGHTS

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

MANY critics seem to be of the opinion that the work of a new and unknown author deserves and requires less serious consideration than the work of an author of established reputation. There is, however, an important sense in which the very contrary is true. The function of the critic is to help the public to discern and to appreciate what is worthy.

**The Quality
of New
Endeavor**

The fact of an established reputation affords evidence that the author who enjoys it has already achieved the appreciation of the public and no longer stands in need of the intermediary service of the critic. But every new author advances as an applicant for admission into the ranks of the recognized; and the critic must, whenever possible, assist the public to determine whether the newcomer seems destined by inherent right to enter among the good and faithful servants, or whether he is essentially an outsider seeking to creep or intrude or climb into the fold.

Since everybody knows already who Mr. Pinero is and what may be expected of him, the only question for the critic, in considering a new play from Mr. Pinero's pen, is whether or not the author has succeeded in advancing or maintaining the standard of his earlier and remembered efforts. If, as in *The Wife Without a Smile*, he falls far below that standard, the critic may condemn the play, and let the matter go at that. Although the new piece may be discredited, the author's reputation will suffer no abiding injury from the deep damnation of its taking off; for the public will continue to remember the third act of *The Gay Lord Quex*, and will remain assured that Mr. Pinero is worth while. But when a play by a new author comes up for consideration, the public needs to be told not only whether the work itself has been well or badly done, but also whether or not the unknown author seems to be inherently a person of importance, from whom more worthy works may be expected in the future. The critic must not only make clear the playwright's present actual accomplishment, but must also estimate his promise. An author's first or second play is important mainly—to use Whitman's phrase—as “an encloser of things to be.” The question is not so much what the author has already done as what he is likely to do if he is given further hearings. It is in this sense that the work of an unknown playwright requires and deserves more serious consideration than the work of an acknowledged master. Accomplishment is com-

paratively easy to appraise, but to appreciate promise requires forward-looking and far-seeing eyes.

In the real sense it matters very little whether an author's early plays succeed or fail. The one point that does matter is whether, in either case, the merits and defects are of such a nature as to indicate that the man behind the work is inherently a man worth while. In either failure or success, the sole significant thing is the quality of the endeavor. A young author may fail for the shallow reason that he is insincere; but he may fail even more decisively for the sublime reason that as yet his reach exceeds his grasp. He may succeed because through earnest effort he has done almost well something eminently worth the doing; or he may succeed merely because he has essayed an unimportant and an easy task. Often more hope for an author's future may be founded upon an initial failure than upon an initial success. It is better for a young man to fail in a large and noble effort than to succeed in an effort insignificant and mean. For in labor as in life, Stevenson's maxim is very often pertinent:—to travel hopefully is frequently a better thing than to arrive.

It happens that nearly all of the new plays that have been disclosed during the past month in New York have been the work of authors hitherto unknown or little known. It is therefore necessary, in reviewing them, that we should bear in mind the principle of the foregoing discussion, and seek, in each case, to determine not so much the actual accomplishment of the author as the quality of his endeavor. The important question is not which of these new plays is the most successful as a single work of art, but which of these new playwrights gives, upon the showing made, the greatest promise of worthy work to come. The best play of the month is *A Woman's Way*, by Mr. Thompson Buchanan; and this is very properly the only piece which has made any money. Nevertheless, the place of honor must be assigned, not to this deservedly successful effort, but to a play which failed of finish as a work of art and, justly enough, has made no money at all. In inherent worthiness of endeavor, *This Woman and This Man*, by Mr. Avery Hopwood, is the most significant of recent plays; and the man who wrote it is, upon the showing of the effort, a man whose work may be watched with high hopes for the future.

This Woman and This Man is on the whole an ineffective play, because the author's reach exceeds his grasp; but it is important in its promise, because it shows that he is reaching earnestly toward the highest things in drama. Mr. Hopwood has made an honest effort to represent

reality; and in so far as he has fallen short of his ideal, he has failed only through inexperience and not through any faltering of purpose.

He has thought earnestly about life; it is apparent that he writes not merely for the sake of writing, but because he has something to say; and it is just as evident in his worst scenes as in his best that he is striving sincerely to be true.

**"This Woman
and This
Man"**

Thekla Müller is engaged as governess for the children of the daughter of Goddard Townsend, a man of wealth and social position. His son, Norris Townsend, drifts home from college. Norris is very young and has as yet developed no sure ideas of life or firm ideals of living. Thekla falls in love with him; he is left frequently alone with her; and though he does not love her, he makes love to her. A seduction results, for which, as is frequently the case, the woman, being the stronger of the two, is mainly responsible. Thekla loves him not wisely but too well; and Norris, being young, succumbs to a careless acquiescence. He drifts away again to Europe, and is there informed by letter that Thekla is to become the mother of a child. He returns, in weak and wavering perturbation, and finds his father in possession of the facts. Very naturally the two men decide to do what is conventionally believed to be the proper thing. Thekla shall be sent away and cared for until after her child is born, and the child shall be provided for financially. But when Norris is left alone with Thekla she demands that he shall marry her. He refuses, on the ground that he does not love her and that there is no right reason why he should sacrifice his entire life in atonement for a momentary fault of which they are mutually guilty. Thekla, driven to desperation, locks the door, draws a pistol and points it at Norris. She says that she has already telephoned for the clergyman, and that either Norris shall marry her when the minister arrives or else she will shoot him on the spot. The curtain falls.

In this first act, a dignified and earnest story is well expounded. Considerable technical skill is shown in the structural development; the characters are simple and true; and the dialogue is direct and natural. But the melodramatic curtain-fall comes suddenly and shockingly, and disrupts the tone of an act which otherwise is conducted on the higher plane of psychologic, rather than the lower plane of physical, action. Furthermore—and this is more unfortunate—the outcome is impossible in fact. Thekla will have to lower the pistol when the minister arrives. A wedding ceremony conducted by a clergyman before witnesses cannot be compelled by a threat from the prospective bride to shoot up everybody present. Since the subsequent progress of the play

is founded on the presumption of this marriage, the effect of the outcome is discounted in advance by this initial violation of the truth.

The scene of the second act is laid, six or seven years later, in a country cottage where Thekla is living with her son. She supports herself by teaching school. She has not seen or communicated with her husband since the day of the wedding, and she is believed by her fellow-townpeople to be a widow. The character of the child is drawn by the dramatist with extraordinary understanding, and the talk between mother and son is written with beautiful sympathy and charm. Norris, having gotten track of Thekla, comes to see her, with the purpose of arranging a divorce. The dramatist fails to explain why Norris has let so many years elapse before taking this step, to which Thekla, in the first act, agreed before the marriage. That a man of his temperament should without reason have delayed so long before seeking to remove the barrier which disbarred him from intercourse with women seems again to be an instance of untruth which discounts the subsequent progress of the story. Yet the scene which results immediately from this presumption is, in itself, remarkably natural. The woman and the man are so embarrassed at meeting each other that neither can find anything definite to say; and their nervous hesitance is wonderfully indicated in a faltering and unprogressive dialogue. Before meeting Thekla, Norris has encountered the little boy and has been conquered completely by his charm. The emotion of spontaneous paternity, which is so frequently exhibited upon the stage, exists, unfortunately, very rarely, if indeed it exist at all, in actual life. But in Mr. Hopwood's play this unlikely moment is made to seem not only possible but probable by the wholesome and winsome quality of the dialogue. To Thekla, Norris announces a sudden but stubborn intention to take his son home with him and bring him up. She refuses her consent; and Norris, as an alternative, states that he will stay with Thekla and the boy.

The scene of the last act is laid in a delightful nursery, which Norris, in his own house, has fitted up for his son. Thekla is living in the house; together they share the care and conduct of their child; but there is no emotion of personal sympathy between them. A scene in which the boy is playfully prepared for bed is very charming. Through the wholesome experience of fatherhood, Norris is gradually educated into a genuine affection for his wife. She repulses his advances, because she thinks them motivated by desire instead of love. But when he decides to go away and give up the society of his son, because he can no longer endure dwelling in the daily presence of a woman who, despite his love for her, remains irremediably separated from him, she believes

at last in the sureness of his love and yields to him. Thus, after years of waiting, during which each of them has learned the deep lessons of experience, this woman and this man are really married.

The points at which this story is untrue have been already indicated. It should be apparent that wherever the author told lies about life, he was forced into untruthfulness by a technical difficulty, and did not yield to error through any insincerity. This point, in the case of a young and comparatively inexperienced playwright, is exceedingly important. To offset this pardonable defect, Mr. Hopwood displayed a genuine sanity and sound emotional power at many of the crises of his play. It is notable that in the tenser struggles of the later acts the audience was allowed to sympathize at the same time with both the hero and the heroine. The behavior of each was natural and appealing; each of them was at the same time right and wrong. In this respect the play was very truthfully representative of life. The way in which the two antagonists evolved from many mutual misunderstandings an ultimate mutual understanding was nobly and thoroughly imagined. The dialogue was at all points simple, touching, and true. In both the building and the writing, the piece showed a very pronounced advance over the accomplishment of Mr. Hopwood's earlier effort, entitled *Clothes*. The present piece undoubtedly deserved to fail, because it was defective at its most emphatic moments; but it was conceived and written with such earnestness and honesty and was so genuine and truthful in detail that it gives promise of a serviceable future for its author. *This Woman and This Man* is the sort of failure out of which many a subsequent success may be developed. The managers and the public will do well to watch the future work of Mr. Avery Hopwood.

High comedy is rather rare upon the contemporary stage; and it is pleasing to record that the most successful play of the month is an agreeable comedy of manners. In *A Woman's Way*, Mr. Thompson Buchanan has written an amusing satire of some of the foibles of high society in present-day New York. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Stanton live in a palace on Fifth Avenue; and, being rich and idle and aimless, have bored themselves into believing that their temperaments are incompatible. Mrs. Stanton still feels a lurking love for her husband, in spite of their estrangement; but Mr. Stanton seeks diversion in the society of other women. One of these is alone with him in his automobile when an accident occurs and the car is shattered near New Haven at a suspicious hour. The assiduity of a multitude of news-

"A Woman's
Way"

paper reporters reveals to society at large that Mr. Stanton's companion in this perilous adventure was a certain Mrs. Blakemore, a charming and purring widow from the South. Society expects a sensational divorce suit; but Mrs. Stanton resolves to fight for her husband instead of discarding him. Her way of fighting is to ask Mrs. Blakemore to dinner. It happens that each of the men who are invited to this function has at one time or another been involved in some affair with Mrs. Blakemore; and as these facts are successively revealed to Mr. Stanton, his infatuation dwindles. Meanwhile Mrs. Stanton, by getting a familiar and trusty friend of hers to pretend to make love to her, so stimulates her husband's jealousy that he realizes that he loves her after all.

This diverting story is adequately plotted and amusingly written. The author does not display a very distinct sense of individual character, and throughout the piece the emphasis is cast upon the situations rather than upon the people who are involved in them. It is a play of plot and dialogue rather than of character. Yet the types disclosed are sufficiently true to life to make their talk worth listening to; and the talk itself is easy, clear, and clever, and occasionally sparkles into wit. The author is gifted with common sense; he is an amused observer, an amusing commentator; and his outlook upon life is wholesome and agreeable. *A Woman's Way* is in itself a thoroughly adequate comedy, and at many points it indicates on the part of Mr. Thompson Buchanan a latent ability to move onward to more important plays.

Not only the poorest but also the least promising of the plays of the month is *A Woman of Impulse*, by Mr. Louis Anspacher. The initial act imparts the information that an opera-singer named Leanora De Valera is afflicted with the nervous malady which is popularly known as the Artistic Temperament. She is capricious and impetuous, flies into flurries of temper about nothing, and changes her mind with a more than merely feminine celerity. The only other fact of interest disclosed is that her husband, Count Nerval De Valera, is a meek and weak person, whose only positive quality is a jealousy of his cousin, Philip Gaudineer, who seems to be the unctuous sort of creature who kisses ladies' hands in drawing-rooms. This act of exposition sets forth only antecedent narrative material; no story is fairly started, and the audience is therefore not adequately prepared for the absurd events to come.

The second act occurs at a house-party in Connecticut. We learn that Philip Gaudineer is a dark and dangerous seducer. Seduction is

his business in life—his art, his profession, his career. He feels that he must seduce some one, and it might as well be Leanora. But his awkward attempts to accomplish his fell purpose are so exceedingly inartistic that he fails. With Leanora there is nothing doing. Therefore—since what is life without seduction?—he turns his attention to Nina, a younger sister of Leanora. It's all in the family, anyway. Meanwhile Count Nerval De Valera glowers jealously in the background.

The next act occurs at night in Leanora's bedroom. Nina is there alone when the dread seducer enters. He grabs her in his arms: she makes a stab at him with a little jewelled dagger she has borrowed from her sister for the purpose: he recoils, and she sinks fainting on the bed. The French windows at the rear suddenly disclose the glowering form of the jealous Count. He hands the villain a left upon the jaw and fells him to the floor. One glance at the fainting Nina convinces him that she is his wife, the capricious Leanora. Therefore he stalks forth to spend the rest of the night walking by his wild lone. Leanora enters; and it is discovered that the dark seducer is no more.

Now follows the crisis of the play. A coroner, appropriately named George Moore (after the author of *Memoirs of My Dead Life*), comes and asks a multitude of questions. The scene resolves itself into a development of the diverting theme—Who Killed Cock Robin? Leanora, to shield her sister, says that she did the job herself, and adds that it served the villain right. But Count Nerval, returning from his wanderings by his wild lone, insists that the death of the departed resulted from his left upon the jaw. Nina, however, remarks that she cannot tell a lie—she did it with her sister's little dagger. George Moore is at a loss to know to whom the decision ought to be awarded. In such a matter as the commission of a murder, two is company but three is a crowd. A doctor, who has been investigating the corpse, announces that death resulted from concussion of the brain. After all, then, it was the floor that killed Cock Robin, in collaboration with the law of gravitation, rendered for the moment dangerously potent by the well-directed left of the pugilistic Count. George Moore now hits upon a happy thought. "After all," he remarks in effect, "what is a little murder among friends? Why mention such an intimate transaction to the outside world? I shall report it as a case of justifiable homicide, and let it go at that."

After this Leanora and Count Nerval are for some time estranged. Meanwhile Nina marries somebody and acquires a baby. She and her husband invite the Count and Leanora to visit their offspring at the self-same hour—the idea being that a little child shall lead them. It

does. The estranged couple are reunited in amity; and the comedy is over.

It is doubtless unnecessary to remark that this composition has nothing whatsoever to do with life. It has no theme, no subject, no reason for existence. In plotting, it is artificial and incoherent; in characterization, it is empty and mechanical; in writing, it is awkward and verbose. Judged upon the basis of this preposterous endeavor, the author has no sense of humor, no sense of the dramatic art, no sense of life. Not only is this effort silly in itself, but it affords no promise of better things to come.

In *Meyer & Son*, by Mr. Thomas Addison, an important social theme is given a merely mechanical handling. In a Middle Western city a big business fight over a telephone franchise is being waged between a firm of Jews headed by Nathan Meyer and a rival interest represented by Major Russell Gray. Nathan Meyer's son is, of course, in love with the daughter of Major Gray; and the play sets forth the struggles of the young people to overcome the race prejudice and business enmity of their parents. Race prejudice is hardly a sympathetic theme for drama, unless it be handled largely and imaginatively. Mr. Addison's treatment of the subject is commonplace and small. There is too much talk about the theme, rather than concrete and living embodiment of it. Excessive emphasis is laid upon the plot, which is unnecessarily elaborated. The people are merely conventional theatric types; and the dialogue is written without distinction. The whole thing is machinery instead of being life; it is unimportant in itself, and not especially promising for the author's future.

The Richest Girl was originally made in France by M. Paul Gavault and then rendered innocuous in England by Mr. Michael Morton before being exported to America. In its original version it must have been a naughty and delightful farce; but Mr. Morton, in expunging the naughtiness, has removed most of the delight, and the residue is a school-girlish bit of make-believe which is only mildly amusing. Benjamine Monnier, the spoiled only child of a rich chocolate manufacturer, is motoring through the country and breaks down at night near the cottage of a young government clerk named Paul Normand. Since the railroad is several miles away, she insists on spending the night in Paul's house. She sends her chauffeur across country to catch a morn-

ing train to town, and, turning Paul out of his own room, makes his home her own. Paul is engaged to marry the daughter of his superior in the Ministry of Agriculture; and the next morning his fiancée and her father discover with consternation the presence of Benjamine. The embarrassment of the situation is increased by the fact that the father and the fiancé of the richest girl are likewise scandalized. Later Benjamine pops in at the Ministry of Agriculture and by her wilful ways further compromises the position of the hero. In the end the richest girl marries the man she has so embarrassed and tormented; and her forsaken fiancé solaces himself by wedding the discarded fiancée of Paul.

The mechanism of this farce is sufficiently skilful, and one or two of the situations are really clever. The dialogue is pleasant and rather witty. The piece, however, is not a very vital entertainment, because in the diluted English version it has renounced the main reason for its existence.

In *The Bachelor* Mr. Clyde Fitch has fabricated a fairly interesting entertainment, but has failed to add to the comparatively small list of his important plays. George Goodale is a rich unmarried broker who is just beginning to decline into the vale of years. He takes a kindly interest in "Jenny," a stenographer in his office. The truth is that he has fallen in love with her, though he will not admit this to himself. "Jenny" is not her real name. She comes of a good California family that was ruined financially by the San Francisco earthquake. Her name in reality is Millicent Rendell, and she has become a stenographer in order to support her mother and to send her younger brother through school and college. Goodale has taken her out to luncheon and the theatre, and she has fallen deeply in love with him. This fact she confesses to her brother. In a very truthful and well-written scene, the boy tells Goodale that the latter has compromised his sister and demands that he shall marry her. Goodale proposes to the girl and is accepted. But when Millicent discovers the means her brother has employed to secure this proposal, she denies to Goodale that she loves him, and renounces him. Then for the first time the bachelor discovers that he really loves the girl. He proposes a second time and is accepted finally.

This is, in the main, a play of plot; in other words, it is a farce rather than a comedy; but it is enlivened now and then with some real suggestions of character. The piece might easily have been made more farcical and funny, if Mr. Fitch had not preferred to accentuate the element of sentiment. Judging from the result, this decision was an

error; for, in attempting to lift the situation from the plane of farce to the plane of serious emotion, the author failed to secure a compelling appeal. The material is essentially too slight for the audience to care deeply about the heroine's tears. The plot at times is drawn out to tenuity. Some of the lines are bright and clever, but at other moments the dialogue is redundant and rather thin. The play as a whole is lacking in solidity. As a matter of technic, it is interesting to note that in this piece the author has deliberately returned to the use of asides and reflective soliloquies. These expedients are very serviceable for the purposes of farce, and Mr. Fitch's resumption of them, in the face of current prejudice, is not without significance.

The second act of *Votes for Women*, by Miss Elizabeth Robbys, discloses a mob in Trafalgar Square assembled for the purpose of listening to a series of polemical speeches on the subject of woman suffrage. These speeches are hurled over the heads of the pretended public on the stage into the ears of the actual public in the audience. That is all there is to the second act. The first act is merely a mass of aimless, dull, and tedious talk; and the third act is made up of sentimental twaddle about a man who long before seduced a woman who has since become a suffragette, and who now induces him to introduce in Parliament a bill granting woman suffrage, so that he may pay back to all women the debt he owes to one. This windy suspiration of forced breath is not a play. It sets forth no dramatic struggle; it has no plot, no characters, no action. It is a curious fact that it was written by an actress. It is strange that Miss Robbys, who was one of the earliest exponents of Ibsen upon the English stage, should have allowed herself to forget so completely the function of the theatre. To remain a dramatic artist is a greater thing than to become a suffragette. That the two should be incompatible speaks ill for the cause which Miss Robbys has espoused.

In *The Return of Eve* Mr. Lee Wilson Dodd has endeavored to develop what is in itself a very good idea. This idea is by no means new, but has been in the past unfailingly effective. Briefly, the idea is to satirize the artificialities of modern society by looking at them from the point of view of a primitive and unsophisticated mind. A multi-millionaire who disbelieves in the elaborate sophistication of modern civilization adopts at a very early age a girl and a boy,

names them Eve and Adam, and permits them to grow up at their own sweet will in a wild sequestered tract of country, watched over only by an uneducated old woodsman named Winters. At the time when they become adult he dies, leaving them his many millions, and thus disappointing the hopes of his sister, Mrs. Tupper-Bellamy, and her daughter, Clarice, who are prominent in New York society. Eve and Adam come to visit them; and the former creates no little consternation in their household by her unconventional and startling manners. Adam soon returns to his primitive life in the woods; but Eve is allured by the novel fascination of society, and passes a year of civilized life flinging her money about and gathering around her a multitude of social parasites. Within a year she grows wearied of the artificiality of this experience and returns to the primitive. There she fails to find again the peace of her childhood, because she is now restless with unsatisfied desire. Eve and Adam have grown up in the belief that they are sister and brother. Old Winters now tells them that they are not related in blood. They then realize that they love each other, and achieve peace by getting married.

This excellent idea is inadequately handled by the dramatist. The author means well and is gifted with a natural liveliness of mind; but his work is too evidently immature. The exposition is crude, tedious, and redundant. The plot is artificial, awkward, and unnecessarily melodramatic. There is no consistency of characterization. The dialogue, which at times is decidedly clever, is at other times cumbrous and tautological. The main ideas are made very much too obvious; they seem to be underlined like the words in a schoolgirl's letter. Yet in spite of the young author's shortcomings as an artist, there is a certain inexplicable charm inherent in the spirit of his endeavor. The piece at many moments grows lovely and living with the mystic light which glowed upon us all when we were seniors in college and which is still poetic in the retrospect. In its very failings it suggests the sacredness of youth. It is therefore an effort which, though unsuccessful in itself, gives promise of better things to come.

Among the new playwrights who have come up for consideration during the past month in New York is Mr. Henry James. As long ago as 1894 Messrs. Harper & Brothers published in a single volume a couple of comedies from the pen of this eminent novelist, entitled *Disengaged* and *Tenants*. The former of these, after having lain immured between covers for fifteen years, was granted its first professional performance on March 11, 1909, at a special matinée given at the Hudson Theatre in

aid of St. Andrew's Convalescent Hospital. When a novelist, however eminent, turns his attention to the stage, he must be judged as a new-comer; and the critic must consider not only whether the play at hand is in itself a commendable accomplishment, but also whether it gives promise of a serviceable future for its author in the theatre. In *Disengaged* Mr. James passes the first test successfully, but emphatically fails to pass the second. The piece is in itself a thoroughly commendable accomplishment; but its very merits are of such a nature as to indicate conclusively that Mr. James can never be successful or serviceable as a dramatist.

Disengaged is a spirited high comedy, neatly constructed and brilliantly written. It is a dry, sharp satire of the shallowness and insincerity of half a dozen habitual philanderers in English high society. It is not necessary to summarize the intricate and dexterous story, because the sole point of importance is that everybody makes love sooner or later to nearly everybody of the other sex. All of the characters are super-civilized beyond all reminiscence of simple natural humanity; as people, they are exceedingly clever and entirely unimportant. They do not count as individuals, because they are all alike in elaborate sophistication. There is little external action in the piece; but what may be called the intellectual action is carried on with rare rapidity and dash. The dialogue is exceedingly adroit in subtle, intellectual details; it is written with absolute fineness and finality. But the play makes its appeal merely to the intellect; it is unemotional, unsympathetic, heartless, and therefore empty. It is like a swift skating over cold, hard, shining ice, with no depth of water underneath it. This sort of *jeu d'esprit* is of little interest and of no abiding value to an audience in the theatre. What the theatre-going public wants is not mental cleverness but humanity; it sets the heart higher than the head; it demands that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. *Disengaged* is a brilliant artistic accomplishment; but as a contribution to the theatre it is without importance and without promise.

Clayton Hamilton.

THE POWERS OF THE SPEAKER

BY EDWIN MAXEY

THOUGH the question of the extent of the power which should be exercised by the Speaker of the House of Representatives has frequently been discussed and at times with a great deal of partisan bitterness—this is particularly true of the discussions during the Fifty-first Congress—the question has never but once been made an issue in a Presidential campaign. Before discussing the speakership plank in the Democratic platform, it will be well to take a brief historical survey of the evolution of the powers of the Speaker, in order that we may get a clearer idea of the exact position which he occupies in our legislative system. We must also remember that in considering the question before us we cannot afford to leave out of account the following fundamental facts:

First, that we are considering the question with reference to a democratic-republican form of government, the fundamental principle of which is that the majority rules. Second, that in a legislative body of any considerable size, with a large amount of business to be done, leadership is both necessary and inevitable; for in this way only can legislation be co-ordinated and made consistent and efficient. Third, that the question of government is pre-eminently a practical one, and that theoretical and academic objections must give way to considerations of practical utility and expediency. Fourth, that perfection in systems of government cannot reasonably be expected—the best system is only relatively good.

In the light of these principles, then, let us view the position and powers of our Speaker as they exist at present. The Speaker is chosen by the leading party of the House. This party represents the majority of the people of the United States, and its members are elected upon certain issues and represent certain principles and lines of political policy. The problem before them is, "How shall we give expression to these general principles and policies in particular laws?" In the solution of this problem they, in obedience to the Constitution, organize and elect a Speaker, who is responsible to the House and holds his position as presiding officer at their will. According to the rules of the House, which they may change at any time, the Speaker has had, since 1790, when the election of committees by the House was found impracticable, the power to appoint committees, and here is the foundation of the Speaker's power as a political leader. It is but natural and reasonable to expect that in the exercise of this power a majority on the committees will be chosen from

among the men of ability in his own party—men who are in sympathy with the measures favored by their party. This is precisely what he does. And as it is perfectly well known beforehand that he will so act, he is chosen with a view to his fitness for this task. But we would not be understood as claiming that he does this entirely without consultation, for as a matter of fact it is usually well understood in the caucus which chooses the Speaker who shall be chairman of the principal committees. Furthermore, custom is very strongly in favor of retaining men on a committee who have shown eminent fitness for performing its duties.

After the appointments have been made, another important power of the Speaker arises immediately from the necessity of referring the bills, as they are introduced, to one of the various committees—a power which is placed in the hands of the Speaker, provided it is doubtful to which committee a bill should go. This judicial power is, however, of much less importance with reference to the great party measures than to private and local bills; for it is very well known to which committee appropriation bills, revenue bills, etc., will go.

After bills have been reported to the House by the chairmen of the various committees it becomes a matter of practical importance who shall be recognized to discuss them. This power also is given to the Speaker, except in the case of revenue and appropriation bills, which are discussed in committee of the whole, when the power of recognition is exercised by the chairman of the committee of the whole. The purpose of this is to avoid delay in legislation. This power must be vested somewhere, and as yet we have found no better repository for it than the Speaker. During the progress of legislation several motions and amendments may be made, some of which are in order and some are not. The Speaker, by virtue of his position as moderator, has authority, subject to an appeal to the House, to determine, in accordance with the rules of parliamentary law, the regularity of these. This power becomes of very great importance when it is necessary to deal with obstruction, commonly called filibustering, the two more common forms of which are dilatory motions, and breaking a quorum. The first method is met by the refusal of the Speaker to put a motion which he considers is not made in good faith, but manifestly for the purposes of delay; the second, by counting a quorum—that is, by counting those present, and not voting, to make up a quorum.

The exercise of the above powers were innovations introduced in the Fifty-first Congress by Speaker Reed. As they have been very severely criticised we feel justified in treating them at some length. The circumstances which called for their exercise are well known—legislation had

been paralyzed by both the above forms of filibustering until the question was, not what law could be passed, but whether or not any law could be passed unless it was unanimously favored—in short, whether or not the majority could rule. This was a question which could not long go unanswered. Speaker Reed took the responsibility of answering it and was bitterly attacked upon the ground of invading the “rights of the minority.” But the fact was that the minority had carried the protection afforded it beyond all legitimate bounds in an attempt to thwart and block the legislation of a responsible majority. If the practice of obstruction goes so far as to threaten to impede and paralyze the proceedings of the House, and the rules are not efficient to prevent it, common sense and practical business judgment would dictate that it is the right and duty of the presiding officer to use every power bestowed upon him by the rules, by practice, or by reasonable analogy, to put an immediate stop to it. Rules were certainly intended to facilitate, not to clog legislation. In addition to the practical view of the matter as a justification, Mr. Reed’s action was not without precedent in other legislative bodies.

In 1881, when the House of Commons had sat for forty-eight hours, all business being obstructed by the Home Rule party, Speaker Brand took matters into his own hands, refused to entertain any further motions, refused even the right of debate, and proceeded to put the question on his own authority, stating as his reasons that—

the dignity, the credit, and the authority of the House are seriously threatened, and it is necessary that they be vindicated. Under the operation of the accustomed rules and methods of procedure the legislative powers of the House are paralyzed. A new and exceptional force is imperatively demanded.

In justification of the Speaker’s power to count a quorum the following cases are in point. Henri Brisson, President of the Chamber of Deputies of France, says:

In France the President of the Chamber of Deputies has always held that he had a right to count, in order to obtain a quorum, the deputies present at the moment a ballot was taken, whether they voted or not. I consider it incontestable even when not incorporated in the rules.

M. Grévy, President of the Chamber of Deputies, says:

When it is a question of a quorum the members present on the floor should be counted whether they voted or not. In fact, a fraction of the House should not be permitted, by refusal to answer to roll-call, to paralyze all legislation.

M. Grévy exercised this right with the approbation of the Bureau of the Chamber, not only once, but several times while he occupied the chair.

M. Rouchenot, the President of the Swiss Republic, says:

The recent decision of the Speaker of the United States House of Representatives conforms to Swiss procedure.

M. Leutsheere, the President of the Belgian Chamber of Representatives, holds that—

every member present on the floor of the House when a ballot is taken is obliged to take part in it. In determining the number of members present all are counted—those who vote negatively and affirmatively and those who decline to vote. The means adopted in the United States House of Representatives is therefore practised in Belgium. I do not recall that it has given rise to any adverse criticism.

The President of the Danish Lower House, the Folkething, says:

It has long been the custom for members who reply, when the roll is called, "I do not vote," to be counted as present and consequently to contribute to the formation of a quorum, notwithstanding their non-participation in the ballot.

Herr Von Levetzow, the President of the German Reichstag, writes:

If, during the roll-call, it should happen that a member present on the floor does not respond to his name, he would undoubtedly be counted with the other members if noticed by the functionaries.

Article 35 of the Rules of the Italian Senate prescribes that "all the members present are counted in making up a quorum."

That the foregoing powers (that of counting a quorum and that of refusing to put dilatory motions) are great powers, I will not for a moment deny. But their justification, apart from precedent, is found in their practical utility as a remedy for a positive evil. The reasons which impelled the Speaker to adopt the above rules will be readily appreciated by a review of the conditions which existed prior to their adoption. Obstruction was carried so far in the Forty-fifth Congress that Garfield said:

A minority of one-third, even, has been able, under the rules of the House, to say to it, "You may take up an appropriation bill and pass it. You may consider such things as we select, but you shall not consider any bill that we, the minority, do not consent to." This demand is intolerable, is revolutionary, and cannot be submitted to without dishonor.

Miss Follet says:

Until 1889 one man was able to prevent any transaction of business. Mr. Weaver kept the House engaged in roll-calls for eight days in his attempt to secure consideration of a bill organizing the Territory of Oklahoma.

In 1889 Henry Cabot Lodge said in an article in the *North American Review*:

The American House of Representatives to-day is a complete travesty on

republican government, on popular government, and upon government by the majority. The purpose of the rules is merely to facilitate the transaction of public business, but they have been so perverted that they serve only to stop public business. If a majority cannot be trusted to rule in this country, then we ought to try something else; but while we live under the majority system, then the majority ought to have and must have a chance to act.

As a further evidence of the wisdom of these rules we submit the fact that they have since been adopted by those who most strenuously opposed their adoption in the Fifty-first Congress.

The fact is often cited that the Speaker of the House of Representatives possesses far more power than does the Speaker of the House of Commons. True, he does. But the latter is merely a moderator. Our Speaker is in many respects comparable to the Premier rather than to the Speaker of the House of Commons. Like the Premier, he is the political leader of his party. He it is who co-ordinates and harmonizes the conflicting mass of material reported by the chairman of the numerous committees. The House, or rather the majority party of the House, hold him responsible for the performance of this duty, for which there is no other provision in our system of legislation. Hence, if we consider the Speaker as a moderator merely, and not as a political leader also, we fail to understand his position. The most successful Speakers—Clay, Randall, Blaine, Carlisle, and Reed, have been pre-eminently party leaders.

Viewing the powers of the Speaker both as a moderator and as a political leader, we cannot fail to see that he is an officer of great power—in fact, he is the first man in our legislative system. But this power he has secured, not by laying violent hands on it; it has been granted him by the House in accordance with the dictates of experience and the logic of facts. It is, therefore, a product of natural evolution under the peculiar conditions and organization of the House. It cannot be understood in any other way. That his powers may at times be abused must, in a spirit of candor and fairness, be admitted. But he holds these powers at the will of the majority of the House and is responsible to it for their exercise. The real question, then, is whether abuses by one representing a majority are comparable to the abuse of power by filibusters, and the loss of time and lack of unity in legislation due to the clashing of rival committees and factions. Upon this question, Mr. Bryce says:

A governing assembly cannot suffer itself to be paralyzed; it must at whatever risk to its minority find some method of dispatching its business.

In the light of these facts it is not a little surprising to find in the last platform of the Democratic party the following plank:

The House of Representatives was designed by the fathers of the Constitution to be the popular branch of our government, responsive to the public will.

The House of Representatives, as controlled in recent years by the Republican party, has ceased to be a deliberative and legislative body, responsive to the will of the majority of its members, but has come under the absolute domination of the Speaker, who has entire control of its deliberations and powers of legislation.

We have observed, with amazement, the popular branch of our Federal Government helpless to obtain either the consideration or enactment of measures desired by a majority of its members.

Legislative control becomes a failure when one member in the person of the Speaker is more powerful than the entire body.

We demand that the House of Representatives shall again become a deliberative body, controlled by a majority of the people's representatives and not by the Speaker; and we pledge ourselves to adopt such rules and regulations to govern the House of Representatives as will enable a majority of its members to direct its deliberations and control legislation.

The indictment against the House rules hitherto urged by the Democrats has been not that they prevented the expression of the will of the majority, but that they enabled the majority to tyrannize over the minority. As a matter of fact, the House rules are far better adapted to securing the rule of the majority than are the Senate rules. Under the latter, the minority can at any time turn tyrant and force its will upon the majority simply by a threat to talk a measure to death. If the Democratic party has seen a new light and wants to champion the rights of the majority in legislation, it can accomplish far more by directing its attention to the Senate and securing a revision of the rule of comity known as Senatorial courtesy than by advocating a change in the House rules.

The hindrance to majority rule in the House does not lie in the direction indicated by the above platform utterance, but is to be found in the interpretation of the rules by the present Speaker. The real difficulty lies in the fact that the present Speaker has far more respect for his own judgment as to what is and what is not expedient legislation than he has for the well-established canons of interpretation. The rules of the House ought not to be held accountable for the fact that Joseph G. Cannon has an arbitrary and imperious cast of mind.

If this diagnosis is correct, the logical remedy would be a change in the speakership rather than a revision of the rules. But for the application of this remedy a plank in the Democratic platform would hardly be considered necessary. For, if the Democrats should have a

majority in the next House, which would be necessary in order to enable them to revise the rules, the chances that Joseph G. Cannon would be re-elected Speaker would not be such as to warrant a conservative man in betting that there would be no change in the speakership. Just what good will be accomplished by the plank in question is, therefore, not apparent, and it is likely to be misleading. Yet, assuming that the Democrats will be in the majority in the Sixty-second Congress, it is not at all probable that any substantial modification in the House rules will be made.

Edwin Maxey.

LOOKING DOWN FROM LEBANON

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

STRAINS of lutes and sweet recorders,
These the lips of morning bore;
Roseate were the bloomy borders
Of the Galilean shore.
Through the blossoms up we mounted
Till the crowning crest we won,
And earth's ancient kingdoms counted,
Looking down from Lebanon!

There was Tyre, the myriad-towered;
(Where was her tiara now?)
There was Sidon, palm-embowered,
Once so golden bright of brow;
There where stretched the parched, unpitied
Hauran in the flaming sun,
Naught to see but wastes uncitied,
Looking down from Lebanon!

By the Jordan's lyric fountains
Dan was as a buried shard;
Round Samaria 'mid her mountains
Snarled the surly jackal guard;
Yet from this despoilment cruel
Still there shone resplendent one
Beaming like a gleaming jewel,
Looking down from Lebanon!

Aye, an opal glancing, glowing,
Every lovely shifting shade
Of an orient rainbow showing,—
Beauty's very soul displayed;
Such Damascus seemed, its story
By some marvellous genie spun,
Viewed, a radiant dream of glory,
Looking down from Lebanon!

Orchard-close and garth and garden,—
Orange, citron, almond gloom,—
Where the rose is ever warden,
And the jasmines always bloom!
Where from living wells eternal
Singing waters leap and run,
Scene inviolate and vernal
Looking down from Lebanon!

Here a minaret tapering slender
As a shaft of amber light;
There a watch-tower, stark defender
Of the Saracenic might!
Unbelievers, they may scoff it!—
Not so Allah's chosen son!
"It is Paradise!" quoth the Prophet,
Looking down from Lebanon!

Alpine summits, heights Andean,
And those purple peaks that rise
Toward the arching empyrean
Where the fair Pacific lies,—
Grant these all their wealth of wonder,
But give me, when night is done,
Just to be, the blue skies under,
Looking down from Lebanon!

Clinton Scollard.

ARAMINTA¹

BY J. C. SNAITH

CHAPTER XVII—*Continued*

IN the meantime Young Blood was careering away like the wind. Faster and faster it went. It was higher, deeper, richer, more exhilarating than any of the old Widdiford madneses. It was in vain that the British Public looked pained and the London Police looked important. This was their crowded hour of glorious life; and if there was to be an end to all things, there were two persons at least who felt that, after all, the cosmos had done very well to get itself invented.

However, this sort of thing cannot last forever. The nondescript soon began to display signs of distress.

"Bellows to mend," said Jim.

The glorious Miss Perry had difficulty in checking her chestnut.

"Why," said she, "he is almost as strong as your papa's pedigree hunter."

"We've done a record from the Red House to the Parsonage I think," said Jim.

Even when they turned to ride back, their high spirits met with no check. The crowded, glorious hour continued, if pitched in a less emotional key. Jim's nondescript was no longer equal to the fine careless rapture.

"Goose Girl," said Jim, "do you know I have made a resolution?"

"Have you, Jim?" said Miss Perry.

"I am determined to finish that picture of you in your wonderful Gainsborough frock."

"Of course, Jim," said Miss Perry.

"That picture is to be a masterpiece, you know."

"Is it, Jim?" said Miss Perry.

"Yes," said Jim. "And when it has made me famous, what do you suppose I am going to do?"

"I don't know, Jim," said Miss Perry.

"Can't you guess?" said Jim.

Miss Perry knitted her brows in grave perplexity.

"Marry Muffin," said Miss Perry.

"What, marry the Ragamuffin!" said Jim scornfully.

"She is prettier than Polly is," said Miss Perry.

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"But she is such a Ragamuffin," said Jim. "And she has never a runcible hat and a Gainsborough frock to call her own."

"She has her mauve, Jim," said Miss Perry.

"No," said Jim decisively, "in spite of her mauve, I decline to marry the Ragamuffin."

Miss Perry looked vastly disappointed.

"Milly is too young," said she.

Jim pressed the nondescript. The ice was getting desperately thin. And every moment the light of the morning was making it thinner.

"Goose Girl," said Jim, "do you remember that you once promised to marry me?"

"Yes I did, Jim," said Miss Perry. "If you got those three big red-cheeked apples off the tree at Red House at Widdiford."

"I got them off all right," said Jim. "But instead of receiving your hand in matrimony I got a tremendous licking."

"The apples were awfully nice though," said Miss Perry, like a true daughter of Eve.

The High Personage who controls the limelight continued to play most embarrassing tricks with the light of the morning. The hapless Jim Lascelles felt himself to be no match for that Master Hand.

"Goose Girl," said Jim defiantly, "assuming for a moment that I made myself famous enough to buy back the Red House at Widdiford, with the strawberry beds and the apple orchards and the old wicket gate that leads into the back lane, which takes you straight to the Parsonage, would you—would you keep the promise that you made when you were a long-legged person of seven with a very large appetite, and I was a chubby subject of thirteen and a half with rather thin trousers?"

"Yes, Jim, I would," said Miss Perry with remarkable promptitude, frankness and sincerity.

"There, now I've done it!" groaned Jim. "It was bound to happen. I knew the Royal Daylight would provoke me to make a cad of myself before it had done playing its tricks. But if people will have yellow hair and they will wear yellow gauntlets to match it, and that Fellow Upstairs will fling the limelight all over the place, how can a poor painting chap help himself?"

Miss Perry had grown very grave. She was silent for twenty-five seconds.

"Jim," said she with slow-drawn solemnity, "if you do marry anybody, I r-r-really think it ought to be Muffin."

"That Ragamuffin?" said Jim.

"She is such a sweet," said Miss Perry. "And she is so pretty; and

dearest papa says she is *so* clever; and of course you know I am *rather* a sil-lay."

"All the world knows it," said Jim.

"And Muffin always said she would just love to live at the Red House at Widdiford."

"Goose Girl," said Jim, "I am afraid you are deep. You want to marry Gobo."

"Not r-r-really," said Miss Perry with wide-eyed earnestness. "Of course he is a dear, but—but of course, Jim, he is not like you are."

"Thank you very much for the information," said Jim. "But tell me, Goose Girl, wouldn't you like to be a duchess?"

"Oh, no, Jim," said Miss Perry.

"Why not, you Goose?"

"It sounds rather sil-lay."

"So it does, now you come to mention it," said Jim. "But think of all the wonderful frocks and jewels you would have, and the wonderful houses, and the wonderful horses, and the wonderful ices of every conceivable color and every possible flavor. And as for cream buns, a duchess of course can have as many as she wants."

"I would rather have the Red House at Widdiford," said Miss Perry.

"Really," said Jim, "you are the most tremendous thing in Geese I've ever known. Just think what you could do if you were a duchess. You could buy old books and new vestments for your papa; Muffin could have a new mauve; the Polly Girl could marry her parson, and she could boast of her sister who married the duke; and the Milly Girl could think more about Persian kittens and less about self-improvement; and as for Dickie and Charley, they both might go into the Militia and probably become field marshals."

The blue eyes of Miss Perry opened in their dazzlement to dimensions that were perfectly astonishing.

"It would be awfully nice," said she, "but, Jim——"

"Well?"

"I did promise you, didn't I?"

"You would never have got those three red-cheeked apples if you hadn't."

As they neared the turn at Hyde Park corner they began unconsciously to assume airs of decorum. The accusing figure of Mr. Collins awaited them. Lord Andover, too, was only a little way off. He stood by the railings looking the picture of outraged delicacy.

When the runaways came up to greet him, he held up both hands before his face with the gesture of dismay of a very nice old lady.

"I am dumb," said he.

Apparently Jim Lascelles was smitten with a similar infirmity. As for Miss Perry, the ineradicable instincts of her sex assumed the control of that irresponsible person.

"Have you seen Gobo?" she demanded breathlessly.

The blend of disinterested concern and absolute innocence was perfectly charming.

"I could never have believed it," said Andover with a pained air.

"The finished duplicity, the Jesuitical depth!"

"Have you seen him?" demanded Miss Perry.

"Have I seen Gobo? I have seen a roaring, outraged lion in the guise of a rampant turkey cock."

"It is an awful pity," said Miss Perry. "We missed him."

Andover felt that he had never observed such gravely sweet concern in the human countenance. To have suspected its proprietress of *arrière pensée* would have been barbarism.

"Yes, an awful pity," Andover assented. "Particularly for men of a rather full habit of body who are decidedly short in the neck."

"Do you think Gobo will mind?" said Miss Perry. "You see Jim—" The handle of Jim's crop was ominously near to her knee. "Mr. Lascelles came up, and we thought if we went down we should be sure to meet Gobo, but we didn't."

"Lascelles, my good fellow," said his friend, "isn't it time you began to play up a bit? Miss Perry's lucidity is admirable, but somehow, one has the feeling that her verisimilitude wants eking out a little. Your version will be interesting."

"My mount cost a cool half sovereign, which I couldn't afford," said Jim bravely, "and I thought as it was a fine morning I had better have my money's worth."

Andover's smile expanded to the dimensions of his necktie.

"Yes," said he, laughing, "this sort of thing is best left to those who are born with the instinct for diplomacy. Lascelles, my good fellow, you would have done far better to have pinned your faith to your companion in guilt. Her version was excellent, if a little bald. To my mind it was pitched in quite the right key. It was natural, lucid, admirably reticent. It clearly suggested that the blame could not belong to either of you, whoever else it might be fixed upon. Unfortunately your own version does not tend to exonerate you equally. I must confess, Lascelles, that upon my mind it leaves a most unhappy impression."

"The truth is," said Jim, "I am seeking a fresh store of inspiration in order that I may complete the *chef d'œuvre*."

"I think it should be a masterpiece undoubtedly," said Andover.

"I think so, too," said Jim.

Miss Perry's far-seeing, west-country eyes appeared to be searching for something on the far horizon.

"Gobo is coming," said she.

"Which way?" said Jim.

"He is coming up on the right. Don't you see him?"

Jim had to strain his gaze.

"Yes, by Jove, you are right!" said he. "What wonderful eyes you have got, Miss Perry!"

"It is so long since one inhabited the halcyon era of one's youth," said Andover, "that one is rather at a loss to remember whether Red Riding Hood made a similar observation to the Wolf, or whether the Wolf made the observation to Red Riding Hood."

"The former undoubtedly," said Jim.

"I am glad of that," said Andover. "I feared it might have been the latter."

"Hadn't we better be going?" said Jim brazenly to his companion in guilt. "This screw of mine seems to have got his wind back."

"*Has* he?" said Miss Perry with an air of interest.

Jim's nondescript took a turn to the left. The chestnut followed in the most natural manner. On this occasion, however, the distance between the Parsonage and the Red House at Widdiford was not accomplished in quite such record time. All the same, for the greater part of the way the pace was decidedly hot.

"Seen anything of the girl, George?" inquired Andover.

George was looking very purple indeed.

"I saw a cloud of dust just now," said he. "There was a ginger-haired gal in it, going at a dooce of a rattle."

"I can't imagine my ward, Miss Perry, attempting anything in the nature of a rattle," said Andover.

"Can't you?" grunted George sourly.

CHAPTER XVIII

FASHION COMES TO THE ACACIAS

Jim Lascelles was inclined to view his morning as a very great success. It is true that it had cost him the last half sovereign he had in the world, but he felt that it had been invested to full advantage. He had derived a new store of inspiration from that memorable morning. For

a whole week he was sustained by the recollection of it. He gave up his days to joyous labor in the wooden erection in the Balham back garden.

"I shall make something of her, after all," said he.

One morning when he came down to breakfast he found a letter at the side of his plate. This in itself was an event sufficiently rare, because Jim Lascelles was one of those people who never write a letter if they can possibly avoid doing so. The envelope had rather an air about it. Upon the back of it was the monogram of a distinguished club.

"What ho!" said Jim.

A pair of eyes by no means ill-found in worldly wisdom had duly noted that which was on the back of the letter.

"The correspondent of dukes," said their owner. "Which of them is it, laddie?"

Jim threw the contents of the envelope across the table with a gay laugh.

"Dear Lascelles," it said, "the art of the age seems clearly to call for the presence at the Acacias of the wonderful Miss Perry. Unless the Fates are adverse—which according to Juvenal they are sometimes—she will appear about 4.30 o'clock to-morrow (Tuesday) afternoon to claim in her own proper person a cup of tea together with two lumps of sugar, and one cream bun, Buszard's large size. Forgive the shortness of the notice. Our old and common friend did not develop sufficiently marked symptoms of laryngitis until this morning to submit to the decree of her medical adviser. He has ordered her to keep her bed. The accomplished Miss Burden accompanies us in an official capacity. Ponto does not.

"Yours sincerely,

"Andover.

"P.S. Strawberries and cream are known to be very delectable."

Jim's absurdly youthful-looking mother laughed immoderately.

"Never tell me, laddie," said she, "that an extremely well-informed Providence does not watch over the destinies of even the humbler denizens of the suburb of Balham. We are to be deluged with three persons of fashion, and the Misses Champneys are sure to pay a call—they always pay a call—this afternoon."

"Those old guys," said Jim. "I sincerely hope not."

"When will you learn, laddie," said Jim's mother, "to be more respectful toward the two great ladies of our neighborhood, the real live daughters of a dead and deceased dean?"

"I beg their pardon," said Jim, who was humbled. "I am afraid I have been getting very uncouth of late."

"The great world is so unsettling," said Jim's mother. "I am afraid you are already beginning to patronize a ridiculous old frump like me."

"Beginning!" said Jim.

"But remember, my son, I am determined that I will not be patronized in my own house by your friend the duke."

"Oh, he won't try to," said Jim airily. "He's a very civil old soul, the same as you are, my dear, although his circumstances are rather better."

"I won't be patronized by that Goose either," said Jim's mother with tremendous spirit.

"You run no danger in that quarter," said Jim. "It will be as much as ever she can do adequately to patronize the strawberries and cream."

"And who, pray, is the accomplished Miss Burden? I will not be patronized by her either."

"I won't answer for you there, my dear," said Jim. "You might get short shrift from that quarter."

"We shall see, my son," said Jim's mother, with an air almost of truculence.

The back sitting-room at the Acacias was really a very mediocre affair. It contained so little furniture that it was made to look half as large again as it actually was. The little room was cool and tasteful, if perhaps a little too obviously simple and inexpensive. It contained not a single reminiscence of bygone grandeur. For one thing the crash had been rather in the nature of a holocaust; and again an opulent past is a poor sort of aid to a penurious present.

The walls were decorated by a blue wash and by a single picture, a study by Monsieur Gillet, for his enchanting "La Dame au Gant." It had been given by that master to a young English pupil of whom he was extremely fond. It held the bare walls all by itself. Jim was a little vain about it. Then there was a little shelf of books. It comprised five novels by Turgenev, two by Stendhal, three by Anatole France, four by Meredith, three by Henry James, two volumes of Heine, the lyrics of Victor Hugo, two plays of D'Annunzio and a volume of Baudelaire. There were two bowls of roses also, which Jim had procured for his mother in honor of the occasion.

At a quarter to four Mrs. Lascelles sat reading *Pêcheur d'Islande* for the thirteenth time. She looked very cool and dainty in a simple black dress, embellished with still simpler white muslin. Her look of youth had never been quite so aggressive; and in Jim's opinion her wise little smile of tempered gaiety was perfectly charming.

"My dear," said Jim censoriously, "it is time you made a serious effort to look older."

"I do try so hard," said Mrs. Lascelles plaintively. "This is positively the most frumpish frock I possess, and I have done my hair over my ears on purpose."

"Haven't you an older frock?" said Jim.

"This one is decidedly the elder of the two, laddie."

"How old is it?"

"Seven years."

"And what is the age of the other one?"

"It is a mere infant. It is only five."

"Then it is quite time you had a new one," said Jim.

"It is not usual, I believe, for a woman to get a new dress for the purpose of making herself look older."

"But then you are a most unusual woman," said Jim.

"I don't want to be unusual, laddie. I do try so hard not to be. If there is one thing I dislike more intensely than another, it is an unusual woman."

"Then you are very perverse," said Jim. "I wonder what effect it would have if you did your hair higher."

"I will try if you like, but I know——"

"What do you know?" said Jim sternly.

"That I never look quite so maternal as when I have it over my ears."

"Well, it's a serious matter," said Jim. "I look like being driven to get a new mother."

"There is a scarcity of good ones, my son."

Jim scanned the tiny sitting-room with a very critical look.

"Upon my word," said he, "that little rosewood piano and that little effort of Monsieur Gillet's are the only decent things in it."

"I am afraid we have an air of cheap gentility," said his mother. "But don't let them sneer at it. Gentility of any kind is quite an honorable aspiration."

"I wonder," said Jim, "if there is anybody in the neighborhood who would lend us a Peerage for the afternoon. We might stick it in the centre of the room upon that little Japanese table."

The front door-bell was heard to ring.

"Too late, too late," said Mrs. Lascelles dramatically. "The peerage has already arrived."

"It is the Misses Champneys," said Jim.

"I think not, laddie. It is only twenty past four, and it is so much more impressive to pay a call at five."

"Two to one it's the Hobson Family," said Jim.

The countenance of Jim's mother assumed a look of anxiety that bordered upon the tragic.

"By all the saints and all the powers," said she, "I had quite forgotten the existence of the Hobson Family. Do you really think it can be?"

"I am convinced it is," said Jim with immense conviction. "This is an opportunity that the Hobson Family could not possibly miss."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" said Jim's mother, "whatever is to be done?"

"These things are sent to try us," said Jim philosophically. "The Hobson Family has no other *raison d'être*."

"Alack!" gasped Jim's mother.

The little maid-of-all-work entered the room. With her prim, freckled countenance and her hair, which, like herself, was quite unnecessarily pretty, done over a roll, she conveyed somewhat the impression of a small cat who has the furtive air of a confirmed cream stealer. Also she had the air of one who takes an immense interest in everything.

"Miss Burden," announced the little maid-of-all-work as though it gave her great pleasure to do so. "Miss Perry. The Earl of Andover."

Mrs. Lascelles laid *Pêcheur d'Islande* upon the varnished boards. She rose to greet Miss Perry with an exclamation. In the circumstances it was most natural, for Miss Perry was looking neither more nor less than a goddess.

Jim's mother took a hand of Miss Perry in each of her own.

"You are too wonderful," said she. "You take away one's breath. I always predicted that you would grow up a beautiful girl; but really, who could have expected this?"

Miss Perry said nothing at first. She merely proceeded to hug Jim's mother in the traditional Widdiford manner.

Mrs. Lascelles appeared to undergo some little personal inconvenience in the process.

"You wonderful being!" she gasped.

Jim presented Miss Burden to his mother with a formal and becoming gravity. There was always a veiled tenderness about the eyes of Miss Burden which to some people rendered her oddly attractive. Her air of shyness was also thought by some to be a merit.

"So sweet of you to come," said Jim's mother. She had already performed the excessively feminine operation of falling in love with Miss Burden at first sight.

"I should also like, my dear," said Jim with excellent gravity, "to

make you and Lord Andover acquainted with one another. You can't think how kind he has been to me."

Jim's mother gazed demurely into the complacent and amused countenance of that nobleman.

"I think I ought to be able to guess," said she.

"Capital!" that nobleman was heard to murmur with extraordinary irrelevance.

"I beg your pardon," said Jim.

"Not at all, my dear fellow," said Andover in his most graciously musical manner, "not at all. I made no observation. But I should like to be allowed to make one. What remarkable sunshine for London!"

"The sunshine is occasionally quite obtrusive at Balham," said Jim's mother. "Lower the sunblind a little, laddie. You will find that chair the coolest, Lord Andover."

It was really not necessary for Mrs. Lascelles to offer the coolest chair to Lord Andover. For if the truth must be told he looked cool enough already. It was perhaps his most assiduously cultivated and most carefully cherished characteristic. However, he took the chair Jim's mother had indicated. He took it almost as if he were conferring homage upon it. Having chosen a likely spot upon the varnished boards upon which to set his silk hat, he proceeded to place it there with immense precision. He then proceeded to cross his lavender trousers very urbanely, displaying in the process an extremely neat and spotless pair of white gaiters. He then placed his black rimmed eyeglass in the left or more fashionable eye, and surveyed his surroundings with a leisurely benevolence that was really most engaging.

By the time Andover appeared to be pleasantly settled, and by the time Mrs. Lascelles had fully recovered from the effects of Miss Perry's third hug, she said:

"Ring, laddie."

Jim obeyed. He had assumed already an air of almost unwarrantable humor.

The little maid-of-all-work entered.

"Tea please, Miranda," said Jim's mother.

Miranda embellished the command of her mistress with a totally unnecessary half-curtsey, which she was apt to produce upon state occasions. It was a remarkably effective little affair, although its true place was undoubtedly a comic opera.

"Capital!" murmured Andover. And then as a pause in the conversation seemed to give his remark a significance to which it laid no claim, he added sententiously, "weather!"

"Yes," said Jim, "capital weather."

Miss Burden addressed a remark to Jim's mother.

"Do you think the exhibition of the Royal Academy is equal to the last one?"

"I think it is better," said Mrs. Lascelles with an air of conviction; "decidedly better, don't you?"

"That is because there is a picture by a young fellow of the name of Lascelles in it," said Jim.

"Quite a sufficient reason," said Andover.

"The brutes have skyed me though," said Jim.

"Jealousy, my dear fellow," said Andover. "The Church, the Stage, and the Fine Arts live in perpetual dread of the rising generation."

"That is so true, Lord Andover," said Jim's mother. "I am so glad to hear you say that. Of course it is jealousy. Those musty and stereotyped old R. As. are dreadfully frightened of young men with new ideas."

"Profoundly true, my dear Mrs. Lascelles, profoundly true," said Andover with the deference of a courtier.

"My mother expects every one who enters this house," said Jim aggrievedly, "to declare that I'm a genius."

"I do not find it at all hard," said Andover, "to obey that condition."

"People of taste never do," said Jim's mother, beaming upon my lord.

The little maid-of-all-work brought in a tea tray and a basket of comestibles.

"Miranda," said her mistress, "if Mrs. Hobson calls, or Miss Hermia Hobson, or Miss Harriet Hobson, or Mr. Hobson, or Mr. Herbert Hobson, or Mr. Henry Hobson calls, I am not at home."

"Yes, ma'am," said the little maid-of-all-work with an air of great intelligence and with a further display of the comic-opera curtsy.

"Sugar or lemon, Miss Burden?" said Jim's mother.

Miss Burden took sugar, a small lump. Miss Perry took two lumps, size not stated.

"I wish these cups were more sensible," said Jim's mother with a reminiscence and an apology.

"That cup is absurd, my dear," said Jim.

Miss Perry seemed inclined to agree with Jim.

"Fetch the largest cup we have in the house, please, Miranda," said her mistress.

"Thank you so much, dear Mrs. Lascelles," said Miss Perry.

Jim handed bread and butter and strawberries. Miss Burden was

content with a small slice of the former. Miss Perry was more eclectic in her patronage. Jim was then guilty of an action which his mother was forced to consider as singularly ill-bred. He took up the plate of cream buns, Buszard's large size, which had been specially procured, and placed it on the chimneypiece in a very ostentatious manner. And at the same time he indulged in a classical quotation to Lord Andover, who laughed as though he understood it. It is possible that Miss Burden understood it also, but Mrs. Lascelles seemed a little doubtful about its meaning. As for Miss Perry, she was perfectly frank and wholly unabashed in her abysmal ignorance.

"What *does* it mean?" she demanded with a thrill in her voice and her eyes at the widest.

"It means," said Jim, "it is better to contemplate from afar the rewards of virtue than to partake of them prematurely."

"A free translation, my dear fellow," said Andover, "creditable alike to your scholarship, your literary instinct, and your knowledge of human nature."

"But you owe me one, you know," said Miss Perry. "Doesn't he, Lord Andover?"

"I am afraid, Lascelles," said that nobleman, "it will be necessary to return a true bill."

Jim presented Miss Perry with one cream bun on a blue china plate.

"That spotted cake with the almonds in it is topping," said he, attempting maliciously to embarrass Miss Perry with riches. "The pastrycook who creates it has a reputation that extends as far as Upper Tooting and Streatham."

"I will try some," said Miss Perry.

Lord Andover took lemon with his tea, also a rusk.

"Genius is a delightful thing," said he conversationally. "I have a genius for admiring it in others."

"One feels sure you must have," said Jim's mother most sympathetically. "I am trying to cultivate it also. As one is the mother of a highly gifted son, one feels that one ought."

"Precisely," said Andover. "And may one venture to remark that you will not find the undertaking difficult?"

"Lord Andover," said Jim, in a tone of warning, "weigh your words carefully. My life is in danger of becoming a burden to me. As for you, my dear," said Jim sternly, "once more and with the most marked publicity I deny with all the vehemence of which I am capable that I am a genius."

"What, pray, is the use?" said his mother. "It is futile to deny it."

Besides, even if you were not, it is not right to contradict your old mother, especially before company."

"So true," murmured the arbiter elegantiarum, nibbling at his rusk.

Jim, however, was a young fellow with resources. He proceeded immediately to carry the war into the enemy's country.

"I am afraid, Lord Andover," said he, "that judgment is not my mother's strong point. You see, she is not so mature as she might be."

"I have observed it," said Andover.

"Her absence of judgment," said Jim coolly, "or her absence of maturity?"

"I have observed her absence of maturity," said Andover with a coolness in nowise behind the coolness of Jim.

"In my opinion," said Jim, "she is too young to be the mother of a great hulking fellow like me."

"I am inclined to agree with you, Lascelles," said my lord with his courtier's air. "But in my humble judgment it is a pleasant folly for a mother to err on the side of youth."

"It is a form of indiscretion not without its dangers," said Jim.

"Yes, Lascelles," said Andover, "you are undoubtedly right there."

"This spotted cake with the almonds in it is awfully nice," said Miss Perry.

"The confection with the pink icing and the sugar plums is generally admired in Balham," said Jim.

"I will try some," said Miss Perry. "Quite a small piece, please. I think pink icing is so nice, don't you?"

"I do," said Jim, cutting a liberal piece for two persons.

A ring was heard to proceed from the front door-bell. Mrs. Lascelles betrayed anxiety.

"I trust," said she, "our small Cerberus will prove equal to a frontal attack by the Hobson Family."

"She will unquestionably," said Jim with an air of reassurance.

"It would be a great disappointment if she didn't," said Andover, "if one may venture to express a purely personal emotion."

"Why, Lord Andover?" said Jim's mother. Her tone was a natural blend of surprise and interest.

"A lifelong habit of minute observation," said Andover, "emboldens one to think that she would prove equal to anything."

Before Andover could suffer rebuke for having an opinion upon such a subject, the little maid-of-all-work announced:

"Lady Charlotte Greg. Miss Champneys. Miss Lætitia Champneys."

The space of the small back sitting-room was sensibly diminished

by the entrance of three tall, bony women, each equally austere of feature and ponderous of manner. Each was veiled and habited in black with white facings; and although their boots were not elastic-sided, it is difficult to advance any adequate reason for their not being.

Miss Champneys, whose manner was decidedly impressive, introduced to Jim's mother Lady Charlotte Greg, her oldest friend, who was staying with them at the Laurels for the purpose of opening the Sale of Work at Saint Agatha's. Lady Charlotte Greg, the daughter of a successful politician and the wife of an evangelical bishop, conveyed the right degree of distance in her greeting. And, after all, when you came to think of it, the distance is very great between a tiny back sitting-room at Balham and the Palace at Marchester.

While these three very large ladies were adjusting themselves to three somewhat small chairs, and they were accepting tea from a fresh brew duly procured by the assiduous Miranda, each lifted her black veil and scrutinized her surroundings and her company with a rather ruthless directness. It always seemed to the quailing hostess of the Acacias, the Chestnuts, the Elms, or of Beaconsfield Villas when she met that glance that a personal apology was demanded from her.

All three ladies were unanimous in the opinion that Mrs. Lascelles's callers were overdressed. And in their opinion, to be overdressed was to be guilty of one of the seven deadly sins.

"I am convinced," said Miss Lætitia Champneys, in an undertone to Lady Charlotte, "that that girl in the enormous hat with feathers is an actress."

In the opinion of Miss Lætitia Champneys, for any person to be an actress was to identify one's self with the most elemental form of human degradation.

"Do you suppose I require to be told, Lætitia?" said Lady Charlotte, bridling. She felt that not only her sense of decency but also her knowledge of the world had been aspersed. "And that preposterous person with the eyeglass," added Lady Charlotte, "is of course an actor manager."

Neither Miss Lætitia nor her elder sister, Miss Champneys, was quite sure what an actor manager really was. They did know, however, that dear Charlotte was excelled by none in knowledge of the world.

Lady Charlotte Greg, as is the way with Lady Charlotte Greys all the world over, as the erudite inform us, put up her glasses. She proceeded to study the actor manager, a rare species of wildfowl of which the close at Marchester was mercifully free, in a manner which can

only be described as remorseless. Yet the actor manager appeared to suffer no embarrassment. He coolly changed his black-rimmed monocle from his left eye to his right, which if not quite so fashionable as the other one was rather perversely endowed with better powers of vision.

CHAPTER XIX

A SOCIAL TRIUMPH

For almost the space of a minute a battle royal was waged between the monocle and the long-handled folders. All present, with the exception of Miss Perry, who was not in the habit of observing anything, sat in breathless silence to observe the issue. And incredible as it may appear the issue was not with the long-handled folders.

"Capital!" murmured Andover to nobody in particular and for no apparent reason.

Jim Lascelles was one of those unfortunate and misguided people who have an extraordinary flair for what they call "fun." He bent over to his mother.

"Don't give the show away yet," said he.

"You are too cryptic, my son, for this addle pate," said she.

"Don't you see?" said Jim. "They think our dark horse is an outsider. Had they known they wouldn't have come."

Jim's mother smiled her little half smile, whose furtive mischief was really far more becoming than it ought to have been.

"When is the sale of work, Lady Charlotte?" she asked in order to keep the pot boiling.

The simple question was received by the three ladies with hauteur. As the sale of work began on the morrow, and Mrs. Lascelles had promised to preside over the bran tub or the refreshment stall or the rummage counter, she was not quite clear which, their demeanor was perhaps not unnatural.

"The sale of work begins to-morrow at three o'clock, Mrs. Lascelles," said Miss Champneys coldly.

"Of course," said Jim's mother. "How stupid of me! I knew that perfectly well. What I meant to have said was, Which is the day upon which Lady Charlotte will perform the opening ceremony?"

"The first, Mrs. Lascelles," said Miss Champneys and Miss Lætitia, speaking as one.

"Of course," said Jim's mother; and involuntarily added the rider, "how stupid of me!" The Misses Champneys were matchless in putting

people in the wrong. "What I should have asked was, Who will perform the ceremony on the second day?"

"The wife of the member," said Miss Champneys.

"And on the third?" asked Jim's mother, rather obviously.

"Lady Plunket," said Miss Lætitia.

"The wife of the brewer?" asked Jim.

Jim's question provoked further hauteur. In the first instance, it was an act of presumption for a young man like Jim to have ventured to ask a question at all; and in the second he had contrived to ask the sort of question that stamped him as belonging to the neighborhood.

"Lady Plunket was a Coxby, I believe," said Miss Champneys. She assumed an air of devastation, which was singularly becoming to one whose forebears, according to their own oral and written testimony, had first appeared in these islands in the train of the Conqueror.

"Any relation to the parson chap?" inquired Andover casually.

Lady Charlotte Greg again elected to do battle.

"I am informed that Lady Plunket is a niece of the late Archbishop Coxby," said she in a tone and manner which for two decades had cowed the minor clergy of the diocese.

"Archbishop was he?" said Andover, "I only knew him in his capacity of a bore."

Each of the three ladies was susceptible of a little quiver of horror.

"Pray, where did *you* meet him?" demanded Lady Charlotte Greg with dilated nostril.

"In the House," said Andover. "Shockin' bore in the House."

Lady Charlotte raised her glasses with studious care.

"The domestic life of Archbishop Coxby was renowned for its simplicity," said she.

A pause surcharged with suppressed emotion followed; and then the ludicrous drawl of Miss Perry was heard in the land.

"I think a sale of work is too sweet," said that Featherbrain. "We always have one once a year in the parish room at Slocum Magna."

The Misses Champneys and Lady Charlotte Greg received this announcement with a frosty disdain, which, sad to relate, had not the least effect upon Miss Perry. The fine shades of social feeling did not touch that obtuse person.

"That is very interesting, my dear Miss Goose," said Andover in his most mellifluous manner, "very interesting indeed."

"We raised eight pounds two and ninepence for the organ fund in 1900 at Slocum Magna," drawled Miss Perry.

"Where, pray, is Slocum Magna?" inquired Lady Charlotte Greg.

Miss Perry had learned by this time that whenever Slocum Magna was mentioned in the presence of London people the question was inevitable. However, before she could enlighten Lady Charlotte Greg, Andover favored her with a paternal finger.

"Permit me, my dear Miss Goose," said he elaborately. "Slocum Magna," he proceeded with the weighty air of one who is no stranger to the Front Bench, "is the next village to Widdiford."

"And where, pray, is Widdiford?" inquired Lady Charlotte Greg.

"Widdiford," said Andover meditatively, "Widdiford is the place where the Red House is and where they haven't quite got the railway."

"But it is only three miles away," chimed Miss Perry.

The pause which ensued made Jim's mother and the Misses Champneys wonder what was going to happen. All three felt a little uncomfortable. On the contrary, Lady Charlotte Greg felt it to be a tribute to the overpowering nature of her personality, and was gratified accordingly. Andover crossed and recrossed his lavender trousers and changed the glass from the right eye to the left with the air of a High Church clergyman pronouncing the benediction.

"Have you been to see the horses at the Hippodrome?" demanded the undefeated Miss Perry of Lady Charlotte Greg.

"I have not," said that lady with a quiver of an evangelical topknot.

"Have you?" demanded Miss Perry of the Misses Champneys.

"My sister and I have not," said the elder Miss Champneys, whose topknot, although not quite so evangelical as Lady Charlotte's, yet contrived to quiver just as much.

"You ought," said Miss Perry with irresistible friendliness. "They play bridge and fire off guns and pretend to be dead. I have been nine times."

The Misses Champneys conferred in discreet undertones with Lady Charlotte Greg.

"Too natural to be an actress," said that authority. "Her hair and skin bear inspection. If she were not so painfully overdressed she would be a singularly beautiful girl."

"Can you place that singularly artificial person?" asked Miss Lætitia, who had a passion for exact knowledge.

"An actor unmistakably," said Infallibility with immense decision.

"Is he the father, do you suppose?" inquired the insatiable Miss Lætitia.

"Dear me, no, Lætitia. Can you not see that that girl is by way of being a lady?"

All unwittingly the hostess proceeded to place Infallibility in a rather tight corner.

"Lady Charlotte," said she, "may I introduce Lord Andover, an old friend of my husband's? Miss Champneys, Lord Andover. Miss Lætitia Champneys, Lord Andover. May I also introduce Miss Burden and Miss Perry? Lady Charlotte Greg, Miss Champneys, Miss Lætitia Champneys."

During the bowings and the counter-bowings that ensued Jim Lascelles seized the opportunity to say to his mother:

"You gave the dark horse away too soon, my dear. There might have been fun."

"If you wish to succeed in life, my son," his mother admonished him, "never treat the peerage flippantly."

"I should like to go to-morrow to the sale of work," said Miss Perry.

"You shall, my dear Miss Goose," said Andover, "because I feel sure that your papa would like you to, provided that we have Lady Charlotte's assurance that there will be no harangue from Parson Coxby's daughter."

"Lady Plunket does not appear until Friday," said Lady Charlotte by no means ungraciously, "and I only intend to say a few words myself."

The Misses Champneys were not overawed by Lord Andover, because they were gentlewomen born, but neither they nor the wife of the Bishop of Marchester had quite so much condescension as when they entered the little Balham sitting-room. It is trivial to dwell on these things. Self-respecting people really don't notice them; at least, they make it a point of honor to appear not to do so. But there are cynics in the world who like to lay stress upon them. Not the wife of the Bishop of Marchester alone, but the Misses Champneys also began to thaw perceptibly. And presently, for the first occasion during their intercourse, Miss Lætitia went the length of addressing Jim's mother as "dear Mrs. Lascelles."

It was a really great afternoon for Jim's mother. The Misses Champneys had never exhibited themselves in such an agreeable light. Lady Charlotte Greg also softened the first impression she had created and contrived to be quite agreeable, too. It was Miss Burden who asked of malice prepense whether they had seen Mr. Lascelles's picture at the Royal Academy. They had not, these ladies assured Miss Burden, but they would make a point of going specially to Burlington House to do so. It was Lord Andover, with a very direct look at Jim's mother, who mentioned Mr. Lascelles's undoubted genius.

"Of course," said Miss Lætitia, "Mr. Lascelles must have genius if he exhibits at the Royal Academy."

"It doesn't necessarily follow, Lætitia," said Lady Charlotte Greg, who felt with justice that Miss Lætitia was impinging upon her prerogative of dispensing universal information. "Before now I have known quite second-rate people exhibit at the Royal Academy."

"Have you, though?" said Andover. "That is interesting."

"There is Mottrom," said Lady Charlotte Greg. "One finds his pictures there continually. Nothing will convince me that Mottrom is first rate. One feels one ought really to draw the line at the music of Wagner and the pictures of Mottrom."

"Capital!" said Andover.

The voice of Miss Perry was heard again in the land.

"Do you like the pictures of Joseph Wright of Derby?" inquired that art critic.

Jim's mother looked at Lord Andover, and Lord Andover looked at Jim's mother with great demureness.

"A police constable, was he not?" said Lady Charlotte Greg.

"Lord Andover knows," said Miss Perry.

"Very probably," said that authority with the air of one to whom a great truth has presented itself unexpectedly. "To be sure, what could be more natural than Police Constable Joseph Wright of Derby?"

Jim Lascelles began to grow restless, as sensitive souls are apt to do when amateurs begin to talk "shop" for their benefit. And in his capacity of a common-sense young Englishman of athletic tastes he felt that to call a man a genius was much the same as kicking him. Of course, mothers are privileged. In self-defence, however, Jim began to carry the war into the enemy's country.

"Does anybody object to Chopin?" said he.

Nobody did.

"Then you must play your little piece, my dear," said Jim with a cool air of triumph.

Jim's mother protested, of course; and of course her six callers were unanimous in their insistence. Jim opened the little rosewood piano and arranged the music stool with a dual sense of satisfaction. Not only had he turned the tables effectually, but also he was genuinely proud of his mother's playing.

Jim had reason to be proud of it. Truth to tell, she played a waltz about as well as it could be played by an amateur on a cottage piano in a small back sitting-room. The ladies with the exception of Miss Perry rewarded her with a murmur of thanks. Miss Perry was not content

with anything less than vigorous applause. Andover, on the contrary, was strangely silent.

"She talks about me," said Jim triumphantly, "so I shall now talk about her. Pachmann is the only person in Europe who knows more about Chopin than she does."

"I know something about Chopin, too," said Andover.

As he spoke, all his artifice seemed to fall away from him in the oddest manner. It struck Jim all at once that his face was old and worn and tired.

"You will hardly believe," said Andover in an altered voice, "where I first heard that. It was at a little house in the Rue Saint Antoine. George Sand was living in it at that time, and Chopin brought it there and played it to us the evening he composed it. They were all there—De Musset, Flaubert, Edmond de Goncourt, and that weird fellow——"

"Théophile Gautier?" said Jim's mother.

"Yes, Gautier," said Andover. "Those were great days."

Andover slowly uncrossed his lavender trousers and rose with a little sigh. He closed the lid of the rosewood piano reverently.

"He was such a gentle fellow," he said quaintly. "Such a gentle fellow."

The eyes of Jim's mother looked strangely bright.

"And the Dudevant?" said she in a soft tone. "Was she—was she an ogress?"

"No," said Andover, "merely a child of nature. They were all children of nature. That man had a soul."

It struck all with the exception of Miss Perry as quite odd that the old exquisite should replace very carefully the music stool under the little rosewood piano. There was something incongruous about the action.

"He was such a gentle fellow," he said.

When Andover turned his tall and corsetted form away from the piano, Jim's mother observed that his eyes looked curiously hollow and faded, and that for all their carmine his cheeks looked old and worn. He took Jim by the arm in his paternal manner.

"Come, my dear fellow," he said, "take us to see your masterpiece."

"One moment," said Jim, disengaging his arm.

He walked to the chimneypiece and solemnly took up the plate of cream buns. With these in his hand he led the way through the open French window to the wooden erection in the garden. Andover brought up the rear of the procession, ushering the six ladies with his usual air of excessive gallantry.

The painting-room contained merely a rug for the floor, a large and comfortable sofa with cushions; and at the far end in a sumptuous light the single canvas three parts complete. A dozen studies of the great subject and minor works had been tidied away.

The Misses Champneys gave vent to their admiration.

"But surely," said Lady Charlotte Greg, making great play with her glasses, "but surely this is a very fine picture."

"I am beginning to think so," said Andover complacently.

"I have thought so from the first," said the mother of the artist.

"I also, dear Mrs. Lascelles," said Miss Burden.

"I wish I could have worn my fancy frock," said Miss Perry without any suggestion of vanity. "But it is not for out-of-doors."

"The frock does not trouble me," said Jim. "It is that runcible hat that I am exercised about."

"Runcible hat?" said Lady Charlotte Greg.

"She weareth a runcible hat," said Jim.

"The name is new to me," said Lady Charlotte Greg.

"Really," said Jim, without the betrayal of surprise.

Without preface or apology Miss Perry seated herself in the centre of the sofa and assumed her pose.

"A singularly beautiful sitter," said Lady Charlotte Greg, "and singularly placable."

With an ostentation that the circumstances did not warrant Jim Lascelles placed the plate of cream buns on a small table at a respectful distance from the sofa.

"I must now," said Jim courteously, "request the public to withdraw."

"Rembrandt himself could not have bettered it," said Andover as he stood by the door to shepherd into the garden five irresponsible creatures who were babbling incoherent criticism of the fine arts.

By the time Miss Perry returned to the little sitting-room she had duly earned, received, and assimilated two cream buns, Buszard's large size. For her the sitting had been a decided success, and Jim Lascelles was inclined to view it in that light also. Already he had put an immense amount of labor into the picture, and he was now beginning to feel that the end was in sight. And looking at it as it grew, touching and retouching it continually, learning to treat every detail with a boldness and a delicacy of which he had hardly dared to believe himself to be capable, he could not help feeling that this work stood for growth.

Already he knew himself to be artistically thrice the stature of when it was begun. Something had been born in him. It was the culmination

of seven years' single-minded and assiduous labor. Indeed, Jim Lascelles was almost beginning to realize that some fine morning he might wake to find himself famous.

When sitter and painter returned to the house, Andover was discovered reading *Le Chartreuse de Parme* aloud to Miss Burden and Jim's mother.

"Now we must fly," said Miss Burden. "I tremble to think of what will happen."

"I shall make what apologies I can for you," said Andover. "I suppose we shall have to plead guilty to finding the polo at Hurlingham very absorbing."

An invitation to partake of pot luck was declined reluctantly. Miss Burden was genuinely alarmed. However, the three distinguished visitors left the Acacias with the request that they might come again.

CHAPTER XX

MISS PERRY HAD HER PALM CROSSED WITH SILVER

Miss Burden was subjected to severe treatment on her return to Hill Street. She was forbidden to go to Hurlingham again during the rest of the season. The faithful gentlewoman felt very guilty. She bent her head before the torrent of abuse, which, wholly contrary to the doctor's orders, was showered upon her. All the same, Miss Burden felt herself to be privy to a romance. The visit to Balham comprised elements which compensated her for the persecution to which she was subjected.

Sir Wotherspoon Ogle, old Lady Crewkerne's medical adviser, was very strongly of opinion that abuse is not good for laryngitis. But as we already know, the arbitrary patient of that distinguished physician not only despised the clergy, but she distrusted doctors.

"Lady Crewkerne," Sir Wotherspoon had said, "do not speak for three days."

"Rubbish," said that old woman in a husky wheeze.

"I will not answer for the consequences," said Sir Wotherspoon.

"Answer for the consequences, forsooth!" said the formidable old lady. "In my opinion, it is time the law was amended. The medical profession ought to be more amenable to it."

On the following morning the old lady was rather worse.

Nevertheless, George Betterton called upon her for the second time during her illness and was received in audience within the sanctity of

her chamber. Yet this also was not in accordance with the advice of those who had charge of her case.

Andover called at half-past twelve the same morning. He, however, was unable to gain admittance to the vicinity of the four-poster. When he learned that George Betterton had been thus favored for half an hour past he assumed a grave demeanor.

"What is that man after?" he said to Miss Burden mistrustfully. "No good, I am afraid. Yesterday it was the same. They spent an hour together as thick as thieves. And yet Caroline is unable to see her oldest friend, a disinterested adviser and sincere well-wisher."

Miss Burden could throw no light upon the mystery.

"How is she this morning?" Andover asked.

"Sir Wotherspoon Ogle does not think at all well of her."

"Naturally," said Andover with a suspicion of callousness.

"The mind is so active," said Miss Burden.

"You mean her tongue," said Andover.

"Yes, that is active too," said Miss Burden rather dolefully.

"It is rather late in the day for her to learn to bridle it," said Andover. "But if she won't so much the worse for her."

"Sir Wotherspoon finds her a rather trying patient, I am afraid."

"If he does not," said Andover, "he is either less than human or he is more."

Andover afforded Miss Burden and Miss Perry the privilege of his society at luncheon. He proposed that they should spend the afternoon at the sale of work in aid of Saint Agatha's, Balham. Miss Perry was charmed with the idea. Miss Burden shared her delight, but yet doubted sorely whether her services could be dispensed with. However, with the exercise of a little diplomacy she learned that they could, as not only was the Duke of Lancaster returning at four o'clock, but her ladyship's lawyer also.

"Her lawyer!" exclaimed Andover. "What the dooce does she want with him?"

My lord seemed not a little perturbed by the coming of that ominous personage.

"I wonder if that old woman is capable of playing me a trick," he mused.

His speculations upon this subject were many on his way to the sale of work at Balham. Taken in conjunction with the assiduity of George Betterton, the coming of the lawyer was unquestionably a sinister omen.

At the sale of work, however, Andover presented no sign of either

mental or moral disturbance. The lavender trousers had been exchanged for an art shade of gray. The tie pin had a pearl in it instead of a turquois; the waistcoat, instead of presenting a baffling and complex harmony in lilac, was of plain white piqué; and in lieu of a gold-headed cane he carried the famous ivory-handled umbrella, which had been repaired with such exemplary skill that it betrayed no token of the recent catastrophe at Saint Sepulchre's.

All that was best in the life of Balham and its environs was gathered at the sale of work in aid of Saint Agatha's. First and foremost was the rector, the Reverend John Overdene Cummings, a man whom all the world delighted to honor, not for his calling only, but also for himself. His weaknesses were so few that they really do not call for mention. And among his numerous merits, perhaps that which endeared him most to all that was best in the life of Balham was his almost exaggerated esteem for what he called "the right people." It was known by the well-informed that in the first instance it was due entirely to the Reverend John Overdene Cummings that the Misses Champneys had prevailed upon their friend Lady Charlotte Greg to perform the opening ceremony.

Lady Charlotte Greg had just had great pleasure in declaring the sale of work open when something in the nature of a sensation was caused by the arrival of the wonderful Miss Perry and her attendant ministers. The Assembly Rooms had been transformed into a Sicilian village. They were thronged with the youth, beauty, and fashion of the district; and also with the gay and brilliant costumes of the peasantry of the sunny south. But there was nothing in that brilliant gathering to compare with the blue-eyed and yellow-haired young Amazon, hatted and gowned *à la* Gainsborough. Miss Burden felt there was not; and she in her modest gown with lilac trimming was not without her merit, for she too was tall, distinguished of feature, and her figure was excellent. As for Andover, with his glass stuck with a rather humorous insolence in his left eye, he knew there was nothing not in Balham only but in the whole of London that season to compare with Caroline Crewkerne's niece. He was a proud man, and he looked it, as with pardonable ostentation he cleared a passage for his escort down the precise centre of the throng.

Jim's mother was thrilled by the apparition of the wonderful Miss Perry. She was there to preside over the refreshment stall. It was small blame to Jim that he had given up his days and nights to dreams of such magnificence. And Jim himself, who had accompanied his mother to the sale of work, more, it is to be feared, in the hope of seeing

the "runcible" hat in public than for any deep interest in the welfare of Saint Agatha's, was possessed by a strange excitement as he gazed.

"What an air the creature has!" his mother whispered to him. "I never saw anything so regal. She moves like a queen among her subjects. And yet the Goose under her feathers hasn't the ghost of an idea about anything in earth or heaven or in Slocum Magna."

"You forget Joseph Wright of Derby," said Jim.

"The ridiculous creature," said Jim's mother.

In the meantime the progress down the centre of the Sicilian village was almost royal. The throng yielded on all sides. A wave of respect, amounting almost to awe, seemed to arise and pervade everything. Indeed, royalty was mentioned. For example, the rector with his quick eye and his sure instinct was aroused immediately.

"Dear me," he said to Miss Lætitia Champneys in exultant tones. "I really believe it must be the Grand Duchess Olga Romano."

It appeared that, according to well-informed journals, a tall and splendid person answering to that name and description was then in London, who was engaged continuously in charitable endeavors.

"Oh, no, Mr. Rector," said Miss Lætitia promptly, "they are friends of ours."

A kind of daïs had been erected at the end of the Sicilian Village for the accommodation of the friends of the Rector and other grandees. The distinguished visitors, although they had never seen the Rector before and had no *locus standi* whatever as far as Saint Agatha's was concerned, took a bee-line to the daïs, under the direction of Lord Andover. But the fact is well known that a peer of the realm feels it his duty to make straight for a platform whenever and wherever he sees one.

The Misses Champneys, whose manner in public was even more impressive than it was in private, shook hands with Lord Andover in most stately fashion. Lady Charlotte's greeting was thought by close observers to be perhaps less elaborate in style, but that she shook hands at a more fashionable angle.

"Introduce me," said the Rector to Miss Lætitia.

Andover prided himself upon being all things to all men. His manner with the Church was agreeably distinct from what it was with Art or Letters or Law or the Army or Sport or Politics.

"Congratulate you, Mr. Rector, on the success of your bazaar," he said sonorously. "Admirable hall for the purpose. To my mind nothing is more picturesque than a Sicilian Village. The costumes are so rich."

The Rector of Saint Agatha's was one of those solemn men who don't smile easily, but he beamed with pleasure.

Miss Perry enjoyed herself immensely. The first thing she did was to greet Jim's mother with effusion, and also Jim. The latter, who was assiduously cultivating the commercial instinct, informed his mother that she was sure of one important customer.

"What awfully nice cakes you've got!" said Miss Perry.

She had a small pink one to inaugurate the refreshment stall. Promising to return anon, she then made a tour of the Sicilian Village. In the fancy bazaar, presided over by Mrs. and the Misses Hobson, she made her second purchase.

"Those bed socks are too sweet," said Miss Perry. "I should like to buy them for dearest papa, because his feet are always so cold in winter. How much are they?"

"One guinea," said Miss Hermia Hobson.

"You can get them cheaper than that at Slocum Magna," said Miss Perry.

"Everything at this stall is one guinea," said Miss Hermia Hobson, "except the antimacassars, and they are five because they were out in India during the Mutiny."

"Were they indeed?" said Andover, taking up a very fragile and faded article; "during the Mutiny. That is most interesting."

"Don't touch them, please," said Miss Hermia Hobson. "They might easily come to pieces."

"I think dearest papa would rather have the bed socks," said Miss Perry. "They are too sweet."

Andover gallantly dispersed the sum of one guinea.

Miss Perry's tour of the Sicilian Village resulted in the acquisition of a rag basket of a new and original pattern, which it appeared that Muffin had always wanted; a pocket-knife for Dickie; a fountain pen for Charley; an album for Milly; a piece of lace for Polly; and a box of soldiers for the small son of Mrs. Crick, who kept the post-office at Slocum Magna. A copy of *Persuasion* was purchased for Miss Burden, by the advice of Lord Andover; and a copy of *Law's Serious Call* for Aunt Caroline, also by the advice of that nobleman. He himself was content with an orchid, which was fixed in his buttonhole by Miss Lætitia Champneys, Miss Burden holding the pin. Miss Perry had great difficulty in reconciling the respective claims of a rabbit that was able to roll its eyes and move its ears and a box of sweetmeats. Eventually she decided in favor of the latter. All the same she felt that the

former would undoubtedly have appealed to Tobias. But it might have a tendency to make him bloodthirsty.

Afternoon tea at Mrs. Lascelles's stall to the strains of Chicane's Orchestral Cossacks, who had been specially engaged to appear in Sicily, was a delightful function. The Rector, the Rectoress, the Misses Champneys, and Lady Charlotte Greg all came together to the refreshment stall to partake of this stimulating and delightful beverage. The verger of Saint Agatha's railed off a special table with a cord to keep the crowd from encroaching. It seemed that the Rector's theory of the Grand Duchess had been overheard, and had become rife with the general public. By now it had taken such a hold that Her Yellow-haired Magnificence in the Gainsborough hat was said to be the niece of the Czar.

Andover had a pleasing sense of uncertainty as to whether the curiosity of the public was due to the imperious challenge of female beauty or to the appearance and attainments of the fourth earl of that name. Being a very vain man, he was not disinclined to believe that it was the latter. Therefore, he sat in the enclosure sipping his tea with a superb air, and preening his plumage like a venerable cockatoo.

"He wears a wig," a member of the public could be heard to say quite distinctly.

"Oh, yes," said a second member with an air of information. "The Romanoffs are always short of hair. The late Czar was bald as an egg."

After doing impartial justice to the tea and confectionery, Miss Perry made her way to the Gypsy's Tent to have her palm crossed with silver.

"I see a tall, dark man," said the Gypsy.

"Yes," said Andover, "no doubt about him. But what about a short, bald fellow with a tendency to apoplexy and a face as red as a turkey's?"

"I don't see him at present," said the Gypsy.

"Are you sure?" said Andover.

"I see a tall, fair man, who is young and handsome," said the Gypsy. Jim Lascelles had just entered the tent with Miss Burden. "And I see a tall, dark woman. And, yes, a short, fair man, rich and rather stout, begins to emerge. He is old and appears to have been twice married——"

"Isn't it wonderful?" said Miss Burden in a voice of awe.

"Awful rot," said Jim Lascelles.

"Don't forget the tall, dark fellow," said Andover.

"Yes—no—yes," said the Gypsy; "and the tall, dark man, and the tall, fair man, and the short, stout man—really, I don't remember reading a hand so complex as this."

"It was a tall, fair man at Widdiford," said Miss Perry.

The Gypsy discarded the hand with a gesture of petulance.

"That has spoiled everything," said she.

"We were married at Widdiford," said Miss Perry, "and we lived happily ever afterward, and we only paid a shilling."

"I am afraid shilling fortunes are always untrustworthy," said Andover. "But I should like a little more information about that red-faced, apoplectic fellow."

"They might very easily marry," said the Gypsy in a sinister manner.

"Awful rot," muttered Jim.

Andover appeared to think that the Gypsy was confusing the short fellow with the tall, dark one.

The hand of Miss Burden was found to be less complex. In her future there was only one man, and he was tall and dark.

"I think it is wonderful," said Miss Burden with a charming vibration in her voice.

The exigencies of the case rendered an early return to Hill Street necessary. Hurlingham was already forbidden for the remainder of the season. It would not do, declared Andover, for Ranelagh to be prohibited as well. Otherwise they would be compelled to restrict themselves to Burlington House, to Lord's, and the Circus.

(To be continued)

FIRST LOVE

BY DUNCAN C. PHILLIPS, JR.

STILL can I see, on wide colonial stairs,
A dainty little girl, winsome and gay.
Her laugh echoes within me to this day,
Blissfully heedless of the world's affairs.
I fear that nowadays she hardly cares
To let her hair fly in the old sweet way,
When autumn breezes with brown curls could play,
And my young heart was tangled unawares.

In her bright eyes, how can I think of tears?
Intent on fun and fantasy was she.
Her boisterous merriment was good to see.
I need her spirit now to quell my fears.
Whether or not we meet in unseen years,
The dream-child's mine, for all eternity.

Duncan C. Phillips, Jr.

PRESIDENT ELIOT AND HIS BOOK¹

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK

THE resignation of President Eliot—he will always be called “President”—from the headship of Harvard University makes this book one of especial interest at the present time. President Eliot has long been a very conspicuous and influential figure among American educators, even though he is not, as some hysterical eulogists have styled him, “the first of living Americans.” This sort of praise, though perhaps not disagreeable to its object, is decidedly characteristic of how New England, and more particularly Massachusetts, have always contrived to produce a false impression upon Americans in other sections. One could write, in fact, a very interesting essay upon the success with which New England has partly persuaded many generations that all its geese are swans. It so happened that for a long while the writing-men were, in the main, New Englanders; and thus the importance of their small fraction of the country has been exaggerated out of all proportion.

Take, for example, political history. Millions have grown up with the notion that, from the days of the Revolution down to our own, the New England States have taken the lead in everything and have sent forth Heaven-born guides to sway the destinies of the nation. As a matter of fact, they have given the United States only two men who belong in the very first rank of great Americans. These are Benjamin Franklin (who promptly disowned Boston and left it for a more congenial home) and Daniel Webster. For the rest, we have only the members of the cantankerous house of Adams, fanatics like Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison, or pompous egoists like Charles Sumner. The best men of New England have been men of the second rank—useful at times, but not indispensable. Against them one sets the two illustrious Virginians, Washington and Jefferson; the brilliant son of New York, Alexander Hamilton, and such representatives of the West as Jackson, and Clay, and Grant, and Lincoln. Not one vital movement of our national history since the beginning of the nineteenth century had its origin in the New England States; but the historians of that section have bawled so lustily as almost to deceive the world. Truly we may emend our Horace and read the lines:

Bostoniam expellas furca tamen usque recurret.

All this, however, is perhaps too discursive. President Eliot as a

¹*University Administration.* By Charles W. Eliot. Boston and New York: The Houghton Mifflin Company.

man is an interesting figure and no one will gainsay it. His vigor, both physical and mental, deserves the admiration which it receives. Only a few months ago, at the age of seventy-five, he pulled in a whaleboat for a distance of some eighteen miles. Not long before (so the story is told) a woman happened to faint outside the College Yard in Cambridge. She weighed at least a hundred and fifty pounds; yet Harvard's president picked her up and carried her into the Yard and set her down inside a building there, apparently with no particular effort.

These two instances of physical strength are more than matched by the mental power and force of character which have made Dr. Eliot practically a despotic ruler of the oldest American university since 1869, when he first became its president. He has been adroit, sagacious, diplomatic, or threatening, by turns; but in all the important things he has done precisely what he liked. The ultimate sovereignty at Harvard rests with the few men who constitute the Corporation. The so-called Board of Overseers chosen from the alumni may be regarded as a sort of academic Mr. Jorkins. The Overseers are useful in backing up the president when he is in need of moral support. They are also useful in overruling him when he is anxious to be prevented from doing something which he does not really wish to do. Thus, President Eliot officially was in favor some time ago of abolishing intercollegiate football at Harvard University; but the Overseers would not let him do it—to his infinite relief. How shadowy and nebulous a body the Overseers are may be gathered from the fact that when the Corporation lately elected Dr. Lowell as President Eliot's successor, the new president was fêted and hailed as Harvard's head, and he publicly responded to this greeting nearly a week before the Overseers confirmed the choice. This one fact is eloquent. It is the Corporation which governs Harvard, and it was President Eliot who governed the Corporation until the very last of his régime, when, as is commonly believed, Dr. Lowell was chosen without reference to President Eliot's wishes. This seems extremely probable; since before the election was held, President Eliot in a public speech announced that Harvard was going to have a youthful President, whose growth he would himself be pleased to watch. Now, Dr. Lowell, while not aged, can scarcely be described as a very youthful educator.

The volume now before us is made up of a series of lectures delivered by President Eliot at the Northwestern University last year. It may be succinctly described as an *apologia pro vita sua academica*, giving his own views upon the machinery of the American university—touching upon such subjects as university trustees, alumni influence, the Faculty, the elective system, methods of instruction, social organization, and the func-

tions of the president. To those who have studied President Eliot's administration for many years, the book contains nothing that is new, though it restates in admirable form and with much lucidity the Eliot theory of university government. Here is much with which every sound educator will agree. There are opinions which no one outside of Harvard will accept. Nevertheless, the volume may be read with pleasure and interest from beginning to end. One of the most characteristic things in it is the tone of finality with which every sentence is framed. This suggests a recent story as to the impression made by President Eliot at one of the English universities where he was a visitor, and also the impression which well-trained Americans have of him. President Eliot had delivered an address and had delighted his hearers by the crispness of his phrasing and the stateliness of his appearance.

"I admire Dr. Eliot," said one of the English dons to an American, "for he uses excellent language. At the same time he does not know the difference between 'shall' and 'will.' I heard him say this morning, 'We will have rain to-morrow.'"

"Ah," returned the American, smiling to himself; "but you were probably not aware that he was speaking as Jupiter Pluvius."

Quite characteristic of its author is a passage which begins on page 239:

Thirty-nine years ago a young man who had been president of a university for five months made at his inauguration the following remarks about the quality and function of a president.

Then he goes on to quote from his own inaugural address at Harvard in 1869. After finishing the quotation he adds:

After thirty-nine years of experience in the same office he finds the above description correct.

Now, *naïveté* is not precisely a quality which one would ascribe to President Eliot; yet what could be more utterly *naïf* than this admission that the experience of thirty-nine years had taught him absolutely nothing new. Equally *naïf* is he when he declares that the president of a university should be a strong man with a long tenure of office, but that the head of a department should have only a brief tenure because of "dangers from the domination of masterful personages." Coming from President Eliot, this sentiment is really rich.

There is a passage concerning the relations of university trustees to the teaching staff which ought to be inscribed in golden letters on the walls of every council-room where such trustees are wont to meet. The

passage is somewhat long to quote, yet we cannot forego the temptation to repeat it here in full:

An experienced board of university trustees will always maintain a considerate and even deferential attitude toward the experts whom they employ as regular teachers, occasional lecturers, and permanent administrators. They stand to these experts in an entirely different relation from that in which a business board of directors stands toward its employees. In the first place, the trustees are not themselves expert in any branch of the university teaching, and they are not experts in the policy of discipline of a university. They are completely dependent for the competent performance of the university's main work on the attainments and the good-will of the university teachers.

Moreover, the supply of competent teachers and investigators for the service of universities is ordinarily scanty and irregular; so that university trustees, who seek all possible aids, often fail to find men well fitted to undertake the more difficult functions of university teachers. On this account the trustees may be quite unable to carry out well-made plans, and be forced to take up with inferior or modified designs. Again, the advanced teaching of a university cannot be obtained on a telegraphic order. It must often be long prepared, through years of anticipatory selection, watching, and waiting. It is often impossible for trustees to procure in the market the human article they need, or think they need. From this state of things it results that competent trustees, who are responsible for the university and understand their own situation, treat the scholars who compose the university's staff with great consideration, and try to secure for them the respect of the entire community.

Concerning the elective system, there is a whole chapter with which we have scarcely the heart to deal; since the theme is now extremely trite. Many persons credit the elective system with everything that is good in our American universities at present. As a matter of fact, most of our universities are striving with all their might and all their wisdom to undo the evils which it has brought upon them. It will take years to control the academic anarchy which has sprung from it. It has broken down the old solidarity of student feeling and student sympathy. It has put forth an abundance of "snap courses" that have enervated the student mind and sapped the force of intellectual discipline. There was a time at Harvard when an undergraduate might arrive at his Bachelor's degree after having spent four years in the nominal study of piano-music and in sporadic attendance on the late Charles Eliot Norton's lectures in feeble imitation of John Ruskin. To-day Harvard has a swarm of persons whose duty it is to guide the youth into reasonable courses. This, perhaps, is not so bad for the inferior student; but it impairs the independence and dulls the enthusiasm of finer minds. It is likely that at the end of another fifty years, whatever President Eliot has accomplished will have been swept away with much pain and travail and much dislocation of academic anatomy. For, after all, the real

blossoming of American scholarship is due not to the late president of Harvard, but to the missionary work of those among our countrymen who first discovered Germany and brought back with them a new insight into what scientific investigation really means. But it is an extraordinary compliment to this eminent man to declare that he was able for so long a time to be a dominant figure in the history of American education, to bemuse the minds of so many thoughtful men, and even now to be regarded as a benefactor to the cause of learning, when he was really nothing of the sort. This is not perhaps the sort of tribute which President Eliot is accustomed to receive, yet it represents the sober second thought of almost every one who is familiar with the problems of our universities to-day.

Harry Thurston Peck.

THE FUTURE OF AMERICA

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

WITHIN the past year or two several more or less distinguished voices have been heard mournfully proclaiming an unhappy future for the United States. Paying scant attention to the manifest progress that has been made, disregarding the signs of stability and strength evident in all phases of the national life, these prophets of evil fix their despairing gaze on a few obvious but by no means incurable defects, and find in them ample justification for their gloom-inspiring predictions. Because here and there evidences of political corruption are forthcoming, they dolefully assert that the country is tainted throughout with political corruption; because business is not uniformly conducted on an honest and upright basis, they speak as though dishonesty were peculiarly characteristic of our business life. An occasional outbreak of lawlessness causes them to leap to the hasty conclusion that lawlessness is a distinguishing trait of the American people. Everything is wrong. The nation is hurrying to a fearful catastrophe. Affairs may never be put right, and if they are it can only be as the result of some ghastly upheaval.

Not for a moment does it seem to have occurred to these vociferous alarmists that the ills on which they lay such stress may quite conceivably be remedied in a cool, sensible, rational fashion; and that, to judge from past experience, the people of America are entirely competent so to remedy them. But in thus deliberately ignoring the events of the past, and underestimating the good sense of the Americans, the croakers

of to-day are merely following the example set them by a long line of predecessors. The pleasant business of croaking, it may not be amiss to recall, began as soon as there was any United States to croak about. This was vividly brought to my attention a few months ago, when, in rummaging through some old-time tracts and pamphlets in the library of Harvard University, I came upon a thin little volume published in 1784 and entitled *Observations on the Government and Laws of the United States*.

It was written by the Abbé Gabriel Bonnet de Mably, a learned Frenchman unknown to fame to-day, but in his own generation widely read, and, in certain circles, extremely popular. His speciality was political disquisition, and he fancied himself distinctly liberal and progressive in his views. Nevertheless, he was quick to condemn the democratic form of government established in the United States. "It seems, indeed," he severely wrote, "as if Nature herself, by the unequal manner in which she distributes her favors, provided for that subordination without which confidence cannot exist. We ought therefore to conform to her laws in the establishment of ours, and not assign the power of government to those whom she has destined to be governed." In his opinion, accordingly, America was exceedingly badly off, and things would soon go to smash if the Americans did not discard their erroneous notions, and accept the domination of a beneficent aristocracy. In short, Abbé Gabriel Bonnet de Mably of the eighteenth century, like the croakers of the twentieth, felt cocksure that America could not escape a "ghastly upheaval" if she wished to save herself.

What was the fact? In 1784, just as in 1909, all was not well in America. Distress and discontent were widespread, government was ineffective, trade at a standstill, hardship abounding. But there was no upheaval, ghastly or otherwise. A small body of men came together in peaceful assembly, and laid down a few rules for the guidance of themselves and their fellow-countrymen. To the astonishment, no doubt, of Abbé Mably and those who shared his views, the rules thus formulated failed to provide for turning the government over to a body of aristocrats. Rather, they stubbornly insisted on the virtues of democracy, and provided for popular government in a pronounced form. Stranger still, they proved workable—so workable that, although one hundred and twenty years have passed since they were first endorsed by the unthinking multitude, they are still the law of the land; and, with all due deference to apostles of upheaval, I think I may safely say that they are likely to remain the law of the land for a considerable time to come. Perhaps it should be added for the benefit of "upheavalites" generally that these

rules of such singular workability are to be found in a fairly accessible document known as *The Constitution of the United States*.

They have worked for the reason that the American people, through all their vicissitudes and in spite of strong temptations to worship strange gods, have remained faithful to the ideals so eloquently voiced by the founders of the Republic. Moreover, there is warrant for saying that, side by side with commercial growth, industrial enlargement, territorial expansion, and all else that has gone to the making of the present material greatness of the United States—as so informatively described, for example, by M. Leroy-Beaulieu¹ and Professor Coolidge²—there has been a progressive improvement in national characteristics. Curiously enough, even the most hostile and pessimistic among Abbé Mably's successors bear unwitting testimony to the truth of this. In a recent and highly instructive book, *As Others See Us*,³ Mr. John Graham Brooks has been at the pains of assembling and analyzing the opinions expressed by foreign observers, friendly and unfriendly, from Hall and De Tocqueville to Bryce, Münsterberg, and Wells. Most of the writers have much to say that is the reverse of complimentary, and some of them appear unable to see anything good in America. But the important point is that their grounds for criticism are continually shifting. What one generation of critics roundly condemns, a later generation notices only to point out that the cause of complaint no longer exists. The record is always one of achievement, of reform, and of reform accomplished in a quiet, sensible, workmanlike way. As Mr. Brooks says, "It is a story extremely chilling to the pessimist. It is, upon the whole, a story which gives the lie to a thousand dire prophecies."

To be sure, history not being an exact science, it is impossible to utilize the facts of the past as bases for positive predictions with respect to the future. But when these facts constantly spell progress; when they show that popular government has repeatedly vindicated itself in the face of the gravest perils, it certainly would be wise to take them into account before beginning to despair for the Republic. I wish that every faint-hearted American, whose faith in democracy is wavering, could be induced to read and re-read and then read again Mr. Brooks's book. Nothing more splendidly, sanely, and convincingly optimistic has

¹*The United States in the Twentieth Century*. By Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu. New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company.

²*The United States as a World Power*. By Archibald Cary Coolidge. New York: The Macmillan Company.

³*As Others See Us*. By John Graham Brooks. New York: The Macmillan Company.

appeared in a long time. Especially are its closing chapters deserving of careful study. Here Mr. Brooks rapidly reviews our social development during the past hundred years, and with little difficulty demonstrates that there has been a steady improvement in all directions—even in business and politics. Thus he writes:

The head of one of the best-known commission houses in New York City has in his library documents which record accurately the methods of his branch of business for two generations. He tells me that no one familiar with business can study that record without feeling that the "market tone" has risen. It is not merely that a relatively larger and larger part of business is done on credit that assumes a prevailing trustworthiness in the trade, but he adds, "We are compelled to-day to be a great deal more solicitous about the entire moral side of our dealings."

As high a type of citizen and business man as New England has produced in our time—the late John M. Forbes—said openly that in his earlier business career "things were done by trustees that the public would not for an instant stand to-day, and they were done *without a thought of their being wrong*." As one moves from city to city toward the West, the same reply is almost invariably given. For a good many years I have sought evidence on this point. As older inhabitants will illustrate by their personal observation, the solid improvement in drinking habits; in social refinement; in more varied and wholesome pleasures; in all that touches public and private health; they will also tell you that the political and business trickeries, common in the older time, would to-day excite more instant criticism.

Cruel wrongs have been corrected, grievous abuses done away with, higher standards have been set for public and private conduct everywhere. There has been, in all parts of the country, an ever-growing appreciation of what is essentially right and just and fair.

This I say knowing full well that one often hears it gloomily asserted that the Americans of to-day have departed far from the fundamental principles of the Fathers. It would be nearer the truth to declare that they are acting on those selfsame principles more insistently than ever the Fathers dreamed of doing; or, for that matter, than ever they had occasion to do. Take, for instance, the most fundamental democratic principle of all—the principle which affirms the worth of the individual and the right of every man to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It so chances that, owing to a combination of unwise laws and down-right thieving, certain persons have obtained privileges which seriously interfere with the inalienable rights of their fellows. Perceiving which, the American people, in their usual sane, matter-of-fact way, have set about securing the necessary readjustment; not by "upheaving," not by rioting and throwing bombs at the privileged ones, but by enacting salutary legislation looking toward the gradual abolition of the burdens

imposed by privilege. It is not their intention to make an indiscriminate war on "vested interests," shackle enterprise, and utterly subordinate the individual to the will and whim of the State. What they intend to do, and what they will assuredly do, is to so reform and utilize the machinery of the State as to give to every individual a better opportunity to live a free life in a free country. And be it clearly understood that the American people are not thereby drifting into socialism, as some of our croaking friends imagine; they are steering directly toward a larger, truer, and more efficient democracy.

Says the well-known historian, James Schouler, in his latest work:

"Liberty, equality, fraternity"—this was the glowing epigram of the French Revolution; and though men lost their self-control when seeking to plant themselves for the first time on such a basis of philosophy, that maxim, despite all thwarting efforts, has at length vindicated itself in France with sufficient permanence. We see it to-day inscribed and re-inscribed upon the churches and public buildings of that romantic people, emblematic, like the tri-colored flag, of a rekindled glory. And that triple maxim serves well for our own countrymen, and for every earthly government, in fact, which rests upon the attachment of the people. Liberty, equality, fraternity; not liberty alone, nor equality alone, but the aim to intertwine their progression; nor liberty and equality without fraternity added, for in this sympathetic bond of brotherhood consists the healthy blend of all lives contending for equal opportunities into a strong and harmonious whole.¹

Such a sentiment of brotherhood unites and animates the American people more truly to-day than ever in their history. Nowhere is it revealed so impressively as in the increasing determination to stamp out as far as possible everything that makes for inequality of opportunity—everything that tends to place the poor and the weak at the mercy of the rich and strong. This is not a "class movement." It is not a movement of the "Have Nots" against the "Haves," as has been sneeringly said. It is a national movement, and it finds support even from conspicuous beneficiaries of the unjust privileges which will have to be abolished before it can be successful. It is a movement that extends from Maine to Florida, from Oregon to California, and all across the vast intervening space of valley and prairie, won by the hardy pioneers of earlier years. Nor is there anything revolutionary in it. It partakes in no wise of the nature of an "upheaval." It is simply the logical result of a century of steady progression toward realization of the ideals so appreciatively described by Dr. Schouler in the book from which I have just quoted.

Ideals of the Republic. By James Schouler. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

It is true that no nation can hope fully to realize its ideals, if they be ideals worth realizing; but it can strive more and more earnestly, and approach more and more closely to realization of them. This I emphatically believe the United States will continue to do in the future, as it has done in the past—neither passing into the power of an insolent and rapacious oligarchy, as some seem to expect, nor vainly exhausting itself in an outburst of revolutionary fury, but calmly solving its problems one by one and tranquilly continuing under the guidance of the Constitution along the path of an enlightened democracy.

H. Addington Bruce.

FICTION OF SOME IMPORTANCE

BY PHILIP TILLINGHAST

BEFORE beginning a discussion of a small group of novels which have seemed to us to justify their claim to recognition as "Fiction of Some Importance," it seems necessary to define briefly the sort of importance that is here to be understood. The day has gone by when a novel fulfilled its whole purpose if it succeeded in being interesting. It has become a highly developed branch of literary art, with very definite, although as yet largely unwritten rules of technique. It claims, and at the hands of novelists of importance it justifies its claim, to be taken very seriously as a medium for the discussion of the graver problems of life, and for the study of the most complex relations of human beings. Accordingly, when we speak of any novel as being of "some importance" in the development of current fiction, we are not to think of how many copies have been sold, or how many thousands of readers may have happened to laugh or to cry over its pages—but simply and solely what it has contributed to the development of its type; in short, whether it is important in one of these three ways: in the correctness of its technique, in the convincing treatment of some big, strong, fundamental theme, or in the fearless truthfulness of its pictures of life. Any one of these factors suffices to make a novel somewhat important. But no novel which lacks all three, even though it be the best seller of the year, may rightly be regarded as having any importance at all save as an article of merchandise.

The novels of Mr. John Galsworthy make good their claim to be considered of some importance in all three of the above-mentioned ways. He has a highly developed technique, so cleverly and patiently disguised that the casual reader is quite unaware of the fine art which underlies

even the minor details of his closely knit structure. He has, furthermore, a serious interest in the big problems of life as well as a broad, impressive manner of handling them that compels attention; and, finally, he has achieved that finer kind of realism, which seems as you read so real that you forget to call it realistic.

Many of his readers, of course, will continue to regard *The Island Pharisees* as Mr. Galsworthy's most important achievement. But there are sound critical grounds for asserting that his new volume, *Fraternity*,¹ is a distinct advance upon all his earlier work. In the first place, in its very theme it is the most ambitious, the most serious, the most wide-reaching of all his books. In the London of to-day it asks the world-old question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" It takes up and develops with a sort of epic breadth of treatment the whole range of human responsibility, the whole mooted problem of Who is my neighbor? And all this it does, not in the broad, flamboyant Zolaesque manner, but with a suprising economy of means both as regards stage setting and cast of characters. You feel as you read that you have been looking out over an immeasurable expanse of life and looking upon humanity in the mass through all the infinite gradations of social strata. Yet when you stop to consider, you realize that the whole story has practically been limited to fourteen characters, the whole range of scene to the interiors of two or three English dwellings. In fact, the extreme nicety of the technique, the rare art with which his art is concealed, justifies a rather careful analysis of his structure. The characters fall into two groups: On the one hand, seven characters living in a sordid London tenement and representing the "submerged tenth"; on the other hand, a family of seven charming, highly cultivated people representing what Mr. Galsworthy somewhere in the book has called (if our memory serves us) the "emerged fiftieth." The latter seven consists of two brothers, Hilary and Stephen Dallison; their wives, Bianca and Cecilia, who happen to be sisters; the father of these two women, Sylvanus Stone, a fine, visionary, symbolic figure of unbalanced mind, whom an earlier age might have worshipped as a prophet—who in these practical days is frankly recognized as half-witted; and, lastly, two young people, Stephen's daughter Thyme and a young physician, Martin, whose one hobby is relief of the poor through sanitation. It would be easy to spend many pages over the careful symbolism in this group of seven. No two brothers were ever more unlike than Hilary and Stephen; no two

¹*Fraternity*. By John Galsworthy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

sisters ever had less in common than Bianca and Cecilia. Plainly Mr. Galsworthy would have us understand that brotherhood, the sort of brotherhood he has in mind, has nothing to do with consanguinity. And yet he does not expect the world to accept the wider fraternity that his title preaches; for in the story the man whom he takes as the mouth-piece of the doctrine of universal brotherhood, the man who pictures with impressive and lyric mysticism the sordidness and selfishness of modern life, is Sylvanus Stone, the frail and broken old man whom the world has long since labelled imbecile. The seven characters representing the "submerged tenth" are, first, a little artist's model of the name of Barton; a married couple of the name of Hughes, the wife a seamstress, the husband a street sweeper; a newspaper vendor named Creed, who was formerly a butler, and certain other inmates of the same tenement whose names are not material in a brief analysis of the story. Now, it happens that Hilary's wife, Bianca, is an artist, and in the little model she finds the figure she needs for a remarkable symbolic figure called The Shadow. It happens that Hilary sees in this girl something beside the model; he sees a poor, half-starved, desolate little thing, and he cannot let her drift away without giving her help. But because his married life with Bianca has long had a rift in it he cannot give to this girl even the most perfunctory form of charity without setting in motion a series of catastrophes which should be impossible in a world such as Sylvanus Stone dreams of—a world of universal brotherhood. Because Hilary gives the girl clothes to keep her warm and money to feed her he rouses the jealousy of Hughes, the street cleaner, who has already been persecuting the girl with offensive attentions; and because Hughes's jealousy drives him into a drunken rage, he attempts one day to kill his wife, is sentenced to a month's imprisonment, and indirectly through his absence is responsible for the death of his youngest child. Because old Creed was once a butler he still belongs by instinct and sympathies to a higher class than that to which he has drifted; so, knowing that when Hughes, the street sweeper, is set free from jail he is likely to take vengeance upon Hilary, Creed goes to warn the latter that the little model, who is now the private secretary of the fanatical Mr. Stone, must be sent away where Hilary will not see her any more—and Hilary acquiesces, not because he is afraid of Hughes, but because his wife, Bianca, believes she has grounds for jealousy—still more because Hilary is afraid to trust himself. This, in brief, is the central thread of a complex story woven out of many threads and showing with an unsparing irony how the most sincere and earnest impulses of fraternity are apt under present conditions to be misconstrued and to result in harm. And

behind the tragedies both noble and sordid we hear throughout the story the prophetic note of the half-crazed Sylvanus Stone, pointing out with the unfailing optimism of a fixed idea the joys of that millennium when the existing order of things shall have passed away. This fine old symbolic character lives wholly in a dream future; the present to him is always a part of the past; he habitually refers to it as "In those days." Here, for instance, is a very characteristic utterance:

They have been speaking to me of an execution. To take life was the chief mark of the insensate barbarism still prevailing in those days. It sprang from that most irreligious fetish, the belief in the permanence of the individual ego after death. From the worship of that fetish had come all the sorrows of the human race. They did not stop to love each other in this life; they were so sure they had all eternity to do it in. The doctrine was an invention to enable men to act like dogs with clear consciences.

A book of smaller calibre and yet distinctly worth while is *The Pilgrims' March*,¹ by H. H. Bashford. In technique the book is faulty,

"The
Pilgrims'
March"

being much too long as well as overcrowded with characters. It happens, however, that the author had something to say, and on the whole has said it rather well. Briefly, it is a study of the struggle that awaits a young man who suddenly wakes up to the realization that he is headed the wrong way in life; that he has mistaken his business vocation, his religious creed, his choice of the woman he means to marry. Robin Rivers finds himself in this predicament through having followed the line of least resistance. His father's early death, his mother's straitened means, have made a university career seemingly impossible. There is an opening for him in an old established business house of a certain distant cousin, who is willing also to take him in as a member of the family. He finds himself in an atmosphere of missionary work, revivalism, tract societies, and the like; and being young and impressionable he catches the contagion of religious hysteria and almost before he knows what is happening finds himself a professed member of the Free Church and the affianced husband of his cousin's youngest daughter, Betty. For the time being he has almost forgotten that from earliest boyhood his one dream in life was to become a sculptor; that his one sincere and honest religion was a sort of pantheism, an enthusiastic worship of the beautiful in nature; and that his idea of womanhood, although still rather nebulous, was in all essentials the antithesis of his cousin Betty. His awakening begins one night when, having ascended to his room from

¹*The Pilgrims' March*. By H. H. Bashford. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

a particularly lengthy session of family prayers, he sits alone in the dark gazing moodily out of his windows over a sea of London roofs and notices across the intervening space the dim outline of a woman's form in an opposite window—and, furthermore, notices that the woman, like himself, is smoking a cigarette; that every time he takes his own from his lips she removes hers as though in response; and presently he becomes aware that the glowing end of her cigarette is tracing in the air a series of letters, and that those letters spell the name of Judy. Now, it happens that this Judy is an artist's model, a familiar figure of the Quartier Latin, and at present living apart from the dissolute French artist she was once so foolish as to marry. As a not unnatural sequence of the cigarette episode, Robin makes the acquaintance of Judy, his old ambition for art rekindles, and with it his old concepts of religion, of beauty, and of women. Through Judy he attains the honor, the fame, the self-approval to which his genius entitled him; through Judy, had she been a shade less fine in type, he might have ruined his chances of happiness. But because she is an exceptional woman, and sets his happiness above her own, she gives him only the best that she has to give, the best for him to take—and leaves it for another woman, at a later time, to teach him that what he thought for a brief hour to be his life's tragedy was really the prevention of a colossal blunder. With all its blemishes, *The Pilgrims' March* is a book that forces one to think.

The Story of Thyrza,¹ by Alice Brown, is a story which, although sombre and somewhat painful, cannot be denied a place among recent volumes of some importance. It is the study not only of the New England conscience, but, let us hope, a very exceptional and hypersensitive sort. Here, in brief form, is the problem that Miss Brown set before her:

**"The
Story of
Thyrza"**

Thyrza, in early girlhood, foolishly gives her heart to a man who really loves her sister and has merely been amusing himself with Thyrza during her sister's absence. Even when the man goes away and the days lengthen into weeks she is pathetically sure that he will come back, sure that he will make her a tardy reparation of marriage. Then, when he finally does come she learns with brutal suddenness that he is already married, and that her own sister is his wife. Thyrza leaves home, buries herself in a distant isolated community, where she and her story are unknown. It is there that her child is born; it is there that she succeeds in earning a competence, in making the child a home and

¹*The Story of Thyrza*. By Alice Brown. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

giving him an education; it is there that at last another man, a fine, big-souled man with the will and the means to bring happiness to her and the child, wishes to make her his wife. Of course, he must learn her story, so she tells it to him. But, if after hearing all she has to tell, he proves to her that it makes no difference to him, that he still loves her, still wants her, still must have her, is there any reason why she should refuse? Yes, indeed, says the author promptly; the parentage of Thyrza's child has never been avowed; for her sister's sake it never can be. Thyrza, accordingly, fears that if she marries this other man some shadow of suspicion may fall upon him—and from this vague, hypothetical danger her supersensitive New England conscience recoils. She finds it simpler, more logical, more soul-satisfying to wreck her own chances, to rob her son of the material advantages the marriage offered, and to deny happiness to an honorable man who really cared, than to face this vague phantom of idle gossip, which, after all, never could have seriously hurt anybody concerned. And the tragedy of the book is that you feel it to be true; that is precisely the sort of injustice which the Thyrzas of real life mistake for sublime self-sacrifice. Of the ending of Miss Brown's story it is not worth while to speak in detail. In killing off her hero by a trolley accident just after Thyrza's resolution has shown signs of weakening she simply begs the question. A death by the act of God or the public enemy cuts a story short, but does not solve it. Abstractedly, however, the final result is what it should be. Thyrza never marries—and of course under those circumstances and with the Thyrza type of conscience she never could or should.

A volume of short stories that, although of quite uneven merit, are distinctly of some importance, come to us under the title of *A Resemblance and Other Stories*.¹ In the first place, they tend to support the theory that there is something, after "A Resemblance" all, in hereditary talent, since they are the work of Miss Clare Benedict, who not only traces her descent quite directly back to the family of Fenimore Cooper, but is the niece of Constance Fenimore Woolson, whose novels ranked high, and rightly, too, in the favor of an earlier generation. The story which gives its title to this volume is the least satisfactory of the collection, for it lacks the finer technique of the other stories and seems somewhat inconclusively worked out. The central idea is a rather big one. A man and a woman with a secret sin upon their souls—the sin of having allowed

¹*A Resemblance. And Other Stories.* By Clare Benedict. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

an old man with a feeble heart to overexcite himself to the point of falling dead before he has had time to make a new will disinheriting them—come to London and behold a performance of *Macbeth*, without, as it happens, having the slightest idea beforehand of the nature of the play. The actress who plays the part of Lady Macbeth so far defies tradition as to make the part a sympathetic one, to picture her as “tied to a brute whom she adores and whom, nevertheless, she drags down to a still lower level by her very eagerness to have him rise.” It happens that this is precisely the nature of the guilty woman who side by side with her guilty and half-drunken husband witnesses the play, and for the first time realizes that it is her love for him that has ruined them both. As a psychological study, this story is undeniably interesting. If it were the only story Miss Benedict had ever written it would be sufficient to make us watch her attentively in the future. As a matter of fact, however, there are other and much finer stories in the collection. And one of them is the quite perfect little tale entitled “His Comrade.” A young writer, overburdened with work, is stealing the night hours that he requires for sleep for writing a symbolic play to be entitled “The Epic of Neurosis.” You know at once as you listen to his analysis of his plot that there is already something radically wrong with the young man’s mind; you understand perfectly well the growing look of distress and fear in the eyes of the young girl who is sacrificing her needed hours of sleep to listen to him; you know instinctively that unless something can be done to banish the fixed idea of this absurd play from his mind he is inevitably on the road to that fate of hopeless madness which forms the concluding act of his neurotic play. And this precisely is what the nerve specialist frankly tells Mary Livermore when Manning’s first bad physical breakdown comes. Both of them, the man and the girl, are friendless and alone, living an isolated life in a cheap boarding house. As the doctor tells her, it would be quite different if Manning had any one to take care of him; a regular routine of long walks every evening, with a pause once or twice for a glass of milk; absolute cessation of night work; perhaps an occasional concert or lecture, but no theatre—for that would remind him of the play—and perhaps after a couple of months he might have a chance of recovering. But—and the doctor shrugs his shoulders—since there is no one to care the case is quite hopeless. After the doctor goes the girl sits stony-eyed for a while, staring hopelessly ahead. Then suddenly she has an inspiration. Manning, of course, must not know the truth, and yet at all costs he must be prevented from working on the play and must be forced to follow the prescribed routine. The first night that his physical state permits him, Manning comes back, white-faced,

but hysterically eager, play in hand. And here is what the girl tells him. She, too, has not been well; she, too, has consulted the doctor. She has learned that she is in a most dangerous, even critical condition; she has a frightful, haunting, fixed idea; she believes that she is the heroine in his play, the heroine who knows that she is going mad. Only one thing will save her—long walks at night, plenty of nourishing food, a glass of milk now and then, an absolute cessation of night work—but it is all quite hopeless, she cannot go alone and there is no one to go with her. And then the man, of course, does precisely what she hardly dared to hope he would do. He puts aside his play, and he takes long walks with the girl, night after night, and they drink plenty of milk and they hear concerts and they indulge in endless foolish inconsequential talk—all because the man wants her to forget that fixed idea that she is the heroine in the play, the heroine who knows that she is going mad. And when at the end of several weeks they pay the old doctor a visit together he is able to tell each one of them confidentially that the other one is perfectly well and there is no earthly reason why they should not marry. And he also adds what is quite significant—that he shall always regard the girl as his prize nurse for cases of neurosis.

David Bran,¹ by Morley Roberts, is a strong fearless piece of fiction that belongs in the same class with the author's earlier success, *Rachel Marr*. It deals with the sailor and fisher folk of the southwest corner of England, a dark-eyed swarthy race to whom the idea of blue-eyed, flaxen-haired women is a legend confusedly blended with ancient traditions of nymphs and mermaids. David Bran believes that he loves with all his strong, virile youth Lou Trevarris, the finest, darkest, most attractive woman of the district. But Lou reads his nature better than he can read it. She knows that the love of one woman, even such a woman as herself, cannot permanently satisfy him. She knows that elsewhere there are fair women with blue eyes, and foolishly she tells him of them, and asks him whether, bold as he is with other women, such a woman as that might not make him afraid? And because he cannot tell her she is wrong, she refuses once again, as she has refused a score of times already, to let him make her his wife. And because Lou Trevarris is not the wife of David Bran there is much scandal in the village, and David is thrust forth from his mother's house and forbidden to enter her door until he can tell her that he has broken with Lou Trevarris forever. Had David's mother

¹*David Bran*. By Morley Roberts. Boston: L. C. Page and Company.

stopped at this, there would be no story to write; but she is a shrewd old woman, with a knowledge of the masculine heart. She too wonders whether "fair, white, shining women with golden hair to their knees" might not play an important part in weaning David away from Lou. And it is through her that Kate Poldrew, who is Scandanavian on her mother's side and has hair like sunshine and eyes like bluebells, is brought to the village of Trescas and becomes the wife of David Bran. It is not necessary to analyze any further the details of Mr. Roberts's plot. It is sufficient to add that aside from his usual power of character portrayal the interest of this story centres in the extremely subtle study of a man's emotions when torn between the claims of two women both of whom he sincerely and deeply cares for, each in a different way.

*Houses of Glass*¹ is the title of an odd little volume, so unpretentious in its general appearance that it came near being overlooked. And that would have been a pity, because while one may honestly admit a difference of opinion regarding the importance of the subject-matter of this collection of stories and sketches, there can be no question about their vividness of portrayal and their mastery of technique. The author's name is Helen Mackay. The sub-title proclaims the contents to be "stories of Paris," the paper binding, the typography and, indeed, all the details of book-making are essentially French. The stories themselves are equally unmistakable in their Gallic flavor. Parisian *monde* and *demi-monde* move with uncompromising frankness through its pages. There are several stories that would lend themselves admirably to a brief retelling—notably number three laconically called "Of Sightseeing," and number four, named with similar brevity, "Of a Lesson." They are worth noting down provided you care for the French school of story-writing and are glad to see something of the kind occasionally done with real ability in English. But there are so many English readers who do not care even for the finished art of the French short story that it seems better, instead of analyzing any of these very truthful and sincere and incisive stories, to condense one of Helen Mackay's shorter sketches or verbal etchings—indeed, one hardly knows how to designate them; the author herself has found no better title for the group than "Thirteen Little Things." The first of these "Thirteen Little Things" deals with a certain old gargoyle high up on the roof of Notre Dame which a little old woman living in the church's shadow christened The Thinker. She

"Houses of
Glass"

¹*Houses of Glass*. By Helen Mackay. New York: Duffield and Company.

was, says the author, a fat, jolly old woman, the last in the world you would suspect of having fancies, and yet this is what she said:

That The Thinker had been looking down on Paris for some hundreds of years, she was not at all clear as to how many; and the thinking about it all silently for so long had given its face the expression of all the city's moods, so that he was become himself an expression of it, and his face was the face of Paris.

She talks often, the author goes on to say, of what she saw in the face of The Thinker, "all the while doing some comfortable, homely, pleasant thing about the little room, coaxing the fire, making the coffee, mending the things of her old man, le Vieux, or knitting tiny white socks for her newest grandchild." There was one look in especial, she used to say, of all the others in the face of The Thinker that made her love him. But for a long time she would not tell what that look was. "You would laugh," she said.

When she knew me better, and trusted more to my not laughing, she told me she thought that to the face of The Thinker had come with years through all the mockery and cynicism, a great wistfulness. She said that the wistfulness she saw in his face came from looking beyond; that it was the wistfulness of every one who looked beyond. She said that the old gray gargoyle up there could see far enough, over the river and the streets, to get a glimpse of something that was beyond all the cold and dark forgetting, all the going and coming in the noise and dust, and yet he could not see far enough to know what that something was. "What do you suppose it is?" I used to say to the little old woman.

Perhaps she was threading her needle, or perhaps she was leaning over the fire as she made coffee. She never looked at me as she answered:

"How should I know, I? And what imports it? It does not matter what is the far thing one longs for, there in the beyond, only that there is the longing."

Philip Tillinghast.

THE NEW GRUB STREET¹

PERHAPS it is Mr. Caine's own fault; perhaps he has played the game of self-exploitation a little too obviously; perhaps he has been a victim of envious misrepresentation; whatever the cause may be, the novelist of the Isle of Man has, during the past few years, been regarded with an amused cynicism quite out of keeping with the dignity of his profession and his own achievement and genuine talent. That he has come to be classed as something of a mountebank is not to be denied; why this is so it is difficult to say. Some of his later books have unquestionably been marred by frequent lapses from good taste; he himself seems to have been not averse to standing in the limelight; and to him have been attributed frequently opinions of a more or less radical nature. Yet

¹*My Story.* By Hall Caine. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

these are trifling sins, and the punishment has been out of all proportion. A book like *My Story*, which recalls vividly *The Bondman* and *The Deemster*, and Mr. Caine's associations with men like Ruskin and Rossetti and Blackmore, should go far toward restoring the proper balance.

Two or three months ago certain passages in *My Story* were arousing in England a lively discussion on the subject of the new Grub Street and the lives and rewards of men of letters. In summing up the literary life Mr. Caine drew a picture of his early hardship, which had an effect far different from the anticipated sympathy. He told how he was eking out about two hundred pounds a year by writing for the *Liverpool Mercury* and another one hundred pounds in work for the *Academy* and the *Athenæum*, when he began his first novel. Finding himself crippled by want of leisure he wrote to his Liverpool editor with the result that his salary was reduced by half; but the half that was paid to him was for absolutely no work at all. He gave up writing for the *Athenæum* and the *Academy* from a conviction that the man who wrote books had no right to review books. Finally, for the novel *The Deemster* he received only one hundred and seventy-five pounds. This experience, to Mr. Caine, seemed a "stiff struggle through the dark ways of the literary life, knee-deep in disappointments." The clamor which immediately arose indicated that there were others of different opinion. Men like Sir Gilbert Parker, John Galsworthy, Frankfort Moore, Cutcliffe Hyne, and John Oxenham seemed to think that Hall Caine's case, instead of being a hardship, was Grub Street in a very rose-colored aspect.

That third of *My Story*, which concerns Dante Gabriel Rossetti may, in a notice of this length, be entirely ignored, since it is practically an old book elaborated and incorporated in a new one, and since Mr. Caine has so much to say of other men of letters. One of the first to recognize the good qualities of *The Deemster* was R. D. Blackmore. The author of *Lorna Doone* regarded literature as a sort of by-product, his chief occupation being a large garden which he thought he cultivated for profit, though it always involved him in a steadily increasing loss. His wife used to say that but for the "profits" of the garden they might live in ease and comfort. Caine could never understand Blackmore's impatience at the great fame of *Lorna Doone*.

In all soberness he would have one believe that the success of that book, beginning nearly a year after its publication, was due to a blunder on the part of the public that, coming at the moment of the marriage of the Princess Louise, the story had something to do with the Marchioness of Lorne. And then his joy at the vast welcome given to his offspring was always a little marred by vexation that the public made a favorite of Lorna to the disadvantage of all her younger sisters.

Another friendship which grew out of the publication of *The Deemster* was that of Wilkie Collins. Though Caine knew him well, he knew him only for a brief period. His friendship for Ruskin, on the other hand, was not intimate, but was of long standing. As a boy in the Isle of Man he had attracted the great man's attention by some contributions to a little weekly paper. Later the two met through Rossetti. Despite the dissimilarity of their natures Rossetti had a strong personal liking for Ruskin, and Mr. Caine tells a story illustrating this liking and this difference. Ruskin had a secretary who was a never-ending source of enjoyment to Rossetti and of embarrassment to himself. This was the soldier of fortune who visited Rossetti in the last years of his life at Berchurton.

He was the most impudent rogue it was possible to imagine. He had the marks of the humorous rascal written all over his face, and I remember that he informed me that he had written most of Ruskin's earlier works. One day he told Ruskin that a certain friend of theirs, a painter, was in despair for the want of a large sum—I think a thousand pounds. Ruskin promptly sat down and wrote a check for the amount, and gave it to his secretary.

Time passed, Ruskin heard nothing more of the money, almost forgot all about it, and he and his secretary parted. But calling one day on his friend he found him tramping the studio in a state of delirium.

"What's amiss?" said Ruskin.

"Why, that scoundrel and thief has been getting money in my name, saying I sent him to borrow it."

Ruskin dropped his head but said nothing. The painter's suspicions were aroused.

"Has he ever borrowed from you?"

"Perhaps—I'm not sure—I forget," said Ruskin, looking embarrassed and ashamed.

This was Rossetti's story as nearly as I can remember it, but what is freshest in my memory is the roar of Rossetti's laughter at the audacity of the rascal's theft. That was the Italian in him, and like a true son of Italy he continued, as I have shown, to tolerate the man down to the last days of his life, knowing his character but enjoying his humor. Years afterward I mentioned the humorous dog in Ruskin's presence, and though nothing particular was said, I could not mistake the meaning of the heightened color which crossed the author's face. Ruskin's outlook on life was purely ethical.

In this mass of material dealing with his distinguished friends and acquaintances the pages devoted to the origin and elaboration of Hall Caine's own books should by no means be ignored. The inspiration of his early books was almost entirely biblical. There was the story of The Prodigal Son, which afterward became *The Deemster*; the story of Jacob and Esau, which was turned into *The Bondman*, and the story of Samuel and Eli, which finally moulded itself into *The Scapegoat*.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

The Forum

MAY, 1909

THE ÆGIS OF CIVIL SERVICE REFORM

BY HENRY LITCHFIELD WEST

As It
Was in
the Past

WITHIN the memory of the present generation a great change has come over the spirit of our political dreams. There was a time, hardly more than two decades ago, when the incoming of a new administration would have been accompanied by a revolution in the personnel of the Government service. Any resident of the national capital who is in the prime of life can recall the long period of unrest and uncertainty which, in that city, preceded a Presidential election, the activity of the Government employes in the campaign, the vital bread-and-butter interest which they felt in the result, and the disturbance which followed the downfall of the party which had controlled national affairs. The axe of the spoilsman was swung in every direction. No person was too obscure to escape the fatal blow. As a consequence, an army of clerks who had served just long enough to acquire something like an intelligent acquaintance with their duties were turned out upon the world and their places were filled by neophytes who had everything to learn. The business administration of the Government suffered; in addition to which, the unblushing solicitation of campaign funds was a national scandal. One-tenth of each employé's salary was levied to swell the treasury of the dominant party and failure to meet the assessment was equivalent to writing the death warrant of the clerk. The situation which exists to-day is so different and is so much more creditable to the nation, that it is difficult to realize that the reform was not accomplished without a severe struggle and that its early advocates were derided and maligned. The present civil service system of the Government may not be perfect; it may not accomplish ideal results; it may present some weaknesses and incon-

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sistencies; but only a most prejudiced and obstinate spoilsman would advocate a return to the old conditions. In the governmental offices at the present time there is an incentive to patient and intelligent industry. Administrations may come and administrations may go, but the thousands of clerks who handle the details of federal business remain undisturbed at their desks. They are not harassed either before or after election. They go about their work with equanimity, and the friction and delay which once resulted from constant change is, happily, a thing of the past.

It would seem peculiarly appropriate to give to the readers of THE FORUM at this time a review of the progress of civil service reform, not only because a new administration has just come into power, but also because we have reached the first quarter of a century of the new system. The civil service law went into effect on January 16, 1883, although the agitation in favor of such legislation had begun as early as 1867, when Representative Jenckes, of Rhode Island, favorably reported upon a bill to regulate the civil service. He found an earnest supporter in the late George William Curtis, whose trenchant pen was steadily wielded in favor of a change. "Every four years," Mr. Curtis truthfully remarked, "the whole machinery of the Government is pulled to pieces. The country presents a most ridiculous, revolting and disheartening spectacle. The business of the nation, the legislation of Congress, are subordinated to distributing the plunder among eager partisans."

The Struggle for Reform

Notwithstanding the fact that the conditions at that time were thus presented with epigrammatic accuracy, the public sentiment of the country was not averse to their continuance. When, in 1871, Congress passed an act authorizing President Grant to prescribe rules for admission to the civil service, the opposition which developed was sufficiently powerful to prevent any appropriation for the support of the commission which President Grant appointed; and not only did the latter abandon all effort toward reform, but even his successor, President Hayes, although he had been elected on a platform strongly advocating civil service reform, was unable to make substantial progress. It is probable that all advancement would have been still further delayed, if it had not been for the assassination of President Garfield by Guiteau. It is no exaggeration to say that this tragic event did more for the cause of civil service reform than all the agitation which up to that time had been so persistently indulged in by the advocates of the new system. There was a close relation between Guiteau's disordered mind and the spoils system—a relation which the country recognized and Congress appreciated. At any rate, the record

shows that on the very day of the assembling of Congress after the death of President Garfield, leading Representatives introduced bills for the better regulation of the civil service, to prohibit political assessments and to facilitate the passage of a general reform bill. In addition to this the rules of the House were suspended in order to allow the committee on reform to report at any time. In three weeks the Pendleton bill had passed the Senate and the House by an overwhelming majority in both branches.

From the day when that bill became a law until the present time, there has been no step backward. President Cleveland placed the railway mail clerks under the civil service; President Harrison followed with the letter carriers; President Cleveland, in his second term, issued a so-called "blanket order" which included nearly everything in the departmental service; President McKinley added the Philippine administration; and President Roosevelt extended the system so as to include the rural free delivery, the census bureau, the Spanish War service and a large number of the fourth-class postmasters. The value of extending the civil service has appealed to each Chief Executive, and President Taft will undoubtedly follow in the footsteps of his predecessors. He has learned from actual experience as the head of the Philippine Government and as Secretary of War the vital necessity of divorcing the work of the Government from political influence. In the higher offices, of course, changes are being and will continue to be made, but even in this direction there is noticeably a larger recognition of effective service. There are men now in the Government service who are really valuable assets to the federal corporation. They are honest and conscientious, and the wide experience which they have accumulated saves time and error in the transaction of public business. It may be that the time will never come when politics will be wholly eliminated from the Government service. The adherents of a successful party will demand and receive such reward as may be found in holding official position; but as long as the great mass of the clerical force remains unchanged, no serious injury to the governmental machinery can result; and this is the main consideration.

There is no reason why the Government should not be managed on strictly business principles. It would be the height of absurdity, if the election of a new president of a railroad corporation should be followed by wholesale changes, extending downward to the firemen, the brakemen, the track walkers, and the bridge-tenders. The most successful corporations in the United States to-day are those in which the merit system is most faithfully observed. Take the Pennsylvania

**Business
Management
Needed**

Railroad, for instance. A compilation of the records of the 160 principal officers shows that 150 of them started with the company as beginners. Five of the remaining ten are members of the legal department, where a railroad training is not so essential, and the other five represent exceptional cases which required men with experience that the company's service had not offered. President McCrea started as a rodman; First Vice-President Green as a private secretary; Second Vice-President Pugh as a station agent; Third Vice-President Rea as a chairman on a surveying corps; Fourth Vice-President Thayer as a clerk. Many other railroads afford similar instances, while in the Standard Oil Company, which employs an army of 200,000 men, there has always been a more or less rigid observance of advancing the best men as rapidly as opportunity offered. One of the largest mercantile houses in Chicago now has a miniature civil service establishment connected with its operation. It seeks the men best fitted for the work that they will be called upon to do, and personal influence has been eliminated as far as possible. In this practical age, when competition is so keen and when the struggle for existence is so severe, it is not surprising to find the men who control large enterprises seeking to abolish personal equation and conduct their business with strict regard for meritorious service.

Much has been accomplished along these lines in the Government service, and much more could be done were it not for the fact that Uncle Sam is a niggardly paymaster. There is nothing in a high Government position except honor. The salaries are ridiculously small compared with the amounts paid by corporations for the same character of work. It is this fact, perhaps, that explains why the number of persons applying for Government positions does not increase in proportion to the growth of population. The bright, active, industrious man knows that the Government service offers him no financial inducement. He may devote the best years of his life to this service only to find that he has been rolling the stone of Sisyphus; and he will not doom himself to such an unprofitable existence. Some of these days, when the practical considerations which obtain in every successful corporation shall appeal to the legislators who are responsible for the management of governmental affairs, we will find that every effort will be made to secure the best equipped men for the service of the Government, and that the promotion of these men to lucrative positions as rapidly as they demonstrate peculiar aptitude for governmental work will be a wise investment for the nation. In the past the importance and necessity of managing the Government like a private corporation has not been realized. We are, however, more and more rapidly approaching the appreciation of this fact, and the gov-

ernmental service is, as a logical sequence, constantly improving. There is, unfortunately, a lengthy road to travel before full realization shall have been attained.

When the civil service law first went into effect it embraced 13,924 positions, of which 5,652 were in Washington, the remainder being employed in post-offices and custom-houses, having more than fifty employés. The last report of the civil service commission shows that there are now 221,000 employés subject to competitive examination under civil service rules, not including 6,500 laborers subject to examination under the labor regulations. The governmental pay rolls carry 352,000 names. Of the persons not subject to examination, 8,706 are Presidential employés, 6,846 of whom are postmasters of the first, second and third classes; 29,000 are fourth-class postmasters not yet placed within the competitive class; 12,500 are clerks at post-offices having no free delivery service; 24,000 are minor employés, chiefly laborers on the Isthmian canal work; and 31,000 are mere unskilled laborers in field services in the United States.

The list of places which are now subject to competitive examination is surprisingly large. In the popular mind the civil service commission has little to do except in the selection of clerks. The fact is, however, that there are no less than 600 different positions for which the commission conducts selective tests and the wide range of these places can best be illustrated by a few selections:

- Acting Assistant Surgeon, Public Health Bureau.
- Agricultural Inspector, Philippine Service.
- Aid, Coast and Geodetic Survey.
- Apprentice plate printer.
- Architectural designer.
- Assistant dairyman.
- Assistant engineer, Reclamation Service.
- Assistant plumber.
- Baker.
- Blacksmith.
- Bookbinder.
- Bookkeeper.
- Chemist.
- Carpenter.
- Chinese watchman.
- Computer.
- Cook.
- Elevator conductor.
- Farmer, Indian Service.
- Horseshoer.
- Horticulturist.
- Hydrographic engineer.

The list might be indefinitely extended, but enough is shown to indicate that the sphere of the commission embraces nearly every known branch of human activity. It is no wonder, therefore, that the number of applicants who appear before the examiners is quite large—although when this number is considered in connection with a population of nearly 80,000,000 it does not appear excessive. During the fiscal year which ended on the thirtieth of last June, the total number of applications was 167,391, as against 129,317 for the previous year. The record also shows that during the first named period, 45,837 of the applicants were appointed, while the appointments in 1907 numbered 46,742. These figures are at variance with the general impression that only a bare fraction of the persons examined by the commission finally receive positions.

There is one interesting fact in connection with civil service reform. It has gone steadily forward, achieving real results, while other would-be reforms are still struggling to secure a foothold—the one exception to this general statement, however, being the prohibition movement. Woman suffrage, international arbitration, election of United States Senators by popular vote, a uniform marriage and divorce law, and all the other reforms which have been urged are still far from being realities. In a quarter of a century the ægis of the civil service system is not only over the federal Government, but six States have adopted the system in greater or less degree for State services. New York took the lead in 1883. Its present law covers the services of cities and counties, as well as the service of the State. Its provisions are capable of extensions to villages and towns as well. Behind the law stands a clause of the Constitution adopted in 1894, requiring all appointments and provisions to be made for merit and fitness, to be ascertained, so far as practicable, by competitive examination. Massachusetts adopted the merit system in 1884 and Wisconsin and Illinois passed civil service laws in 1905, the former applying to the entire State service and the latter to the State charitable institutions. Colorado and New Jersey followed suit in 1907, while Kentucky and Indiana have partially adopted the principle in connection with the government of State institutions.

Although the cities of the United States are particularly noted for the prominent part which politics plays in the distribution of the offices, the fact is that the growth of the merit system in municipalities has been much more general than is generally appreciated. Without attempting to give an exhaustive list, it may be well to mention the principal municipalities, other than those of New York and Massachusetts, which have adopted the merit system. In 1895, Illinois passed a stringent law which would be adopted by popular vote of the municipalities. Chicago and

Evanston immediately took advantage of the opportunity, and in 1907 the city of Springfield. Still another statute provides merit system for Cook County, Illinois. The city of Milwaukee came under the merit system in 1895. Shortly afterward, the cities of Seattle and Tacoma in Washington, and New Orleans in Louisiana. More recently it has been adopted in Galveston, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Duluth, Denver, Portland, Oregon, Ballingham, Philadelphia, Scranton, Pittsburg and Norfolk. Under the new commission form of municipal government adopted by the cities of Des Moines and Cedar Rapids, Iowa, civil service commissions have been appointed. Many municipalities have adopted the system for their police and fire departments, among which may be mentioned Baltimore, Atlanta, Wheeling and Parkersburg, West Virginia, Rockford, Elgin and Aurora, Illinois, and the municipalities in Ohio and Wisconsin. The only places where the operation of the system has been repealed or curtailed are Tacoma, Galveston and New Orleans.

If the civil service law means anything, it means that the Government employé is to be protected against imposition during times of political activity. The commission has, therefore, been especially vigilant in prosecuting all cases wherein any Government official has attempted to levy an assessment for partisan purposes. In one case where a collector of a port directed his subordinates to deposit their pay checks in a certain bank, which in turn deducted a percentage of the amount and placed this retained sum to the credit of the local political committee, prompt removal followed. In another instance a man who had been nominated for a postmastership in Texas was found to have asked a contribution of \$80 to the Republican campaign fund from a Government employé and his nomination was withdrawn. In fact, so faithfully has every President attempted to prevent abuses of this kind that even in periods of great political excitement, cases of political assessment are infrequent. When they do occur, summary punishment is inflicted. The story of the postmaster in Utah who was compelled to resign because he intimated to a subordinate that a campaign contribution might aid him in securing promotion, is typical. The records of the civil service commission abound in emphatic warnings to those persons who believe that political blackmail is countenanced by the administrators of the new system.

With equal rigor the law which guarantees the sanctity of the examinations is also upheld. There are innumerable cases of successful prosecutions against applicants who made oath to false statements contained in

their applications. Every effort is also made to protect the public against unscrupulous persons who promise inside information which they cannot furnish, while the theft of examination papers is severely punished. The vigorous and impartial manner in which infractions of the law have been dealt with, has done much toward gaining for the system the respect which is requisite to its success.

It has been fortunate for the civil service system that every President in the White House since the days of Garfield has been friendly to its administration. Each chief executive has done his part toward extending the ægis of the civil service over Government employés. Here is the record:

President Arthur	15,573
President Cleveland 1st term.....	11,757
President Harrison	10,535
President Cleveland, 2d term.....	44,024
President McKinley	3,261
President Roosevelt	17,890
	<hr/>
	103,040

These figures do not show the number of persons in the classified service, for the reason that the increase by mere natural growth has not been included. They simply represent the additions to the list of places for which competitive examination was made necessary, but they demonstrate, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that every President, no matter what views he may have entertained as a private citizen, appreciated and extended the operation of the law as soon as he became invested with responsibility and authority.

**The Executive
and Congress**

The attitude of Congress toward civil service reform was at first antagonistic, and even yet there are many men in the Senate and House who are disposed to minimize the results which have been attained. In the initial period of the operation of the attempts to behead the commission by refusing to appropriate for its maintenance and frequently in the committee of the whole, when no record vote was taken, the anti-reformers would make a fairly respectable showing. Upon roll-call, however, these opponents of the system mysteriously disappeared. Within the last year the friends of civil service in Congress have achieved substantial victories. The law which places the consular service upon a civil service basis marks a long step in advance. The necessity for a reform in the consular service was most apparent. No one can accuse Senator Root of being a radical reformer, or credit him with anything less than great

sagacity and ability. When, therefore, Mr. Root, as Secretary of State, appealed for a system which would "break up an inveterate abuse like that which has made our foreign service to so great an extent a refuge for failure in life, broken-down politicians, unsuccessful business men, and men who have outlived their careers," it stands to reason that the application of a merit test to would-be consuls was imperatively demanded. Instead of sending abroad a corps of men whose only claim to recognition is political activity, we will now have a consular force well equipped and especially adapted to secure a larger share of the world's trade for the United States.

For the first time, too, Congress has decided that the force to be employed in collating the census returns shall be appointed after competitive examination. The bill, as first passed, did not contain this provision and was vetoed by President Roosevelt. It is now to be enacted with the desired amendment. The limits of this article preclude a review of the most interesting debate which accompanied the consideration of the application of the civil service system to the Census Bureau. Suffice it to say, that in taking affirmative action, Congress placed itself squarely on record as accepting the new order of things, and made it impossible for any retrograde movement to occur.

The civil service system of the Government, born in a moment of great national excitement, fostered under adverse conditions and exposed at all times to the criticisms which its unavoidable shortcomings have invited, has now become a permanent and important factor in the administration of federal affairs. Its growth has been remarkable, and its results have justified its existence. In the language of its advocates, it has produced great economy and efficiency, and the public service has been improved in honesty and general character. Unnecessary positions have been abolished. Improved methods of business have been rendered possible and stability given to the service. Superfluous work is no longer devised to give places to favorites. Employés released from political and personal obligations are required to do more and better work. Thus a very great economy has been effected and vastly more is being done in aid of the public welfare and in promotion of the ends for which Government is constituted. It is a great record for a quarter of a century; and if, during the next twenty-five years a still more enlightened public sentiment will see with even greater clearness than at present, that the transaction of governmental business is a practical, and not a political affair, we will have every reason to point to the United States as the model Government of the world.

Henry Litchfield West.

WITCHCRAFT

BY WILLIAM GRAHAM SUMNER

Professor of Social Science in Yale University

IN the first half of the fifteenth century, when the Church considered its victory over heresy complete, the doctrine of witchcraft was perfected. Complaint was made in 1340 that Thomas Aquinas had not stated when witchcraft was heresy. The Inquisition undertook the solution of this question, using the results of the scholastics to sustain the different notions and ward off the objections of common sense until the juristic notion of the witch was developed, which led directly to epidemic persecution.¹ Mediæval philosophy never felt the necessity of modifying a position on account of a concession which it had been obliged to make. It left the inconsistent statements side by side until they became familiar and current together. About 1430, from the confessions of witches, a comprehensive statement was made up of the tenets of the "new sect," as witches were called: the Sabbath, the flight on a broom-stick, the renunciation of God, the scorn of the eucharist and the cross, the worship of the devil, and the sex crime with him, the homage to him, the murder and eating of infants, the various kinds of witchcraft; in short, the entire inventory of witch-traits, which remained the standards of witch-persecutions for three hundred years.²

The old tradition was that witchcraft was especially an art of women. When the notion of sex-commerce between demons and women was invented and made commonplace, the whole tradition was directed against women as basely seductive, passionate, and licentious, by nature. Then the Inquisition made processes of detection and trial by torture, and these were applied against witches. The cruelest punishment known, burning alive, was applied to them. The inquisitors, Institoris and Sprenger, prepared a book, the *Malleus Maleficarum* (Hammer of Witches). A Roman Catholic historian maintains that their purpose was to silence the priests who denied that there were any witches.³ The two inquisitors mentioned had already been at work for five years in Constance, and had caused forty-eight confessed witches to be executed by the civil authority.⁴ The *Malleus* "is to be reckoned amongst the most mischievous productions in all the literature of the world."⁵ "It was the most portentous monument of superstition which the world has produced."⁶ Between 1487 (the date of first publication) and 1669,

¹Hansen, *Zauberwahn, Inquisition und Hexenprozess*, 211. ²*Ibid.*, 416. ³VIII Janssen, *Gesch. des Dtshn. Volkes*, 510, 511, n. 2. ⁴*Ibid.*, 517. ⁵Hansen, 473. ⁶III Lea, *Inquis.*, 543.

twenty-five editions of it were published: sixteen in Germany, seven in France, and two in Italy; none elsewhere. A forged approval by the theological faculty of Cologne was published with it. This won its way for it everywhere.¹ The writers profess a venomous and malignant hostility to women. They present women as extravagantly sensual and libidinous, and so dangerous to men, and subject to seduction by demons.² This is their major premise, which they perhaps exaggerated on account of the deductions to be built on it. It is not now believed that women are more sensual than men, but decidedly the contrary. Chrysostom on Matt. 19 is quoted in the Malleus as if it was he who said: "It is not expedient to marry," and then a diatribe against women is added, which seems, partly on account of the typographical arrangement, to be also quoted from Chrysostom, although it cannot be found in his works. It is added that a woman is superstitious and credulous, and that she has a *lubricam linguam* so that she must tell everything to another woman. That women are deceitful is proved by Delilah. This view of women had been growing for centuries, especially while asceticism was in fashion. The Malleus was intended to be a text-book for judges of secular courts, who were charged to conduct witch-trials.³ In Germany it met with opposition. The witch-persecutors were forced to go back to Rome for a ratification of their authority. This led to the publication of a bull by the Pope, Innocent VIII, in 1484,⁴ in which he referred to the great amount of sorcery reported from Germany. That may show that persecution was then going on there.⁵ This bull, with the Malleus, formed a new point of departure in the witch delusion in 1485. In the bull, Innocent gave the witch-prosecutors full authority in the premises, and ordered the Bishop of Strassburg to support and help them, and call in the secular arm, if necessary. After that, to question the reality of witchcraft was to question the utterance of the Vicar of Christ, and to aid any one accused was to impede the Inquisition.⁶

For three hundred years, in all countries of Christendom, the Malleus was the codex used by jurists and ecclesiastics, Protestants and Catholics. It was a codification of the whole mass of fables and myths, with ridiculous and obscene attachments which had come down through the whole course of history. It is amazing that the male half of the human race should have thus calumniated the female half of it. There may have been some reaction against the equally senseless adoration of

¹Hansen, 475. ²Malleus, 76 (ed. 1576; Venice); Hansen, 482-485. ³Hansen, 495. ⁴Text in I Hoensbroech, *Das Papstthun*, 384. ⁵VIII Janssen, 508, n. ⁶III Lea, *Inquis.*, 540.

women in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, but the *Malleus* supported its denunciation of women by scholastic methods and theological arguments. "It caused on this domain an immeasurable harm to the human race."¹ All the material in the *Malleus* is heaped together without criticism. From the second half of the thirteenth century popular tales and superstitions had been taken up by the Church and incorporated in Christian theology. As a consequence sex-commerce between demons and women had been made a crime. Jurists were now charged to detect and punish it.² Innocent VIII, in his bull of 1484, asserts the reality of such commerce in the most positive manner. "The only result of the school theology of the Middle Ages had been to give to the popular delusions a learned drapery, and to incorporate them in the Christian world-philosophy. This made them capable of dangerous application in the administration of justice. The notion of sex-commerce between demons and women had ceased to be a popular delusion. It was a part of learned theology."³ "The reaction on each other of theological thinking and omnipotence in the administration of justice without any appeal led to the combination of Church faith and popular delusion and produced the witch-mania. Under the cloak of religion and in the name of justice that mania became a senseless rage against supposed witch persons."⁴ "There is nothing fouler in all literature than the stories and illustrative examples by which these theories were supported."⁵ Many persons accused of witchcraft were vicious, immoral, criminals, or justly unpopular; but, inasmuch as there is no such thing as a witch, or witchcraft, they suffered, although innocent of the charge. The total suffering endured under this charge it is impossible to conceive.

The jurists accepted the charge to detect and exterminate witches, and fulfilled it, as it appears, heartily. The witch trials were worse than the heresy trials by the inquisition. There was less chance for the accused.⁶ The system of trial, preceded by imprisonment and petty torture of mind, which wore out the courage and nerve resistance of the accused, consisted in torture which led the victim to assent to anything in order to get a speedy death. Mediæval dungeons are now shown to tourists, who can judge how long an old woman could bear imprisonment there in cold, darkness, and dampness, in contact with rats and vermin. They "confessed" anything. They often said that the devil first appeared to them as a handsome young cavalier, with a poetical name, who seduced them. Scherr interprets these cases as cases in which shame-

¹Hansen, 490. ²*Ibid.*, 187. ³*Ibid.*, 187. ⁴*Ibid.*, 176. ⁵III Lea, *Inquis.*, 385. ⁶*Ibid.*, 515.

less mothers sold their daughters to men of pleasure.¹ "He who studies the witch-trials believes himself transferred into the midst of a race which has smothered all its own nobler human instincts—reason, justice, shame, benevolence, and sympathy—in order to cultivate devilish instincts. Out of that domain which seems to men the most precious and most elevated in life, that of religion, a Medusa-head grins at the spectator, and arrests his blood in his veins. Amongst Christian people, in the bosom of a culture one thousand years old, judicial murder is made a permanent institution, hundreds of thousands of innocent persons, after refined torture of the body and nameless mental sufferings, are executed in the most cruel manner. These facts are so monstrous that all other aberrations of the human race are small in comparison."²

It is a pleasant task to gather such cases as can be found of resistance by ecclesiastics to the prevalent mania. In 1279, at Ruffach, in Alsatia, a Dominican nun was accused of baptizing a wax image, either to destroy an enemy or to win a lover. The peasants carried her to a field and would have burned her, but she was rescued by the friars.³ The Bishop of Brixen, in the Tyrol, in 1485, met the inquisitor, Institoris, when he came to begin the persecution, and forced him to leave the country.⁴ At Arras and Amiens, in 1460, the ecclesiastics suppressed a witch persecution at its beginning.⁵ At Innsbrück the bishop's representative arrested the work of Institoris as not conformable to the rules of legal practice. The questions about sex practice were suppressed as irrelevant, and a protest was made against the superficial proceedings of the inquisitor.⁶ The state of Venice resisted witch persecutions more successfully than it resisted heresy, although it never satisfied the Church authorities. The self-centred and suspicious republic had mores of its own which resisted outside interference. In 1518 the Senate was officially informed that the inquisitor had burned seventy witches in Valcamonica; that he had as many more in prison, and that those suspected or accused numbered five thousand, or one-fourth of the population of the valleys. The Signoria stopped all proceedings. Leo X ordered the inquisitor to use excommunication and interdict, if he was interfered with.⁷

If it be asked what can explain the phenomena of aberration both of thought and feeling which underlay the witch-mania, perhaps the suggestion of Scherr⁸ is the best explanation. The German ecclesiastics were won by the increase of power which the delusion offered to the

¹Scherr, *Kult.-gesch.*, 372. ²I Hoensbroech, *Papstthun*, 382, citing from Riezler, *Hexenproz. in Baiern*, 1. ³III Lea, *Inquis.*, 434. ⁴I Hoensbroech, *Papstthun*, 516. ⁵III Lea, *Inquis.*, 533. ⁶Flade, *Inquis. Verfahren*, 102. ⁷III Lea, *Inquis.*, 546. ⁸*Kult.-gesch.*, 374.

hierarchy. The civil authorities were won by the chance of pecuniary gain. The fortunes of witches were confiscated. Two-thirds were given to the territorial sovereign. The other third was divided between judges, magistrates, minor ecclesiastics, spies, delators, executioners, by a ratio adjusted to their rank. During the Thirty Years' War, when everybody else in Germany underwent impoverishment, witch-judges grew rich. Therefore half the witch murders may well be charged to greed for money. The other half must be charged to fanaticism and credulous simplicity.¹

"Epidemic witch-persecution never broke out except in the dominions of the Church of Rome. It never broke out in the lands of the Greek Church, although in them also the ancient notions about magic were widely held, and the environment contained the same circumstances and forces." "In Servia and Bulgaria there is not even any legend of witch-burning, which is a proof that the Turks did not allow any such usage to come into existence.² Nevertheless, the Balkan peoples had inherited the whole tradition of antiquity and barbarism quite as directly as the peoples of the Romish Church.

The Protestant reformers broke with the Church on one or another point of dogma and morals. They accepted all the traditions which did not involve the dogmas which seemed to them false. They laid great stress on the authority of Scripture, and therefore thought the existence of demons and witches quite beyond question. They accepted and used the *Malleus* as the codex of witchcraft, and they outstripped the Inquisition in cruelty and wrong-headedness. The witchcraft notion had now been formulated and given back to the popular classes with ecclesiastical sanction, and for two centuries it was a part of the mores of Christendom in which all churches and sects agreed. In fact, it was after the reformation-schism took place that witch-persecutions became a great mania throughout Christendom, and especially in Germany.³ Under Calvin, at Geneva, in 1542, many witches were executed.⁴ In Italy witchcraft was confined, for the most part, to mountain regions. In other provinces it was confounded with crimes of poisoning, abortion, or the fomentation of conspiracies in private families.⁵ Luther was distinguished for his faith in the devil. Satan was to him quite as real as God and far more familiar. He saw satanic agency in whatever annoyed him.⁶ Sin and Satan were conjoined; the one presupposed the other. Luther explained a cretin as the offspring of a demon and a woman. He ordered that it be drowned, on his own responsibility.⁷

¹VIII Janssen, 539, 633. ²Krauss, *Volkesglaube der Süd-slaven*, 123. ³Scherr, *Kult.-gesch.*, 369, 372. ⁴VIII Janssen, 546. ⁵I Symonds, *Catholic Reaction*, 455. ⁶I Lecky, *Rationalism*, 82. ⁷Scherr, *Kult.-gesch.*, 375.

Early in the sixteenth century the secular authorities of Protestant and Catholic countries employed their utmost severity for the extirpation of witches, of whose existence and horrible activity everybody was convinced. The cumulative notion of witches was no longer a special possession of inquisitors, but it had penetrated all cultivated and uncultivated classes, and was embodied in a great literature. The fine arts, in their most popular forms, combined with printing, seized on the fantastic notions of witchcraft, which the witches' flight and witches' sabbath offered. These were represented in copper and wood engravings.¹ About 1490 or 1500 Molitoris published a *Dialogus de pythonicis mulieribus*, the conclusions of which are thus summed up: (1) Satan cannot of his own power do evil deeds, but God sometimes lets him do them, to a limited extent. (2) He cannot exceed the limit. (3) By permission of God, he presents illusions of men transformed into beasts. (4) Witch-flights and sabbath are illusions. (5) Incubes and succubes cannot procreate. (6) The devil can only conjecture and use his knowledge of stars. (7) Nevertheless, witches by worshipping Satan are real heretics and apostates. (8) Therefore they ought to be burned.

One of the earliest literary expressions of opposition to the witch-doctrine was by Jehan de Meung in the *Roman de la Rose*, pt. II. De Meung has been called the Rabelais and the Voltaire of the thirteenth century. He was a critic and sceptic. He ridiculed the notions in the current demonism, the witch-flights and "straying with Dame Habundia,"² as well as the devils with claws and nails. He says that some attribute nature's war, storms, etc., to demons, but "such tales are not worth two sticks, being but vain imagining." He refers the notions of the devil's action on men to sleep-walking and dreams. He believed in astrology and hallucinations, which he thought explained the alleged witch-phenomena. He distrusted and hated women as much as Institoris or Sprenger. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries some theologians expressed doubt about witches and witchcraft.³ In 1505, Samuel de Cassinis, a minorite, published a tract against witch-flights as untrue, although he said that evil by sorcery and witch-adulteries with demons were true. This is said to have been the first systematic attempt to oppose the witch mania.⁴ Janssen is able to affirm that the writers for and against witchcraft and witches are equal in all sects and professions.⁵ Bodin, one of the leaders of the sixteenth century, especially in political

¹Hansen, 520. ²Verses 18, 565; 19, 110; 19, 302. ³I Lecky, *Rationalism*, 103.

⁴Hansen, 510. ⁵VIII Gesch. des Dtschn. Volkes, 585. See a list of them, I Lecky, *Rationalism*, 105, and VIII Janssen, 551.

philosophy, political economy, and the doctrine of money,¹ wrote a book² in which he described witch-doings as if upon his own knowledge of facts, when he was, like the popes, only rehearsing the popular stories. He believed that the early death of Charles IX was due to the fact that he spared the life of a sorcerer on condition that he would inform on his colleagues. Kepler, the astronomer, believed in witches. He had great difficulty in saving his mother from execution as one. She was a shrew.³ Opposition to the mania was dangerous. It was a proof that the objector was a sorcerer. At Treves, in 1592, several Jesuits, a Carthusian, a Carmelite, and some magistrates were accused. One magistrate, who had himself condemned many, was accused and executed, and another died under the seventh torture.⁴ Laymann, Tanner, and Von Spee are three Jesuits who, in the first part of the seventeenth century, resisted the delusion, although in vain.⁵ Von Spee wrote his *Cautio Criminalis* because he was especially outraged by the fact that the judges dared not acquit and free any one whom they had tortured, because to do so would publish the fact that they had acted hastily and erroneously. In spite of the frightful treatment to which they were subjected some women held out through the torture and were entitled to acquittal. In the logic of the times this proved that the devil helped them.⁶ Von Spee was born in 1591, wrote his book in 1627, when he was a professor at Würzburg. He published it anonymously. He had been confessor to condemned witches, and was led to remonstrate against the irrationality of the proceedings. "Treat the heads of the Church," said he; "treat the judges, or treat me, as you treat these unhappy persons—subject us to the same tortures, and you will find wizards in us all."⁷ Montaigne had more success. In 1588 he led the reaction in France. He treated the delusion with scorn. Hobbes, in England, followed him. Sir Matthew Hale, a distinguished judge, and Sir Thomas Browne, a prominent physician, held the proofs of the reality of witchcraft to be indisputable.⁸ The former wrote a book to defend the doctrine of witches.⁹ The whole Puritan party was carried into great excess in this matter apparently by their fanatical doctrine of the Scriptures. Witch persecution reached the highest point of cruelty and inhumanity in Scotland,

¹Baudrillart, *Bodin et son Temps*, 167, 183, 494; I Lecky, *Rationalism*, 88, 107.
²*De Magorum Daimonomania*. ³VIII Janssen, 667. ⁴*Ibid.*, 637-639. ⁵*Ibid.*, 654.
⁶I Hoensbroech, *Papstthun*, 551. ⁷Ebner, *F. von Spee und die Hexenprozesse*; Hansen, 445. ⁸I Lecky, *Rationalism*, 128. ⁹The title is *Witchcraft. A Collection of Modern Relations of Matter of Fact Concerning Witches and Witchcraft Upon the Persons of People. To which is prefixed a Meditation Concerning the Mercy of God in Preserving Us from the Malice and Power of Evil Angels. Written in 1661. 12mo, pp. 64. It is very rare, and is insignificant.*

as it seems, and the invention of instruments of torture seems there to have reached its highest point. An iron frame was locked on the head of a witch, upon which there were four large prongs, which were put in her mouth. The frame was fastened to the wall of the dungeon so that she could neither sit nor stand nor lie. A man on each side of her prevented her from sleeping for four or five nights in succession. In 1596 Alison Balfour withdrew a confession which she had made, explaining it by saying that when she made it she had been tortured several times in the caspieclaws (iron frame for the legs heated from time to time over a brazier), from which she had been taken several times dead and "without remembrance of good or evil." Her husband had been in the stocks and her son tortured in the boots, and her daughter in the thumb-screws, so that they had all been so tormented that, partly to escape greater torture, and upon promise of her life, she had made confession "falsely against her soul and conscience, and not otherwise."¹ Stoll² quotes part of a poem by Nicolas Remy, a witch judge, in which he described a woman under trial, who saw devils in the room. The last execution for witchcraft in Scotland occurred in 1722, at Dornoch. The witch rode on her own daughter, transformed into a pony and shod by the devil, which made the girl lame in hands and feet.³

The witch persecutions were at their height in Germany about 1600. They were popular. The crowd enjoyed the executions, and they clung to the notion of witchcraft to account especially for calamities which affected only a few. Hailstorms and tornadoes, which are of great evil effect on a narrow area, were attributed to witches. Barrenness of beasts and women was attributed to witches. If a man got a good crop by careful farming, he was accused of transferring his neighbor's crops to his own ground. Passionate love and hate were thought to be due to witchcraft. The whole life-philosophy as to the aleatory element was built on belief in witchcraft. The crowd treated the executions as a spectacle and hooted at the victims.⁴ Old women, witches, accused young women whom they named of bearing infants from their necks of the size of a finger.⁵ In 1618, witches confessed, under torture, that they had, by witchcraft, introduced fifty-seven bushels of fleas into Vienna.⁶ That such assertions obtained a hearing and beliefs shows that "the minds of men were imbued with an order of ideas which had no connection with experience."⁷ It also shows that pure scepticism, instead of being wrong, is a necessary protection against folly. Sidonie

¹Sharpe, *Witchcraft in Scotland*, 86. ²*Suggest. und Hypnot.*, 429. ³Sharpe, *Witchcraft in Scotland*, 199. ⁴VIII Janssen, 532. ⁵*Ibid.*, 687. ⁶*Ibid.*, 620. ⁷I Lecky, *Rationalism*, 102.

von Bork was a beautiful girl whom the Duke of Stettin wanted to marry. She was of lower rank than he. His family objected to the match and she was put in a convent. At the age of eighty she was burned as a witch, in 1618, women having named her, under torture, as one of their companions at a witches' sabbath. At Wolfenbüttel, in 1591, a woman one hundred and six years old was burned after being dragged over the ground for a time.¹ The trials and torture were attended by degrading and insulting treatment of the accused.² The devil was supposed to help his own. Therefore, if an accused woman endured the torture, it was not inferred that she was innocent, but that the devil was helping her. New and more hideous torture was necessary to solve the doubt. Shearing was introduced by the inquisitors, about 1460, in France and Italy.³ The German writers say that it was too hostile to German mores to be allowed in Germany. In 1679, in the Tyrol, a woman was tortured until she accused her own children of witchcraft. After her execution her son, fourteen years old, and her daughter, twelve years old, were beheaded and their bodies were burned. Another son, nine years old, and a daughter, six years old, were flogged and forced to witness the execution of their older brother and sister.⁴

Scherr⁵ says that it is not an exaggerated estimate that the witch persecutions cost 100,000 lives in Germany, but a very moderate one. Remigius, a witch-judge, boasted that, between 1580 and 1595, in Lothringia, he had executed 800 witches.⁶ "Paramo boasts that, in a century and a half from the commencement of the sect in 1404, the holy office had burned at least 30,000 witches who, if they had been left unpunished, would easily have brought the whole world to destruction." Lea inquires, most reasonably, "Could any Manichean offer more practical evidence that Satan was lord of the visible universe?"⁷ This figure is far more trustworthy than those which are in the books about the number of persons executed for heresy.⁸ The witch-persecutions covered two centuries, from 1450 to 1650. The above estimate would mean that, on an average, 500 were executed in a year. The executions often included a great number at once. Such was especially the case during the century of greatest activity, from 1580 on.⁹ The last mass burning in Germany was in 1678, when ninety-seven persons were burned together.¹⁰ There were notorious cases in which witches under torture had confessed things which the whole neighborhood knew

¹VIII Janssen, 677. ²Hansen, 463; VIII Janssen, 517. ³Hansen, 463.

⁴I Hoensboech, *Papstthun*, 515. ⁵II *Deutsche Frauenwelt*, 167. ⁶Scherr, *Kult.-gesch.*, 379. ⁷III Lea, *Inquis.*, 549. ⁸Flade, *Inquisitionen Verfahren*, 90. ⁹Scherr, *Kult.-gesch.*, 381. ¹⁰Scherr, 382.

to be false. For instance, a woman confessed that she had put her husband to death by witchcraft, when it was a matter of public notoriety that he was run over by a heavily laden wagon.¹ It must be supposed that such cases affected popular faith about witch doctrines, although the popular faith was never directly affected by anything. The belief in witches was due to hysteria and suggestion. The books, dramas, and preaching of the later Middle Ages and the sixteenth century were full of it, and they fed the demonistic notions which are at the basis of all popular religion.² Witchcraft became the popular philosophy for the whole aleatory element in life. This put it into the heads of a class of people to be witches if they could.³ Hysterical women courted the notoriety and power, and loved the consciousness of causing fear, in spite of the risk. Many perfectly sound-minded and innocent women could not be sure that they were not witches. They had had dreams suggested by the popular notions, or had suffered from nervous affections which fell in with the popular superstitions. The whole subject and the mode of treatment of witchcraft is thoroughly popular, and the suggestion in it is clear. Western Europe was overrun by persons who offered cures for all the ills of life, and the cures were always magical or partly magical. No one would have believed in any other. People of both sexes of the criminal, vicious, and vagabond classes enacted, sometimes in costume, what they had heard about witch orgies.⁴ Many herbs were in common use to produce sleep, or visions, or nerve excitement, or abortion, or to cure sterility and impotence. The notion that any desired result could be reached by swallowing something, especially if it was nasty, had scarcely any limits. Somnambulists were often supposed to be caught on their way to the witches' Sabbath. Friedmann testifies, from his own experience as a physician, that hallucinations by night, but waking, occur in the case of elderly persons, especially females. They are nervous excitements due to light decrease of mental power, such as a layman would hardly notice, and grotesque figures or black men are the most common forms of these frightful illusions.⁵ "Witchcraft depended on general causes and represented the prevailing modes of religious thought."⁶ "Witch persecution is a problem in the history of civilization, which, although it may now be regarded as settled, yet has closer connection with our time than one might think, upon only superficial consideration. The elementary notions on which the delusion was based are even yet continued in the doctrines of almost all the accepted religious systems."⁷ Witchcraft issued out of the most ancient

¹VIII Janssen, 633. ²VIII Janssen, 531. ³*Ibid.*, 529. ⁴*Ibid.*, 533. ⁵*Wahnideen im Völkerleben*, 249. ⁶I Lecky, *Rationalism*, 123. ⁷Hansen, VII.

and fundamental popular faiths, and it seized on all which the religion offered and appropriated it. Then it produced such imitations as the perverted mass idea, and the notion that Satan begot Merlin, the magician in the Arthur legend, with a virgin woman.¹ The interlacing of witchcraft with popular world-philosophy and life-policy is evident at every step, and the contributions of suggestion are easily seen. Its combination with criminal purposes and acts must never be overlooked. Private malice and enmity, the desire to extort money, and various political and personal projects made use of the witch delusion. One of the most frightful cases is that of Erich II of Braunschweig-Kalenberg, who, being heavily indebted, turned Catholic, in 1572, in order to enter the Spanish service. He accused his wife and four of her ladies of bewitching him to punish him for his apostasy. His wife ran away to her family home. The ladies were repeatedly tortured to the extremest limit. As they knew nothing, and could say nothing, they were held to have proved their innocence.²

No argument ever made any way against this delusion. Lecky³ thinks that "its decline presented a spectacle, not of argument or conflict, but of silent evanescence and decay." The credit of putting an end to it belonged to a series of great sceptics and free thinkers from Montaigne to Voltaire, who killed it with scorn and contempt. In England this view of it got strong help from the sceptical reaction against Puritanism, after the restoration of the Stuarts. The great men led the intelligent classes to this view, and they led the masses to understand that that was the proper view, just as now all intelligent people treat spiritualism. The Evangelical and Puritan parties kept up the faith in witchcraft. Richard Baxter wrote against witchcraft. John Wesley reaffirmed the faith in it.⁴ King James I presided at the torture of Doctor Fian (John Cunningham) for causing a storm which hindered the king from returning from Denmark. The victim never confessed, but was burned. Agnes Sampson is otherwise said to have done the harm. She went to sea in a sieve.⁵ In 1720 F. Hutchinson's *Witchcraft* was published, in which the author tries to explain the texts of the Bible about witches, and interprets the witches as impostors. He tells a story of an Anglican clergyman, eighty years old, who was executed for witchcraft.

In the reign of Queen Anne the rural population still believed in witchcraft. Addison tells how he and Sir Roger de Coverley visited Moll White and found a broom-stick and a cat. Sir Roger said that Moll had

¹Scherr, *Kult.-gesch.*, 359. ²VIII Janssen, 646. ³I *Rationalism*, 115. ⁴*Ibid.*, 140. ⁵*Ibid.*, 123; Sharpe, *Witchcraft in Scotland*, 64.

often been brought before him for making children spit pins and giving maids the nightmare, and "that the country people would be tossing her into a pond and trying experiments with her every day, if it was not for him and his chaplain." Several witches were executed during that reign. Capital punishment for witchcraft was abolished in 1736.¹ Gibbon says that "the French and English lawyers of the present age allow the theory and deny the practice of witchcraft."²

Witchcraft was a recognized crime in the laws of the New England colonies. There were several isolated cases in Massachusetts before the Salem outbreak. Some of them were very sad and outrageous.³ The persecutions all had a popular character, and all showed the passion and cruelty of which a village democracy is capable against an unpopular person. Cotton Mather stands personally responsible for using his great personal influence, in connection with the Glover case (1688), to spread faith in witchcraft. Increase Mather published, in 1693, *An Account of the Tryals of the New England witches, with cases of conscience concerning witchcrafts and Evil Spirits personating Men*. A doctrine which he formulated and which destroyed some excellent people who were accused at Salem was that Satan could just as well appear in the person of a pious man or woman as in that of a wicked one to work his harm. Therefore, the character of the accused went for nothing. Cotton Mather was befooled by a clever girl, who played on his vanity. While the mania raged no one could oppose it. Those who tried to do so became victims of it. The notion of sex intercourse between Satan and women came out again at Salem. Glanvil and Sir Matthew Hale were treated as great authorities. The ministers were warned to be careful, but they could not deny the reality of witchcraft.⁴ The New England case is especially important because it shows how limited in space and time an outburst of a popular mania may be.

The fundamental notion of this delusion is that men, with the help of demons whom they invoke for that purpose, can do harm, and that the attempts to invoke the demons are now actually made. This notion belongs to-day to the acknowledged doctrine of the Catholic Church, and has its place in all the authoritative Catholic books on ethics. Perhaps it has adherents amongst Protestants.⁵ Leo XIII ordered every priest to read aloud a prayer on the steps of the altar after every mass in which occurs the petition: "Holy Archangel Michael,

¹Ashton, *Soc. Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*, 93. ²*Decline and Fall*, Chap. XXV, note x. ³I Upham, *Salem Witchcraft*. ⁴I. Hutchinson in XXIV *N. Eng. Hist. and Geneal. Reg.*, 381. ⁵Hansen, *Zauberwahn*, etc., 6. On p. 88 authorities are quoted from the Catholic writers on ethics.

throw Satan and all other spirits of hell, who roam in the world to destroy men, back into hell."¹

In 1749 Mia Renata, a nun, seventy years old, who had entered the convent at the age of nineteen, was beheaded and her body was burned, as a witch, at Würzburg, under the authority of the prince-bishop of that place. She was accused of trying to seduce the nuns and bewitching them with gout and neuralgia.² All the old witch doctrines are in the twelve findings of the court. In 1756 a fourteen-year-old girl was beheaded as a witch at Landshut, in Bavaria. She had made a wager with the devil. In 1782, at Glarus, in Switzerland, a maid-servant was executed for witchcraft. She had given pinseed to a child, which germinated in its stomach so that it spat pins. The last witch execution in Germany was in 1775, a woman charged with carnal intercourse with Satan.³ In Poland and Hungary witch persecutions continued until the end of the eighteenth century.⁴ In 1672 Colbert directed the judges in France to receive no accusation of sorcery against any one,⁵ but in 1718 the Parliament of Rouen burned a man for that crime.⁶ In 1781 the inquisition burned a witch at Seville for making a pact with Satan and practising fornication with him.⁷ "Incredible to relate, on the 22d of April, 1751, a rabble of about 5,000 persons beset the workhouse at Tring, in Hertfordshire, where, seizing Luke Osborne and his wife, two persons suspected of witchcraft, they ducked them in a pond till the old woman died. After which, her corpse was put to bed to her husband by the mob, of whom only one person was hanged for this detestable outrage."⁸ The last law about witchcraft in the British Islands was an Irish statute, which was not repealed until 1821.⁹ In 1823 a court in the island of Martinique condemned a man to the galleys for life for "vehement suspicion" of sorcery.¹⁰ In 1863 an old man was put to death by a mob, as a wizard, at Essex, England.¹¹ In 1873 a witch was burned in Spanish South America.¹² In 1874, in Mexico, several persons were publicly burned as sorcerers. In 1885 Christian negroes in Hayti practised the old rites of sorcery, killing and eating children.¹³ In the early history of Illinois some negroes were hanged at Cahokia for witchcraft.¹⁴ Many modern cases are collected in XLVII *Popular Science Monthly*, 73. In 1895 a woman was tortured to death, as a

¹I Hoensbroech, *Papstthun*, 358. ²Scherr, *Kult.-gesch.*, 384 and Appendix.

³I Hoensbroech, *Papstthun*, 551. ⁴Scherr, *Kult.-gesch.*, 387. ⁵I Lecky, *Rationalism*, 117. ⁶*Ibid.*, 118. ⁷Hansen, *Zauberwahn*, 532. ⁸Sharpe, *Witchcraft in Scotland*, 176. ⁹I Lecky, *Rationalism*, 70. ¹⁰I Lea, *Inquis.*, 561. ¹¹I Lecky, *Rationalism*, 139.

¹²VII *Umschau*, 241. ¹³XLVII *Globus*, 252, 264. ¹⁴Reynolds, *Illinois*, 51; date not given.

witch, by her relatives in Tipperary, Ireland.¹ An Associated Press dispatch of July 11, 1897, described the act of two men, in Mexico, who dragged a woman eighty years old to death, tied to their horses by the feet, for bewitching the sister of one of them. In Lyme, Conn., in October, 1897, a band of religious fanatics attempted to drive the devil out of a rheumatic old woman by bruising and immersing her.² The *Birmingham Post*, quoted by the *New York Times*, October 17, 1898, shows popular faith in witchcraft now. In a cablegram in the *New York Times*, December 14, 1900, it was stated that an Italian in London burned a pin-studded wax image of President McKinley on the steps of the American Embassy. In 1903 a mountaineer in North Carolina, whose wife could not make the butter come, thought that a neighboring woman had bewitched the milk. He pinned up a portrait of her on the wall and shot a silver bullet through it.³

These cases show that belief in witchcraft is not dead. It is latent, and may burst forth anew at any moment. "The difference [from age to age] is not so much in the amount of credulity as in the direction it takes."⁴ At the present day it is in politics. Lecky thought that the cause of persecution was the intensity of dogmatic opinion.⁵ That may be a cause. No man is tolerant about anything about which he cares very much, and in regard to which he thinks that he has "the truth." Struggles for political power, however, cause even intenser rage. It is political faction which, in the future, may return to violent repression of dissent. In the history of city after city we meet with the intensest rancor between classes and factions, and we find this rancor producing extremes of beastly cruelty, when interest seems to call for it. Socialism is, in its spirit and programme, well capable of producing new phenomena of despotism and persecution in order to get or retain social power. Anarchists who are fanatical enough to throw bombs into theatres or restaurants, or to murder kings and presidents just because they are such, are capable of anything which witch-judges or inquisitors have done, if they should think that party success called for it. If bad times should come again upon the civilized world, through over-population and an unfavorable economic conjuncture, popular education would decline, and classes would be more widely separated. It must then be expected that the old demonism would burst forth again, and would reproduce the old phenomena.

William Graham Sumner.

¹*N. Y. Times*, March 31 and April 7, 1895. ²*N. Y. Times*, October 26, 1897.

³*Harper's Mag.*, No. 637. ⁴I Lecky, *Rationalism*, 101. ⁵II, *Rationalism*, 39.

THE RHYTHMIC RELATION OF PROSE AND VERSE

BY BRIAN HOOKER

ANY attempt to discuss the purely technical side of Literature—that science of sheer writing which underlies the art of Letters—must unfortunately face at the outset the obligation of showing that any such science exists. For the Art of Writing has been for hundreds of years in an anomalous position toward its own technique. Nobody thinks of disputing the foundation of Sculpture upon Anatomy, of Painting upon Perspective, or of Music upon Harmony and Counterpoint. But any one speaking of Euphony, or of Phrasing, or of the technicalities of Rhythm and Metre, as well among scholars as among laymen, is likely to be met at the outset with some such question as: “Do you suppose Milton ever thought about all that while he was writing?” A parallel question would be: “How much did Michael Angelo think about Anatomy while he was carving the *Moses*?” And the answer to one would be the answer to both. Certainly before a great power of expression is attained in any art, the technical means to that expression must through long mastery have become subconscious; but they must first have been learned. Schools of Art and schools of Music are matters of course; but there has been no analogous school of Literature since the times of Greece and Rome. Literary artists have seldom even studied personally under earlier masters; and the young writer must, except for the mere rudiments of Rhetoric, learn his craft alone from an undirected study of the works of great men before him. It is as if Rodin had had no other teaching than a sight of the galleries of Europe, and his own impulse to find out how other men had expressed themselves in stone, that he might in his own way do likewise. And this is perhaps the reason for the uncertain state of the whole study of the technical in Literature. In such a discussion as the present, therefore, it is necessary, even at the risk of truism, to go back to first principles; and to begin the consideration of Rhythm in Prose and Verse by calling attention to the natural rhythm of our ordinary speech.

In the perusal of the preceding paragraph, the reader has unconsciously stressed certain syllables according to the accent of the words and the emphasis of the sentences. He has also divided each sentence into phrases, by making short pauses here and there, as indicated by the

punctuation or by the sense. Probably he has read the last sentence in this way:¹

In such a discussion as the present, therefore,
 it is necessary even at the risk of truism
 to go back to first principles;
 and to begin the consideration of Rhythm in Prose and Verse
 by calling attention to the natural rhythm of our ordinary speech.

Moreover, he has with equal unconsciousness read so as to bring out the accented syllables at approximately equal intervals of time; and since they are separated by unequal numbers of unaccented syllables, he has read, now faster, now more slowly, hurrying or delaying the weaker syllables that the accents may with regularity march by. Thus he has read the words *first principles* in about the same time as the words *and to begin the consideration*; because in each case he has passed over two stresses. That is, he has read the sentence rhythmically. The rhythm of the English language, then, is an accentual rhythm like the beating of the heart, consisting of the recurrence of stresses at sensibly equal intervals of time: as distinguished from the quantitative rhythm of breathing, which consists of actions occupying equal durations of time.

Lest the above sentence may seem to have been purposely made very rhythmical, let us examine a passage of really fine Prose from the English Bible:

Remember now thy Creator, in the days of thy youth, when the evil
 days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say: I have
 no pleasure in them; when the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the
 stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain; in the
 day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men
 shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few,
 and they that look out of the windows be darkened.

Evidently this is as much more rhythmical than the preceding as it is more sonorously delightful to the ear. There is more balance between the successive phrases, the pauses are more marked and are distributed at more even intervals, and there is less abrupt disparity in the number of syllables between the stresses. The accent recurs oftenest on the

¹The marks \cup and $-$ are used throughout this article only to indicate the presence and absence of stress: they are not to be understood as indicating the quantity of syllable.

third syllable from the preceding; but this recurrence is by no means regular, nor is it permitted to continue long without interruption; and the number of syllables between the stresses ranges from none to four. It would seem, then, that as Prose becomes more regularly rhythmical it becomes more harmonious; but this is not the whole truth.

It will add to the value of the paper submitted, if the cost to the company of the service to the consumer, and the relation between the actual cost to the company of rendering the service, and the charge to the consumer for the same, be considered.

This is almost unendurably hideous: it sets the teeth on edge. But it is only one degree more regular than the foregoing. Here the accent recurs almost uniformly on every fourth syllable; but every now and then it drops back to the third, only to return to the fourth again, or to alternate a while between the two. Moreover, three of the four phrases contain the same number of accents, arranged in somewhat the same way. It sounds as if it ought somehow to be Verse, but it is too uneven; it is quite clearly intended for Prose, but it is too regular. So that its effect is at once an irritating monotony and a still more irritating suggestion of metrical form which it constantly fails to fulfil.

If now we go a step farther, and alter as follows the first part of the passage from Ecclesiastes, we shall have not Prose but Verse:

Remember thy Creator now, in youth,
While yet the evil days come not, nor years
When thou shalt say: I have no joy in them.

What is the difference? In the original sentence there was no regular arrangement of stresses: to pronounce them with regularity it was necessary now to hurry, now to delay. In the altered sentence, the stresses recur at regularly equal intervals of space, alternating with unstressed syllables. From Prose which is rhythmical the sentence has become Verse which is rhythmical and metrical. For metre, in English, is the regular arrangement of stressed and unstressed syllables. That is, the passage may now be scanned, or divided into feet, or combinations of stress and rest which recur regularly, and a certain number of which go to each line.

But there is another difference. Every syllable accented in the original Prose is also accented where it occurs in the metrical version; but the syllables *thy*, *thou*, *have*, and *them*, slurred over without accent in the Prose, bear in the Verse the accents of the feet in which they occur.

These latter are indeed much weaker than the others; yet in the natural reading of the lines their presence is quite evident, and their strength sufficient for carrying on the beat of the metre. This is partly because these words, weak as they are, follow in every case a syllable still weaker, so that their stress is strengthened by contrast; and partly because in each case the regular movement of the metre has led the ear to expect an accent at a certain point, so that it accepts these weak stresses as sufficient. Compare, for instance, the pronunciation of the word *melancholy* in the sentence "He was truly a melancholy sight," and in Milton's line:

These pleasures, Melancholy, give

In the first case, only one accent is heard—that upon the first syllable; in the second, there are clearly two accents—the original prose accent upon the first syllable and a weaker secondary accent upon the third. Now, in Prose these weaker accents are slurred over, obliterated by the sturdy irregular march of the rhythm so that their presence is hardly noticed—although they are still there, as may be seen by trying to pronounce any polysyllable with one accent and only one; but in Verse the feeblest secondary accent may be *metrically* equivalent to a strong prose accent, because that regular arrangement of the stresses which constitutes Metre makes the ear expect an accent at that place, and accept the weak stress as satisfactory.

Throughout our metrical version from Ecclesiastes, we have preserved unvaried that regular alternation of stress and rest which is the normal scansion of English Iambics. The lines are thus rigidly and normally metrical. But in a passage of any length such icy regularity as this would become faultily faultless.

These roving mists that constant now begin
To smoke along the hilly country, these
With weighty rains and melted Alpine snows
The mountain-cisterns fill, those ample stores
Of water, scooped among the hollow rocks,
Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,
And there unfailing wealth the rivers draw.

A little examination will reveal two causes for the pedestrian monotony of these lines: as we have suggested already, the scansion is wearily regular; and furthermore, the stresses are all strong, and all of nearly equal force. If we change the order of words about so as to make Prose of the passage we shall observe that nearly all the stresses fall upon the same syllables as before: they are nearly all Prose accents. In more vigorous Verse there would be more variety.

There lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
 Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
 The swimming vapor slopes athwart the glen,
 Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,
 And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand
 The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down
 Hang rich in flowers; and far below them roars
 The long brook, falling thro' the cloven ravine
 In cataract after cataract to the sea.

Evidently this contains a number of irregularities. Sometimes the stresses are momentarily crowded together, two or even three successive syllables being stressed alike, as, for example, *puts forth* and *the long brook falling*. Sometimes, on the other hand, the accents are pushed abnormally far apart, two syllables instead of one intervening between them, as in the last line. Moreover, the accents themselves are by no means all of equal intensity; they range from the full force of Prose stresses down to the feeble secondary accents of prepositions and of the final syllable of *lovelier*; and the influence of their context upon these weaker stresses may be observed by comparing the force of the word *to* in *from pine to pine* and *to the sea*. Again, not only are the accents varied in strength, but the stronger and weaker ones are variously arranged so that no two lines have precisely the same cadence. This passage, then, is far less rigidly metrical than the former. In this the normal alternation of stress and rest predominates indeed, and is everywhere suggested to the ear; but it is constantly and sharply departed from. And surely there can be no question which of the two is the nobler and more harmonious Verse. It would appear, therefore, that just as Prose gains as it becomes more regular in rhythm, so Verse gains as it becomes less regular.

Yet here again this is not the whole truth. For just as Prose through too much regularity degenerates into a jingle, so Verse by too much freedom degenerates into jargon.

But I have better words than you. Look here
 I'll show you what the earth is.
 You see a girl only? I say I am
 The earth's disguise. She has left to be hills,
 And to go in her ways of beautiful strength,
 But hither on this errand, for your loved love,
 Came out of being Spring.

This is quite clearly intended for Verse; but it will not scan. The stresses are so irregularly placed that their normal alternation is not merely varied but obliterated. It seems maddeningly like Prose; but

it is not Prose. Again, the metre is not only obscure but ambiguous: one is tempted to read

She has left to be hills
And to go in her ways of beautiful strength.

Whereas the context makes it plain that the alternating scansion of Blank Verse is the one intended.

The ultimate structural relation between Prose and Verse, therefore, is this: that each gains in beauty as it approaches the other, just so far as each clearly retains its own distinctive character. Prose, which is rhythmical, becomes more effective, more sonorously emphatic in the presentation of its meaning, as it becomes more regular in its rhythm, more like Verse: and Verse, which is characteristically metrical, becomes more vigorous in its harmony as it approaches the free irregularity of Prose. This holds true, however, only so long as Prose avoids the predominance of a single rhythmic pattern, only so long as Verse keeps its normal scansion unmistakably present to the ear. The moment the one loses its freedom and becomes almost metrical, the moment the other breaks its bounds and becomes almost unmetrical, chaos is come again: and the result is neither Prose nor Verse, but that kind of horrible sing-song whose hybrid nature we have already illustrated. If you read aloud the two examples of this type, there may be some doubt in the mind of the hearer as to which is meant for Prose, which for Verse; but there can be none that, whatever they are, they are both very bad. The finest Prose and the noblest Verse resemble each other as nearly as the law of their different natures will allow: another step, and they plunge together from the sublime to the ridiculous.

The harmony of good Verse, then, lies in its continual variation from the normal scansion which it nevertheless constantly suggests and keeps alive to the ear; which it emphasizes by its very departure therefrom, as the chain is more emphasized when the dog is rearing and yelling at the end of it than when he is lying quietly within its length. In all the examples here given the normal foot is the Iambus \sim —; and the normal line consists of five such feet.

The swim/ming va/por slopes/athwart/the glen/

From this scansion the verse varies, as we have seen, by the alternative use of weaker stresses, and by occasionally crowding the stresses closer together or shifting them farther apart. But always there are five feet in a line, and among these the normal Iambus predominates. With this in mind we are ready to consider the final element in the relation

of Prose and Verse, the element which chiefly distinguishes between the different treatments of the same verse-form by different poets, the principle which comes nearest to being the essential secret of good versification: the element of Phrasing.

Tennyson once said in reply to those who objected to the complexity of his verse: "If they would only read it naturally, like Prose, it would all come right." Let us now examine the passage already quoted from his *Oenone*, reading it not merely like Prose, but precisely as if it were Prose.

There lies a vale in Ida,
 lovelier than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
 The swimming vapor slopes athwart the glen,
 puts forth an arm,
 and creeps from pine to pine,
 and loiters, slowly drawn.
 On either hand,
 the lawns and meadow-ledges midway down hang rich in flowers;
 and far below them roars the long brook,
 falling thro' the cloven ravine
 in cataract after cataract to the sea.

This prose-analysis of the quotation differs from its metrical analysis in two respects: first, we disregard all but the strong "prose" accents; for in reading Prose the weaker stresses are, as we have seen, slurred over and unheard; secondly, we divide not into lines and feet, but only where the meaning demands a pause; that is, we divide only into phrases. The word *phrase* is here used not in its grammatical sense, but as meaning a portion of Prose included between pauses. Now comparing the prose-structure of the passage with its verse-structure, we may note several differences. In the first place, the phrases are not conterminous with the lines; on the contrary, there is a studied irregularity in the relative positions of line and phrase; and furthermore, the phrases themselves vary widely in length. Again, the individual phrases, read as portions of Prose, are themselves rhythmical; and, as in good Prose, there is great variety in the rhythms of the different phrases. Finally, the rhythms of the phrases are, for the most part, anything but Iambic: in so far as they approach metre at all many of them exhibit some movement strongly contrasted with the Iambic movement of the verse.

Now read the above aloud as a passage of connected Prose: that is, slurring over the weaker stresses, and pausing only between the phrases. Evidently, it has all the qualities of good Prose—the irregular spacing of the stresses, the varying length and cadence of the phrases, even the quality of constantly and variously approaching metre without ever overstepping the boundary. Good Verse, then, it would seem, is not merely something different from Prose. It is prose, good prose—and something more. Taking into account the weaker accents, and dividing it arbitrarily at fixed intervals, we perceive its metrical form, its scansion. But further: we have seen that the relative arrangement of line and phrase is carefully irregular, so that a line generally ends within a phrase, a phrase within a line; and that the rhythm of a phrase is often strongly contrasted with the normal scansion of the verse. There is thus a perpetual contrast and conflict between the division into phrases and the division into lines, between the metrical Iambic line and the various unmetrical prose-rhythms of the phrases. In this conflict the metre must always be uppermost. The moment the phrase-rhythm becomes too regular and pronounced, that moment the line seems to scan in two ways, the subconscious ear loses track of the normal metrical beat, and chaos is come again. The moment the arbitrary pause at the end of the line is obliterated by too much smoothness of overrunning, that moment the ear loses track of the division into lines, and the result is only bad Prose. But so long as the balance is held, and the equilibrium of the scansion preserved, the verse gains enormously in vigor and sweep and freedom by the harmonious clash of opposing rhythms. Its metrical bondage is enhanced by opposition, and it seems beautifully to read at once as Prose and as Verse.

To make this clearer, let us examine more in detail the phrasing of the passage just given. The first phrase is in complete unison with the metre, that the scansion may at the outset be firmly established in the ear. Then comes a long sinuous phrase whose rhythm, strongly opposed to the scansion, marks the prevailing movement of the phrasing throughout the paragraph. It suggests the Pæonic metre so familiar in Mr. Kipling's poetry—

Calling to the Angels and the souls in their degree—

This same rhythm is faintly echoed at the end of the following phrase. Then, lest the scansion be lost, the phrasing for the next two lines runs side by side with it, varied only by the frequent pauses and the balance of the short phrases among themselves. Finally the phrase-rhythm rises to a climax, breaking away from the scansion, falling back a little,

then leaping further away, until at last the brook tumbles down the rocks in a burst of reckless rhythm thoroughly unmetrical in character. It is noteworthy that this violently individual phrase is made to coincide in position with a line, whereas the shorter phrases above, which have no rhythm apart from the scansion, are the most variously placed. Thus the two conflicts between metre and phrasing—the conflict of rhythm and the conflict of position—are alternately brought into play.

In the above, the conflict of phrase and metre, though clearly perceptible, is delicate and subdued: the phrases are held in rigid subjection, that the verse may remain fittingly peaceful in effect. But a far greater latitude than this is possible without oversetting scansion. The phrasing of the following passage, for example, is a series of furious outbursts and sudden lulls:

He spoke; and to confirm his words, out flew
 Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
 Of mighty Cherubim. The sudden blaze
 Far round illumined Hell. Highly they raged
 Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms
 Clashed on their sounding shields the din of war,
 Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.

He spoke;
 and to confirm his words
 out flew millions of flaming swords,
 drawn from the thighs of mighty Cherubim.
 The sudden blaze far round illumined Hell.
 Highly they raged against the Highest,
 and fierce with grasped arms,
 clashed on their sounding shields the din of war
 hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.

Especially noticeable and very characteristic of Milton are the metrical fifth phrase, in itself a Heroic Line, but brought into skilful conflict with the scansion by being divided between two lines; and the curious double cadence made by alternating similar short phrases of conflict and unison in the last two lines.

But the Prose of the phrases must be good prose; that is, it must not, on the one hand, be flat and colorless in rhythm, nor on the other overpass the bounds of metre. For, the moment a phrase-rhythm develops an absolute scansion of its own, the conflict is no longer between rhythm and metre, but between one metre and another. Consider, for

instance, the phrasing of a portion of the horrible example given earlier in this article.

She h̃s l̃ft t̃ b̃ h̃lls,
and t̃ gõ iñ h̃r w̃ys ǒ b̃aut̃f̃ul str̃ngth. . . .

This, unfortunately, scans: therefore the Verse does not. The other extreme may be observed in the quotation from Thomson's *Seasons*, where the only conflict is a slight conflict of position, and the phrases toddle timidly along beside the scansion, hardly daring to call their rhythms their own.

This counterpoint of struggling and contrasted rhythms, so important a part of the structural beauty of Music, is perhaps the most important element in the musical beauty of Verse; but hardly less important is the second aspect of the strife between phrasing and scansion, that relative arrangement of line and phrase which determines the position of the pauses. At the end of every line of Verse, in whatever form, there is a slight arbitrary pause while the eye travels back to the beginning of the next line and the subconscious ear measures the length of the line just read. By this the reader, without any conscious counting of the feet, compares the length of corresponding or successive lines, and becomes pleasantly conscious of the metrical form without distracting his attention from the thought. It is easier and more natural to apprehend the form of a poem by lines, which are fixed as to length and sequence, than by feet, which are constantly varied by abnormal positions of their stresses and by the fluctuating intensity of the stresses themselves. In ordinary reading, therefore, one does not scan: one senses the verse-form as a series of lines bearing to one another a certain relation of length, rhythm, and arrangement. Of the metre one notes only the general sensuous effect: and only therefore is it possible for a person without knowledge of Prosody to read poetry with appreciation, just as without understanding Harmony one may yet enjoy music. It is to this end that poetry is printed in lines; and the *raison d'être* of Rime is to mark the ends of the lines melodiously and without monotony.

That the reader shall be aware of the division into lines as the poem proceeds is, then, of primary importance. But it is only less important that this division shall not obtrude itself upon his attention so as to interfere with his concentration upon the meaning of what he reads. And this obtrusion takes place alike when the ends of the lines are so emphasized as to produce an irritating monotony, or so obliterated that he must scan in order to follow the metre. This necessity becomes very

evident in hearing Verse read aloud. There is little to choose between the reader who separates the lines with a sing-song iteration and the reader who (like many modern actors) runs the lines together until the Verse sounds like over-regular Prose. The form, in short, must subserve the sense by being perceptible subconsciously: neither allowing the observer to become unconscious of it, nor forcing itself upon his consciousness. Of course, this general principle underlies all Prosody, and, indeed, the technique of every art. But it applies with particular force to the pause at the end of the line in Verse, because, as we have seen, it is by these pauses that the verse-form is apprehended in ordinary reading.

It is necessary, therefore, that the normal pause at the end of each line, like the normal beat of the metre, shall be constantly perceptible without forcing itself upon the attention: that it be neither so emphasized as to be wearisome, nor so obscured as to cause difficulty in following the form. And this is evidently the office of the phrasing. When a phrase ends with a line, the pause at the end of that line is emphasized: more or less strongly as the phrase ends with a full stop or with some slighter break in the sense. And when a phrase runs over the end of a line, the pause there is shortened and concealed: more or less in proportion as the words between which the line ends are more or less intimately connected by their syntax. Thus the close of an end-stopped line may receive an additional pause ranging from a break between phrases too slight to be marked by a comma, up to an indefinite silence; and the close of a run-over line may be veiled by a connection of words ranging from the mere absence of punctuation, down to the impossibility of any pause whatever. This latter extreme, indeed, is hardly admissible; for the complete absence of the pause at the end even of a single line risks the overthrowing of the metre and has a very disagreeable effect upon the ear.

And the commencement of atonement is
The sense of its necessity. Say on.

A succession of such lines is unbearable. On the other hand, a succession of end-stopped lines presently becomes equally disagreeable through monotony. Between these two extremes lies the second great conflict of phrase and scansion, the second great desideratum of good Verse. By constantly varying the normal pause at the end of the line through the relative arrangement of line and phrase, the division into lines must be veiled without ever being quite forgotten.

This veiling and variation of the terminal pauses appears beautifully

in the opening lines of Bryant's *Thanatopsis*. The division into phrases is indicated to make analysis more easy.

To him who/in the love of Nature/holds
Communion with her visible forms/she speaks
A varied language./For his happier hours
She has a voice of gladness,/and a smile
And eloquence of beauty;/and she steals
Into his darker musings/with a mild
And healing sympathy/that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware./When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour/come like a blight
Over thy spirit,/and sad images
Of the stern agony,/the shroud and pall/
And breathless darkness,/and the Narrow House/
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart—/
Go forth under the open sky,/and list
To Nature's teachings/ . . .

The structure of this magnificent verse would repay a far more detailed analysis. Notice the subtle grading of the stresses, the vigorous contrast of scansion and phrase-rhythm, and the tireless variety of the pauses; and then notice how all this opposition is held under just sufficient control, so that the equilibrium of the normal scansion, continually and seductively threatened, is never for a moment overthrown. This is no place to discuss the importance of Bryant as a poet; but his surpassing mastery of Blank Verse lies beyond all question.

And it is chiefly in the phrasing that we may find the key to the diverse and characteristic treatments of the same form by different poets and in various times. Tennyson's Blank Verse does not move like Milton's; the Heroic couplets of Pope sound differently from those of Dryden, and very differently from those of William Morris; and the Sonnets of Wordsworth have another cadence than those of Rossetti. These differences lie chiefly in the rhythms and arrangement of the phrases. For not only has each of the greater metrists his own characteristic treasury of phrase-rhythms as well as those which all the masters hold in common, but certain periods of English Literature have exhibited a characteristic predominance of certain rhythms recognizable alike in their best Prose and in the phrases of their Verse. The dating of Shakespeare's plays by his increasing freedom in overrunning is the most familiar case in point. But no less obvious are the Miltonic device of dividing between two lines a phrase which is in itself a Pentameter, Tennyson's fondness for a series of end-stopped lines varied only by the gradation of their stresses, Shelley's Dactylic phrase-rhythms, and

the weak final stress of the Preraphaelites. There is a more than accidental relation between the phrasing of Elizabethan Verse and the Prose of Lyly and the Wits; it is not by chance that Milton's Verse is alive with the rhythms of the King James Bible; that the Prose of Addison answers to the phrases of Pope; or that the declamatory phrasing of Shelley and Byron follows the cadences of contemporary romance. Minute analysis may reveal not only the characteristics of a period, but the influence of one poet upon another, and even the chronology of a particular author's reading and study. That Keats, for example, had saturated himself with Elizabethan poetry when he wrote *Endymion*, and then studied Dryden before writing *Lamia*, needs no other evidence than the phrasing of the poems themselves.

It is entirely natural that this should be so; for phrasing involves and comprises much of the more elementary detail of verse-structure. Since the scansion and the phrasing of a passage differ first in the recognition of the weaker accents as metrical units in Verse and their oblivion in Prose, it follows that the whole subject of the intensity and arrangement of accents is wrapped up in the subject of phrasing. Since the second great distinction between phrasing and scansion is that in the one we divide into feet and lines, while in the other we divide only at the pauses, it follows that phrasing is equally interdependent with the management of the cadences and the variation of the feet. In this aspect, phrasing may be considered as comprehending within itself practically the whole technical detail of Prosody. And, indeed, the poet in the actual process of composition so considers it. The trained ear of the skilful versifier perceives simultaneously the mutual rhythms of phrase and scansion, and holds a just balance between them; and if he is master of his art, this is done subconsciously, while his attention is focused upon what he is trying to say. He does not think of feet or stresses, any more than the virtuoso in the midst of a performance thinks what finger he is using. He thinks metrically in rhythmic counterpoint, as the composer thinks harmonically in four parts. But this subconscious mastery comes even to Genius only through patient study. His ear, if he be naturally gifted, may from the first warn him when he goes wrong; but only his knowledge of Prosody can inform him what is wrong, and how to set it right; nor without this can he conceive how to go about producing a certain desired effect. This knowledge of the technicalities of his art he has attained by studying the work of earlier masters, neither as a philistine nor as a pedant, but as a craftsman; neither imagining that they have accomplished their results

without knowing what they were about, nor making their work a field for the microscopic analysis of scholarly mare's-nests. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the whole science of Prosody rests upon Tennyson's principle that English Verse is to be scanned precisely as it is naturally read to bring out the sense. The stresses are determined by emphasis, the pauses by intelligence; and the sounds are those which the average reader hears. The man who scans the opening line of "Paradise Lost" without stressing the word *first* will never learn any more about verse; for it is our business to understand what the poets have done, and not to impute to them our own prejudged theories.

Brian Hooker.

THE HIGHLAND WIND

BY PAUL SCOTT MOWRER

'Tis dusk; the wild wind sings my sweetheart's song—
She of the weary eye and gentle hand,
She who, because she strove to understand,
Best knows the longing sadnesses that throng
In every quavering cadence of that song.

And when the wild wind sings my sweetheart's song,
Hand clasping hand, low clouds rush frightened by;
Sheep huddle close beneath the mountain strong;
Gray veils of mist hang streaming from the sky.
Grass blade and flower, bracken and lithe broom,
All bend obeisance to this fearful power.
The listening lake turns black with sullen gloom;
Its aspect wilder grows with every hour;
White tears run o'er its face, and more and more
It sobs and sobs upon the pebbly shore.

And when the wild wind sings my sweetheart's song,
Across the palpitating pasture land.
With trembling step it swiftly whirls along
To where, above the brook, the dark trees stand—
Its harp! One note as soft as April breeze
Preludes; then all its myriad fingers touch
The leaves and branches, raising harmonies
So wild, so sorrow pregnant, that they clutch
The low brook's breath like tears, until it sighs—
On its rock bed uneasily it lies.

And when the wild wind sings my sweetheart's song,
And tunes its doleful harp, it sings for hours;
Night closes down, and still it sings, so strong,
So sad, so passionate, the hearth smoke cowers
About the glowing log ere it ascends
The chimney that so piteously whines.
The darkness of my room no respite lends,
For when I close my eyes, I see great pines
Wave their black arms, shake their green fingertips,
Like women wailing o'er a dead man's lips.

And when the wild wind sings my sweetheart's song,
Oh, those are agonies would rend a stone!
What wailing woes, what stings of ancient wrong
Envenom it, to lend its accents tone
More sad than Magdalene's repentant prayer,
More fierce than screech from warring eagle's beak,
Or tiger mother fronted in her lair,
More passionate than her whose lover's cheek
Is her own life? Thus I lie wondering,
While all the night I hear the wild wind sing.

And when the wild wind sings my sweetheart's song,
Where is my sweetheart then? where that dear heart
To list whose pulsing vainly now I long?
What echoings would from her bosom start,
As tales of weary souls to her were told,
Of weary souls, impelled to wander ever,
Clasping at solace they should ne'er enfold,
Whose wings might beat the air, though never, never
Above the earth to rise! But tell me, when
These tales were told, where was my sweetheart then?

'Tis dark; the wild wind sings my sweetheart's song,
She of the weary eye and gentle hand,
She who, because she strove to understand,
Best knows the longing sadnesses that throng
In every quavering cadence of that song.

Paul Scott Mowrer.

THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY ON TRIAL

BY ABRAM S. ISAACS

WITH our country's development along every line of activity, an expansion which has crowned the United States with the glories and ambitions of a world power, it is natural that the element of size should have become a synonym for greatness and that triumphant America should recognize in purely materialistic results the most signal proofs of prosperity. Now it is undeniable—the vast stride forward our country has taken, and every American must be proud of the advance. Few nations can point to such unexampled growth within recent decades—no wonder that European rulers are beginning to conjure up an American peril in half envy, half fear.

If all analysis were purely quantitative and the greatness of a nation were merely a matter of exports and imports, tonnage of vessels, bank balances, crops, new houses, ships, canals, and the price of breadstuffs and coal, one might view with unconcern American complacency and overconfidence. But progress to be permanent must be qualitative as well—and some factors that condition a nation's development, nay, the real genuine elements, cannot be weighed or counted—they resist scales and schedules—they are invisible, yet all powerful and all controlling.

In no sphere of activity is the fetish of growth by size more alarming than that of the American University, and in no line has the infection of example been more pernicious. The development of the little "notions" counter into a well-equipped department store, while deplored in certain quarters, was an inevitable consequence of the new movement in trade—the aggregation under one roof of many departments, which enables the proprietors to buy and sell at the lowest price, promoting the comfort and convenience of patrons. The community is largely indebted to the men whose genius and practical ability, whose capital and enterprise, have done so much to raise business to a science. But the application of the department idea to the university is without justification. The school is not a shop—the schedule of study is not a pricelist—the teacher is not a salesman, the student not the general public, and the fundamentals of education not coffee or dry goods, bric-a-brac or notions, even if teachers you find, not a few, who are decidedly notional, and some, not many, whose principles, as unsteady as the stock market, are sold to the highest bidder. To such a complexion does commercialism bring the American University.

What would you have? an opponent might here exclaim. Can you

expect the university to lag behind the age, to shrivel into a primary school, not to expand into an institution worthy of its name? Must it not grow? And if growth be denied, will it not decay? Is not the university itself an evolution and to-day must it not be true to its own historical law of development that demands expansion in every department? Would a narrower ideal satisfy our age and its requirements? Must not the university as teacher of the century be true to the spirit of the century, whatever become of old traditions and predilections? If it be commercialism which makes us abandon the stage-coach for the railroad, why decry the commercialism which gives us a modern up-to-date University, with every department in working order, instead of the sleepy, one-sided, and elementary college of a past generation?

There is no desire to underrate the far-reaching influence for good of a modern, well-equipped university, and it is foreign to the present purpose to advocate any return to the elementary college of an earlier decade. The law of growth is not to be resisted—the church, the university, alike must yield to the world-conqueror, if each wishes to survive as a live factor toward human betterment. But growth signifies more than mere aggregation or accumulation—it is organic, not mechanical. Genuine growth comes from within. If we deplore an undergrown college, weak, onesided, elementary, shall we welcome the overgrown college or university in which courses are hopelessly expanded, departments added to departments—students numbered by thousands, but little study; a maximum of scholars and a minimum of scholarship? “Here,” said a pompous writer, showing a volume he had written, “here is a *multum in parvo*.” Can it not more truly be said of the average departmental university: “Here is *parvum in multis*”?

Wherein consists the real strength of the university? Not in the multiplicity of courses or the reduplication of buildings, not in the mere aggregation of teachers or students, not in imposing endowments or increasing expenses, not in victories on the “field” or the river. These are not to be despised as evidences of activity and of what usually passes for success. Real strength, however, must come from within, not without. It is the heart of the university from which spring its issues of life, its aim, atmosphere, inner impulse, not outside adornments and advertisements. It is not a huge machine, shop or manufactory. Size is merely secondary. It must be genuine, not counterfeit, whether its endowment be a hundred thousand or twenty millions. That is the essential—genuineness, reality, sincerity, an education without alloy. Where to-day is this primary consideration? What university has the courage to resist dangerous tendencies of our time?

The university must be more than true to the spirit of its century—it has a higher aim and purpose. It must be true to the scholar's ideals, not the trader's, the merchant's, the promoter's. Every age has its own tendency—sometimes within one century how many opposing tendencies may run riot! Happily across the storms of the centuries, with their discordant cries and movements, is heard the scholar's clear, calm voice—"for life and letters," in which the true aspiration of humanity is echoed—life and knowledge. This voice is drowned to-day in too many institutions, its significance unheeded, its appeal unrecognized, because the principle of the circus has come to be more powerful. The university must be a huge theatre, with plentiful side shows, to gratify the whims of its benefactors, to illustrate the fads of its managers. There must be a continuous performance—a vast assemblage of students, every subject under the sun, however inapposite, must have its chair (an exaggeration which does not exaggerate the tendency in some colleges), courses are shortened until they become a travesty, degrees are cheapened until they lose caste. Where is learning's message? Where the scholar's dignity?

One often hears the remark that as it is impossible to resist present tendencies, it is allowable to utilize the wealth of generous men and women for the University's purposes. Such an assertion, however, is a sophistry, in the exercise of which gentle art children of light can occasionally surpass children of darkness. It is difficult, we admit, but not impossible, to resist one's environment. Of all the factors which enter into a nation's complex life, it is the university which should resolutely oppose devitalization at whatever cost. As a teacher it must be loyal to vital truths, however unpopular. But even the university must have a conscience—it can afford poverty, a small teaching body, a paucity of courses and students, but it cannot afford to be false to its own conscience and ideals. What is a crime in the individual, is no less a crime in an institution.

Surely in the stir and strife of the age, the unrest and fever, the struggle and show, there should be one isle of safety, one lighthouse, one star of steady gleam. That is the university's province, far above the storm and confusion; and the Republic needs its counsel with such urgent problems pressing for solution, with class hatreds being aroused, with graft the order of the day, and our country rapidly facing another crisis in its history. Now, if ever, it requires the calm yet vigorous voice of its educated men and women, to whom the university has taught genuineness, sincerity, even poise, true culture. Milton defined education as something "which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously all the

offices, both public and private, of peace and war." That ideal has not become obsolete, and is still suggestive to our educators.

What then is needed? The university must dare to be poor, if wealth can be acquired only with dishonor. It can still be a university, even if its equipment be restricted and it must wait patiently for deliverance. Yet if a Luther battled with poverty and was victorious—type of how many illustrious souls in the world's *via dolorosa*—cannot the American University endure straitened means for any number of years, hopeful none the less of final triumph? Many a college has accomplished more with humble resources, and put more soul-power into its work when the skies of its destiny were dark indeed, than when its endowment was largely increased and it had developed into a departmental institution. In the land of Goshen, there was no plague of darkness, and in a period of stress and strain teachers and students were developed to high endeavor which gave them a distinction that was not soon to pass away. The men at the head of such institutions would never have consented to make their atmosphere from the portals redolent of the golden calf. Their halls of learning were dedicated to the scholar, the reformer, the teacher, not to benefactors whose sole prerogative to fame is their money, however acquired. From their entrance, professor and student were not unconsciously taught that wealth is the educational deity when education is the only form of wealth which abides from age to age.

Fortunately some of our universities recognize the peril of the hour and are steering aright. They are glad to receive generous gifts, but they will not sacrifice their dignity and self-respect to please the vanity of temporary possessors of influence and wealth. They will not pander to any unworthy fashion, but prefer the quiet, unadvertised ways of usefulness. Happily, too, can be found some men and women of wealth, who are modest, unselfish, unassuming. They are lavish, intelligent givers from their love of learning and humanity. They seek no publicity, they demand no notoriety; they are grateful for the opportunity of dispensing kindness in any form, and regard their wealth as a trust, for whose stewardship they are held in strict obligation. Such men and women can be depended upon by the American university with heart and conscience.

Amid the shams and unrealities that abound even in the educational world, it is refreshing to recall institutions whose ambition is not bigness but genuineness, who rejoice as their resources grow, but find a keener pleasure in thoroughness of instruction than in mere expansion of the schedule of studies, who hail the increasing class roll but feel happier in the knowledge that the great majority of the students are becoming more and more earnest, thoughtful, self-controlled. With pardonable

pride they note the addition of stately buildings fronting the campus, which add to their strength and prestige; but they are grateful most of all that their halls of learning possess the indefinable atmosphere of scholarship and lofty endeavor. Their faculties consist chiefly of teachers who love the gentler life and who have the courage to practise self-sacrifice for their ideals. They are not priests or hermits by any means—many are men of affairs as well, active in their callings. They are glad to live in Arcady even at salaries that seem ridiculous after so many years of exacting preparation. Theirs, however, is a higher compensation when they reflect on their priceless privilege as teachers of American youth, moulders of the nation's coming leaders.

The American university is on trial—of this there can be no doubt. It has more or less formidable critics in all directions who are gradually impressing the public with the reasonableness of their views. Some sharply assail it for its antiquated system, a useless legacy of the Middle Ages; others for the rapidity with which it has changed traditional methods and made confusion worse confounded. On the one hand, it is arraigned for being out of touch with the masses, representing an indolent and aristocratic minority; on the other, it is attacked as yielding too readily to the liberal spirit and teaching a dangerous democracy. There are universities and universities; and the defects, hereditary or acquired, in some are counterbalanced by excellences in others. If, however, the University is to prove a vital and uplifting influence in our national life, with our population growing more and more heterogeneous, a mere transplanting, in many sections, of foreign soil and foreign prejudices, it must begin its task in earnest "for life and letters," for genuineness in scholarship and character. It must prove, before too late, the American dynamo to control and vitalize the American nation and lead it to higher issues. Let the true expansion of our Republic be not in foreign conquest but in conquest of ourselves.

The American has to be regained for America and American ideals. The University must resolutely prepare for the work. Too much time has already been lost.

Abram S. Isaacs.

OLD MATERIAL AND NEW PLAYS

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

The Function of Imagination

WHENEVER the spring comes round and everything beneath the sun looks wonderful and new, the habitual theatre-goer, who has attended every legitimate performance throughout the winter season in New York, is moved to lament that there is nothing new behind the footlights. Week after week he has seen the same old puppets pulled mechanically through the same old situations, doing conventional deeds and repeating conventional lines, until at last, as he watches the performance of yet another play, he feels like saying to the author, "But, my dear sir, I have seen and heard all this so many, many times already!" For this spring-weariness of the frequenter of the theatre, the common run of our contemporary playwrights must be held responsible. The main trouble seems to be that, instead of telling us what they think life is like, they tell us what they think a play is like. Their fault is not—to use Hamlet's phrase—that they "imitate humanity so abominably": it is, rather, that they do not imitate humanity at all. Most of our playwrights, especially the newcomers to the craft, imitate each other. They make plays for the sake of making plays, instead of for the sake of representing life. They draw their inspiration from the little mimic world behind the footlights, rather than from the roaring and tremendous world which takes no thought of the theatre. Their art fails to interpret life, because they care less about life than they care about their art. They are interested in what they are doing, instead of being interested in why they are doing it. "Go to!", they say to themselves, "I will write a play"; and the weary auditor is tempted to murmur the sentence of the cynic Frenchman, "*Je n'en vois pas la nécessité.*"

But now, lest we be led into misapprehension, let us understand clearly that what we desire in the theatre is not new material, but rather a fresh and vital treatment of such material as the playwright finds made to his hand. After a certain philosophic critic had announced the startling thesis that only some thirty odd distinct dramatic situations were conceivable, Goethe and Schiller set themselves the task of tabulation, and ended by deciding that the largest conceivable number was less than twenty. It is a curious paradox of criticism that for new plays old material is best. This statement is supported historically by the fact that all the great Greek dramatists, nearly all of the Elizabethans, Corneille,

Racine, Molière, and, to a great extent, the leaders of the drama in the nineteenth century, made their plays deliberately out of narrative materials already familiar to the theatre-going public of their times. The drama, by its very nature, is an art traditional in form and resumptive in its subject-matter. It would be futile, therefore, for us to ask contemporary playwrights to invent new narrative materials. Their fault is not that they deal with what is old, but that they fail to make out of it anything which is new. If, in the long run, they weary us, the reason is not that they are lacking in invention, but that they are lacking in imagination.

That invention and imagination are two very different faculties, that the second is much higher than the first, that invention has seldom been displayed by the very greatest authors, whereas imagination has always been an indispensable characteristic of their work—these points have all been made clear in a very suggestive essay by Professor Brander Matthews, which is included in his volume entitled *Inquiries and Opinions*. It remains for us to consider somewhat closely what the nature of imagination is. Imagination is nothing more or less than the faculty for *realization*—the faculty by which the mind makes real unto itself such materials as are presented to it. The full significance of this definition may be made clear by a simple illustration.

Suppose that some morning at breakfast you pick up a newspaper and read that a great earthquake has overwhelmed Messina, killing countless thousands and rendering an entire province desolate. You say, "How very terrible!"—after which you go blithely about your business, untroubled, undisturbed. But suppose that your little girl's pet pussy-cat happens to fall out of the fourth-story window. If you chance to be an author and have an article to write that morning, you will find the task of composition heavy. Now, the reason why the death of a single pussy-cat affects you more than the death of a hundred thousand human beings is merely that you realize the one and do not realize the other. You do not, by the action of imagination, make real unto yourself the disaster at Messina; but when you see your little daughter's face, you at once and easily imagine woe. Similarly, on the largest scale, we go through life realizing only a very little part of all that is presented to our minds. Yet, finally, we know of life only so much as we have realized. To use the other word for the same idea—we know of life only so much as we have imagined. Now, whatever of life we make real unto ourselves by the action of imagination is for us fresh and instant and, in a deep sense, new—even though the same materials have been realized by millions of human beings be-

fore us. It is new because we have made it, and we are different from all our predecessors. Landor imagined Italy, realized it, made it instant and afresh. In the subjective sense, he created Italy, an Italy that had never existed before—Landor's Italy. Later Browning came, with a new imagination, a new realization, a new creation—Browning's Italy. The materials had existed through immemorable centuries; Landor, by imagination made of them something real; Browning imagined them again and made of them something new. But a Cook's tourist hurrying through Italy is likely, through deficiency of imagination, not to realize an Italy at all. He reviews the same materials that were presented to Landor and to Browning, but he makes nothing out of them. Italy for him is tedious, like a twice-told tale. The trouble is not that the materials are old, but that he lacks the faculty for realizing them and thereby making of them something new.

A great many of our contemporary playwrights travel like Cook's tourists through the traditional subject-matter of the theatre. They stop off here and there, at this or that eternal situation; but they do not, by imagination, make it real. Thereby they miss the proper function of the dramatist, which is to imagine some aspect of the perennial struggle between human wills so forcibly as to make us realize it, in the full sense of the word—realize it as we daily fail to realize the countless struggles we ourselves engage in. The theatre, rightly considered, is not a place in which to escape from the realities of life, but a place in which to seek refuge from the unrealities of actual living in the contemplation of life realized—life made real by imagination.

The trouble with most ineffective plays is that the fabricated life they set before us is less real than such similar phases of actual life as we have previously realized for ourselves. We are wearied because we have already unconsciously imagined more than the playwright professionally imagines for us. With a great play, our experience is the reverse of this. Incidents, characters, motives which we ourselves have never made completely real by imagination are realized for us by the dramatist. Intimations of humanity which in our own minds have lain jumbled fragmentary, like the multitudinous pieces of a shuffled picture-puzzle, are there set orderly before us, so that we see at last the perfect picture. We escape out of chaos into life.

This is the secret of originality: this it is that we desire in the theatre:—not new material, for the old is still the best; but familiar material rendered new by an imagination that informs it with significance and makes it real.

An Englishman's Home,¹ by Major Guy du Maurier, is a work of invention rather than imagination. It is notable more for the novelty of its material than for the extent to which it realizes life. The author's purpose was to startle the somewhat stolid British public by calling up the spectre of invasion to strut and fret an hour upon the stage; and his extraordinary success in accomplishing this purpose must be regarded as an almost unprecedented feat of scare-head journalism. Here in America, however, the only question for the critic is whether or not the piece is good as drama. For us its merely journalistic value is of very little account.

"An Englishman's Home"

The first act satirizes the humdrum ordinary foibles of a British middle-class rate-payer and his family. Mr. Brown is stodgy, conservative, habitual. His home is his castle, and his imagination rarely looks beyond its walls. He sits around his living-room striving vainly to develop dexterity as a player of diaboló, while his son Reggie strives as vainly to invent missing lines for limericks. An empty-headed young clerk named Geoffrey Smith, who haunts the house of Mr. Brown, cares for nothing in life except attending foot-ball matches; and this enthusiasm for athletic sports, viewed from the side-lines, is shared by Maggie Brown. They have a young friend in the army, named Paul Robinson, who believes that England should in time of peace prepare for war; but they laugh at his views, and maintain that militarism is silly nonsense. An impenetrable fog has muffled the English Channel for many days. Simultaneously a strike of national magnitude has occasioned the suspension of all communication by mail and telegraph. When Mr. Brown goes forth to order some intruders off his lawn, he discovers with amazement that they are foreign soldiers. An officer, who enters, states that he is Prince Yoland and that his nation—Germany, presumably, though the author purposely avoids particularization—has invaded England.

This first act, considered merely as a bit of dramatic writing, is not well done. It is fragmentary, non-progressive, and deficient in the element of action. The practical points of exposition, such as the existence of the fog and the strike, are crudely hammered in with unnecessary iteration. Furthermore, nothing is said which offers any motive for the sudden war which is presumed, at the curtain-fall, to be begun. The audience has been told nothing which indicates that England's relations with a foreign power have been strained. The concluding situation,

¹*An Englishman's Home*. By Major Guy du Maurier, D.S.O. New York and London: Harper and Brothers.

being apparently at variance with modern international usage, is therefore unconvincing.

From this point on, the play rapidly improves. In the second act, Mr. Brown's home is in a state of siege. The British volunteers, who have been hurriedly summoned, are utterly unprepared for action. They flounder about under the inefficient leadership of Captain Finch, who has no idea whatever of what ought to be done. Mr. Brown grumbles futilely against the appropriation of his house for their ridiculous antics. Geoffrey Smith hangs around to see the fun. Amid uproarious burlesque an undercurrent of melodramatic action moves with exciting rapidity. The foreigners fire at long range upon the house. Geoffrey climbs upon a table to get a better view. The British return a desultory, ineffective volley. A shot shatters the mirror behind Geoffrey. This is real fun. He turns about and dances a silly little dance of glee. A second shot pierces his heart. He wavers, tumbles, and rolls dead upon the floor.

The third act is even more exciting. The Englishman's home is rendered desolate. Mr. Brown, with the sudden savagery of despair, seizes a gun and fires at the attacking foreigners. He is captured; and, according to the law that a civilian may not bear arms, he is led out and executed. At the very end, a regiment of Highlanders is supposed to advance and overwhelm the invaders. This conclusion is, of course, artistically false, and was fabricated merely as a sop to British theatre-goers. It is reassuring to notice that this false ending is not present in the original text of the play as published.

The main artistic merit of this play is the manner in which it commingles ridiculous satirical burlesque with the sudden exciting thrills of melodrama. War, according to Major du Maurier, is very funny at the same time that it is very ghastly; and this is undoubtedly a trait of truthfulness.

On the whole, *An Englishman's Home* is very interesting; but it is at many moments crude in dramaturgy and does not indicate conclusively that its author will ever be important as a dramatist. It remains a timely journalistic *jeu d'esprit* rather than an earnest work of art. It is novel, but it is scarcely real.

Burne-Jones the Lesser once made a lurid painting, called *The Vampire*, wherein a long, lewd lady is shown crouching triumphant over an exhausted, nerveless man; and Mr. Rudyard Kipling, then in his youth, made a set of lurid verses on the subject. Latterly Mr. Kipling has

found himself in the position of that unfortunate poet, told of by George Ade, who lived to be sorry for what he did to Willie. He has omitted this

**"A Fool
There Was"**

extravagant composition from his collected works and and has done all in his power to suppress it. But alas!, like *When Willie said Good-night*, it refuses to be suppressed, because it was unfortunately written in a sing-song measure that haunts the memory. Some-

body is always likely to quote it before we have a chance to get out of the room; and now, sad to relate, it is being ejaculated over the footlights several times per act in a piece which takes its title from the opening line. Even in the theatre we are no longer safe: not even by paying two dollars can we secure an evening's immunity from that scrawny phrase, "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair."

A Fool There Was was written by Mr. Porter Emerson Browne, a young man who manufactures stories for the magazines. The persons of the play, being all conventional types, are very properly not named upon the programme. The Husband is happily married to the Wife, and is blissfully the father of the Child. He is sent abroad by the Government on a diplomatic mission. On the steamer is the Woman. She is endowed with perilous hair, a succulent, adhesive voice, lurid lips, and a bunch of rapturous red roses, which continually drip petals in her path. She is the sort of lady who ruins many men. A pale young gentleman comes to see her off upon the steamer; and, by way of saying *bon voyage*, shoots himself in her presence and makes a mess upon the deck. The mess is mopped up by stewards with pails and cloths.

The Woman enthralls the Husband by her fatal fascination. The simple manner of her seductiveness is this. Flinging forth her long, alluring arms, she shiveringly hisses, "Kiss me, my Fool," and the Husband suits his action to her word. As a result, he loses his job with the Government. Upon his return to America, he forsakes the Wife and the Child, and consorts with the Lady of the Lips and Hair. This Lady will not leave him alone. She follows him about the stage stealthily, like a slow-limbed panther, droops toward him over furniture, and with her lips sucks forth his soul. Meanwhile, the Friend, who is a slangy gentleman with nickel-plated morals, makes things jolly for the Wife and the Child and bids them hope that the Husband will return to his senses and to the bosom of his family. Instead, the Husband turns to brandy-in-excess,—that last infirmity of noble minds. He becomes a horrid sight,—so horrid that he smashes all the mirrors

so that he will not have to see himself. The Friend remonstrates with him, copiously quoting Mr. Kipling's youthful error. What does the Husband do to escape the misery of listening to the lurid verses? He drinks more brandy-in-excess. Thereafter he is exceedingly hard upon the furniture. The Woman who has been the cause of his dejection gloats over the ruin she has wrought. He attempts to alter her alluring face by sending forth his fist to impinge upon it. The effort is too much for him. His heart stops; and he sinks dead at her feet. Petals of red, red roses are showered over him. Moral: He who loves and runs away won't live to love another day.

This clamorous and violent melodrama is empty of imagination. Mr. Browne couldn't really have thought that people act like that in actual life: he must have thought merely that they act like that upon the stage. He wrote with his eye on the theatre instead of on humanity; and his play, therefore, at no point realizes life. The story is of course devoid of passion, because passion cannot be created without imagination. It is immoral only at one painful moment, when the Friend advises the Wife to resume marital relations with the besotted Husband because she promised at the altar to cleave to him till death. The dialogue is written vulgarly, and the speech of the puppets sets them far lower in the social scale than the author intended. Still, if the piece be considered merely as a fabrication, it is not devoid of merit. It is a straightforward bit of story-telling, clearly constructed and rapidly narrated. Though of course over-emphatic, it is effective at the moment; and the observer finds it rather fun to watch the puppets work. The play is sincere within its limits as a bit of theatrical machinery devised to divert the many; and though it is commonplace, vapid, unimportant, it deserves to be classed among the bad plays which are interesting.

The comedy entitled *Sham*, by Miss Geraldine Bonner and Mr. Elmer Harris, develops a pleasant sort of light magazine story in a rather amusing way. The heroine, Katherine Van Riper, comes of an old family and has inherited what is known as a good social position in New York; but she has been left without money, and maintains her position only through sham and artifice. She is what is termed colloquially a social grafter. She runs up bills she has no means to pay, and flirts her family name in the faces of her creditors. She wheedles momentary subsidies from her stylish aunts, and permits young men of wealth to make her costly presents. She has no sense of honesty, or business rectitude, as this virtue is conceived by the plodding mascu-

line intelligence. She avoids responsibility by exercising cleverness and diffusing personal fascination.

Her aunts desire her to marry a young mine-owner from the West, whose father is possessed of many millions. He is crude and awkward in his manners, but sincere and earnest in his love for her. Although she does not love him, she is tempted to make her social position secure by marrying him. She has, however, met a friend of his, who is employed by him in his mining enterprises; and this latter man, who has very little money, she is on the point of loving. When he denounces her as a hollow-hearted sham, he completes his conquest of her. She declines to marry his rich employer, resolves to give up her career of dishonesty and deceit, and marries the man who has made her hate the person that she was.

This entertaining story achieves reality every now and then at wholesome, moving moments; but at other times the narrative is unimaginative and unconvincing. In the main, the people are sketched and blocked out merely for the sake of superficial social satire, and are not realized as individuals. Several of the turns in the plot are devised artificially rather than humanly. But the lines are frequently clever and occasionally witty; and there is about the whole piece an atmosphere of playfulness that is agreeable.

A concoction called *The Conflict*,—which title would fit any play that ever has been written or ever will be, and is therefore undistinctive,—

is the work of Mr. Maurice V. Samuels. This concoction is founded upon the central conception of Balzac's *La Peau de Chagrin*; but an announcement on the programme relieves that great novelist of all responsibility for its extreme fatuity. The piece sets forth a tale of magic with no imagination. It is therefore appallingly unreal. Criticism cannot deal with such meaningless and tedious trash; but a word of protest may be voiced against one feature of it, which is borrowed from many other plays, and is indicative of a habit of the American stage that should, as soon as possible, be eradicated for all time. A young vulgarian from California, described as a mining operator, is introduced in a couple of Parisian households and proceeds to shock and to annoy the European characters by preposterously rude behavior. His manners are insulting and insufferable; but the author expects him to be admired, and whenever the vulgarian announces that California is God's country, the author presupposes that the audience, upon the evidence of the vulgarian's behavior, will agree with him. We have seen

altogether too much of this blatant and offensive provincialism on our stage in recent years. It is time that our playwrights should learn that good manners are not necessarily effete and that the brightest diamonds are not the roughest ones.

The Climax is a pleasing little play by Mr. Edward Locke, wherein familiar material is at many moments made real by imagination. The theme of the story is a reversal of the theme of *Trilby*. A young girl named Adelina von Hagen is gifted with a remarkable singing voice. She is studying for grand opera under the tutelage of an elderly singing teacher named Luigi Golfanti. She is beloved by her teacher's son, Pietro, who composes music under the inspiration of her singing, and by a young doctor, named John Raymond, who has grown up with her in a small town in Ohio. But her heart is set entirely on her career; she loves her singing too much to love either of her suitors. Raymond is a man with rather narrowly conventional ideas. He considers a professional career exceedingly dangerous to the character of any girl, and seeks by every means to dissuade Adelina from her ambition. She undergoes a simple operation on her vocal chords in order that her voice may be perfected,—an operation that has been known to fail only one time in a thousand. But Dr. Raymond, who assists a colleague in the operation, contrives by "mental suggestion" to convince the girl that she has lost her voice and can no longer sing. In despair she relinquishes her ambitious hopes of a career, and after many months agrees to marry Raymond. On the morning of the wedding day,—the "mental suggestion" having been to a great extent abated,—she recovers the use of her voice. Raymond confesses his deceit and the motive for it. Her thought at the moment is all for singing, and she sends her lover from her; but there is a prospect that she will marry him later on.

Since all that would be necessary to accomplish the crisis of this plot is for Dr. Raymond to order Adelina to spray her throat at stated intervals with a solution of which the actual effect would be to paralyze temporarily her vocal chords, the motive of "mental suggestion" is needlessly introduced. This motive, although it has become very popular upon our stage since the production of the masterpiece of Mr. Augustus Thomas, is rarely convincing to the sceptical spectator.

The material of this play, which might have been developed fully in a single act, is stretched out to cover three; and the piece is therefore frequently thin in substance and slow in action. At several moments it is crude and amateurish. But the characters are clearly

realized, and many incidental details are humanly imagined. The lines are not especially well written; but the mood of the entire piece is simple, earnest, and sincere; and the play, in spite of its crudities, is good, because the author, as he wrote it, was thinking more of life than of the theatre. Technically, the most noteworthy feature of the play is the use of incidental music for a serious dramatic purpose. This music, composed by Mr. Joseph Carl Breil, is entirely adequate, and adds materially to the satisfactory effect of the piece as a whole.

Going Some, a slangy farce by Mr. Paul Armstrong and Mr. Rex Beach, dispenses a great deal of childishly cheerful entertainment. A group of college boys and girls are gathered at the Flying Heart Ranch in New Mexico. Nobody knows why they are there

"Going Some" or how they got there; but there they are. J. Wallingford Speed, of Yale, whose athletic prowess, during his undergraduate career, was confined to leading the cheering in the stands, poses as a champion runner in order to enchant the girls. He is accompanied by a professional trainer. It happens that a representative of the Flying Heart has once been beaten in a foot-race by the cook of the neighboring Centipede Ranch, and that as a result of the race the cowboys of the Flying Heart have lost their favorite phonograph and a great deal of their money. Speed is matched against the Centipede cook in a race for the former trophy. Speed and his trainer both realize that he cannot possibly win the race, but they intend to substitute at the last moment the intercollegiate 100-yard champion, who is expected shortly to arrive. The cowboys bet all their money on the match, and threaten to shoot both Speed and his trainer if they fail to win. Speed's life is made miserable by the exigencies of a rigorous training imposed at the point of the pistol. When the intercollegiate champion arrives, he is walking on crutches—the victim of a broken toe. Speed confronts death, aghast. But his opponent of the Centipede appears surreptitiously and offers to sell the race for five hundred dollars. On these terms, Speed runs and wins the victory. The Flying Heart regains the lost phonograph, and the conqueror of the Centipede basks in the good graces of the girls.

This piece is, of course, valueless as drama; but it is very enjoyably nonsensical. Although it makes no appeal to the intelligence, it titillates the diaphragm. The college boys and girls behave in that mad, amazing way in which college folk always behave upon the stage and never behave in college. The cowboys are cowboys of the theatre, not cowboys of the plains. The slang talk is not really clever; it is far inferior, for instance,

to the writing of Mr. George Ade; it is not the sort of slang which humanizes humor. It would be idle, however, to criticise a farce adversely because it lacks imagination. *Going Some* evokes the loud, unreasonable guffaw, and thereby serves a healthful purpose.

The familiar theme of race prejudice between Jew and Gentile is handled anew by Mr. J. Hartley Manners in a piece entitled *The House Next Door*, which he has adapted from the German. Sir Isaac Jacobson is a wealthy Jew who is descended from a humble tenant on the estates of the old and honorable Cotswold family. Gifted with unusual business ability, he has gradually risen in the world, until he has become the landlord, instead of the tenant, of the Cotswolds, and has been made an M.P. because of his talents and a baronet because of his munificence. His wife is a social climber of the most unpleasant sort; but he himself is a man of large mind and simple and generous ideas. The Jacobsons dwell in a mansion in Kensington, next door to the house of Sir John Cotswold, who is now obliged to rent from them the old home which formerly he owned himself. This Sir John has been an incorrigible spendthrift, and has steadily increased in poverty as his neighbor and rival has increased in wealth. He is an irascible old aristocrat, railing against the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, and constantly denouncing the upstart who has climbed above him. In each family there is a son who loves a daughter in the other. Sir John, whose hatred of the Jacobsons is even more a matter of race prejudice than of personal pique, threatens to disown his children if they persist in maintaining social intercourse with the children of Sir Isaac. He pays a special visit to the house of his rival for the purpose of insulting him. But the Jew treats him with unexpected magnanimity; and finally, being won over by the insistence of his children, Sir John overcomes his prejudice and makes peace with his neighbor.

This play, considered as a whole, is merely a mechanical contrivance. Like the ordinary run of German stock dramas, it is altogether too symmetrical in structure. Sir John's son loves Sir Isaac's daughter; and, to balance the scale, Sir Isaac's son loves Sir John's daughter. Each baronet is assigned a wife and a servant, and the only two remaining actors oscillate between one house and the other. Life itself is never so obviously patterned.

But in drawing the one character of Sir John Cotswold, Mr. Manners has exercised the imagination that realizes life. The other actors are merely conventional lay figures; but Sir John Cotswold is a man. This

"The House
Next Door"

character is drawn minutely, with a fine imaginative attention to details. The part is conceived in the best traditions of English comedy,—a figure out of T. W. Robertson, not unworthy to remind us at moments of the work of even Sheridan himself. In the hands of that accomplished character-actor, Mr. J. E. Dodson, this part becomes one of the most real and living figures which have been disclosed this season on our stage.

The House Next Door presents a single human being among puppets. It is, in the main, nothing but a workmanlike, efficient bit of mechanism; but whenever the leading character holds the stage—though only then,—it rises to reality and tallies with life. It discharges a man from a machine.

The Happy Marriage, by Mr. Clyde Fitch, affords a very interesting instance of the way in which imagination dealing earnestly with familiar and traditional material may render it alive and new.

"The Happy Marriage"

It tells the usual triangular story of the busy husband and the idle wife and the alluring other man. Joan Thornton is an attractive little pussy-kitten of a woman, of empty mind and amatory temperament. She has been married about five years; and during that time her husband has grown tired of caressing her. He becomes more and more engrossed in his business affairs,—in which he considers her incapable of taking an intelligent interest,—and spends most of his evenings attending meetings of directors, while his wife is left at home alone. Of this condition a pleasure-loving young bachelor, named Paul Mayne, presumes to take advantage. One evening, when Thornton has ostensibly gone to his club, but has really gone upon a matter of business to see a certain Mrs. Ryton, to whom many years before he had been reputed to be engaged, Mayne, who is visiting Mrs. Thornton, leads her to suspect that her husband is deceiving her. They call up Mrs. Ryton on the telephone and detect the presence, in her company, of Thornton. Joan flutters into a nervous rage of jealousy. Mayne catches her in his arms and kisses her. Impulsively she tells him that she will elope with him next morning.

An elopement is not at all the sort of outcome that Mayne desired and intended. His position is rendered exceedingly uncomfortable next morning when Joan arrives at his rooms to inform him that she has engaged their passage on a ship for Europe, and that she has brought along her four-year-old little boy, together with his nurse. Mayne is wondering how he may be able to retreat from the difficulty in which

he has unintentionally entangled himself, when Thornton enters. The latter professes to believe that his wife has called to see Mayne on a matter of business, and takes her home with him.

At home once more, the husband gives his wife an opportunity to realize and to confess the folly of her impulse. On his side, he sees and admits that he has been unnecessarily inattentive to her. Thus, upon the basis of mutual forbearance, they are prepared to build a new married life of simple truth and solid happiness.

No summary of this play can afford a just idea of its extraordinary merit. A summary can set forth only the material of a story. In this case the material is so familiar that the story seems, at second hand, of slight importance. But the play itself is a very important work, because the author's treatment of the material renders it at nearly all points real. *The Happy Marriage* is a serious and thorough study of a series of struggles between conflicting states of mind. It deals more with motives than with happenings. It presents three living human beings profoundly understood and consistently drawn. It is firmly built and very wisely written.

The facile and clever Mr. Fitch has had so many plays produced that he himself can scarcely remember the exact number of them. The earnest and thoughtful Mr. Fitch has achieved only three or four plays which deserve to be remembered as serious contributions to dramatic literature. Of these the best hitherto have been *The Truth* and *The Girl with the Green Eyes*. Each of these was a work of genuine imagination, in which an important aspect of life was realized. To these really worthy works *The Happy Marriage* must now be added, for it is akin to them rather than to Mr. Fitch's merely ephemeral entertainments. Of the three, the new piece is the one which is maintained most consistently upon the level of high comedy. At no point does it descend to farce, as *The Girl with the Green Eyes* descended in its amusing second act, and as *The Truth* descended in the somewhat overdrawn figures of the boarding-house keeper and the father of the heroine. Joan Thornton is not so important or interesting a figure as the women who are studied in the other two comedies; but it is noteworthy that in *The Happy Marriage* the two leading men are drawn just as truthfully and thoroughly as the heroine. Hitherto Mr. Fitch has been almost always more successful with his women than with his men; and this special merit of the present piece must be regarded, therefore, as an advance in art.

Mr. Fitch has made a fortune from writing entertaining trivialities; but *The Girl with the Green Eyes* made very little money, and *The Truth*

failed flatly in New York, though it has since been performed successfully in several European countries. It seems likely that *The Happy Marriage* may share the sinister fate of its worthy predecessors. Its merits are so subtle that they may not be perceptible to the average theatre-goer. The public seems to find it somewhat difficult to take Mr. Fitch seriously; and for this, perhaps, he is himself, to some extent, to blame. He has led the public to expect too little of him. But every now and then he proves, by such a play as *The Happy Marriage*, that he deserves to be regarded at his best as a dramatist of genuine importance. To do this is a greater thing than to make money. Fortune is fleeting, but Art is long.

Clayton Hamilton.

THE SHADOWS

BY ROBERT R. LOGAN

THE spirit of Life I find

In the grass and the flowers of the meadows,
In the trees that sing to the wind,
But most of all in the shadows.

For the star-flowers fade from the heath
And the weeds and the grasses wither,
And their crumbling forms on the breath
Of the winds float hither and thither.

And the trees that tower in air
By the bolt and the blast are shattered,
And their trunks are riven and bare
And their branches and leaves are scattered.

But the shadows like palmers creep
O'er the plain to the misty border,
To the towers of Dream and Sleep
Where the Twilight stands as warder.

Ah! who shall tell of their flight
When the dusk descends on the meadow?
They are one with the soul of Night,
With the vast, the eternal Shadow!

Robert R. Logan.

ARAMINTA¹

BY J. C. SNAITH

CHAPTER XXI

HIGH DIPLOMACY

OLD Lady Crewkerne's interview with her legal adviser did her no harm. Indeed, she seemed to sleep the more soundly for it. All the same, her condition continued to demand much skill and attention upon the part of Sir Wotherspoon Ogle. However, the diligence of that eminent physician did not go without its reward. Whatever might be the actual condition of the patient's throat, the vocal cords seemed to grow decidedly stronger, and that in spite of the fact that she was rigidly forbidden to use them.

"On no account, Lady Crewkerne," said Sir Wotherspoon Ogle very gravely indeed, "and upon no consideration must you have recourse to your voice."

"Do you suppose I am fool enough to say nothing?" said the old woman like a hoarse old raven. "If I did you would soon have the lid on my coffin."

Sir Wotherspoon Ogle was shocked.

Andover made three applications for admission to the presence, yet met with refusal on each occasion. On the other hand, his rival, George Betterton, continued in high favor. However, on the occasion of the fourth attempt, a Sunday morning, he obtained the *entrée*.

The occupant of the four poster, supported by pillows, and embellished by the headdress and the famous Indian shawl, looked, in the opinion of her visitor, quite her old self. The eyes glittered as fiercely and as shrewdly as of yore; the curve of the nose was just as grim and hawklike as ever; while as for the resolute jaw and the thin-lipped, tightly drawn mouth, enough hard sarcasm and unflinching force of character lurked about it to quell the vast majority of human kind.

Andover was a fop and a fribble, as all the world knew. Nevertheless, he belonged to that honorable company that is not abashed easily. He greeted the formidable occupant of the four poster with a robustness of demeanor that served him well. Had he bated so much as an eyelid, or betrayed the least disposition to flinch, he would have received very short shrift this morning. For whatever might be Sir Wotherspoon Ogle's opinion in regard to that complex mechanism that was buttoned into the

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linen band of the old lady's nightgown, there can be no doubt that considered as a whole the aged frame had gained alarmingly in bodily vigor by a week's detention within the precincts of the four poster.

"How are you, Caroline?" said Andover with musical expansiveness.

"Worth a good many dead ones at present, Andover," said the old lady with no more music than a raven.

"So I perceive," said her visitor with a little sigh.

Upon the counterpane lay Law's *Serious Call*. Andover took it up and ran his fingers thoughtfully through the leaves. On the flyleaf in extremely large and decidedly juvenile characters was the inscription "To dearest Aunt Caroline with Fondest Love from her Affectionate Niece Araminta."

"Caroline," said her visitor, "you are an extremely fortunate woman to have a niece who takes such a practical interest in your spiritual well-being, particularly at a moment when the state of your health leaves so much to be desired."

The occupant of the four poster poised her chin in a manner that can only be described as the incarnation of truculence. The fierce eyes flashed from under their bushy canopy with all the ruthlessness of their prime. She said nothing, however. Her silence rendered her the more formidable.

"In my humble judgment," said Andover, choosing his words delicately, "your affectionate niece has a charmingly frank and at the same time a deeply spiritual nature."

"Humph," said Miss Perry's aunt. "The creature has as much spirituality as that bedpost."

"How can you be so obtuse, Caroline?" said Andover achieving a very respectable note of pathos. "There is a vein of poetic ideality in her that makes one think of Saint Catherine of Siena."

"A vein of poetic fiddlestick," said the old lady. "She has as much ideality as Ponto has. The only thing that interests either of them is their meals. In fact, I should say that Ponto has the better soul of the two. I sometimes suspect Ponto of being an esoteric Buddhist in a reincarnation."

"Do you, indeed?" said Andover. "Well, when Ponto presents his benefactress with a copy of Amiel's *Journal* I shall be only too happy to think you have grounds for your suspicion."

Andover continued to run his fingers fondly through the pages of Law's *Serious Call*.

"To my thinking," said he, "it was a singularly frank yet spiritually minded nature that conceived the idea of presenting her aunt with that."

"The creature is as spiritually minded as a dog ferret," croaked the occupant of the four poster.

"A vigorous figure," said Andover, "yet not very happily applied. But I don't wonder, Caroline, that you are a little topsy-turvy, and that your standard of things in general has gone awry.

"Why don't you?"

Andover permitted himself a highly dramatic gesture.

"That man," he said tragically.

"To whom do you refer?"

"I refer," said Andover, "to the most dangerous man in London. The turkey-faced ruffian! He would undermine the moral code of Augustine himself."

"Happily," said the occupant of the four poster, "I am not Augustine. As far as George is concerned, I stand where I was. Yet mark one thing, Andover, mark one thing fully"—the quiescent lioness paused to unfurl as it were the ominous jowl from the band of her nightgown—the figure is not a pretty one to describe a peeress of mature years, but it seems to be the only one that can in anywise do justice to the slowly kindling flame of sarcasm that was revealing itself in the thin lips and the fierce eyes—"I have a greater respect for George at this moment than I have ever had before."

"Have you, Caroline?" said Andover.

He was a cool hand, but he was a little uneasy. The occupant of the four poster marked down the suspicion of disquietude, whereas a less virile observer would not have noticed it at all.

"Yes, Andover," said the raven's voice. "Whatever George may be or whatever he may not be, in my opinion he is a practical man."

"Practical enough, I grant you," said Andover, "where his passions are concerned."

"In my judgment," said the occupant of the four poster, "it is precisely where his passions are concerned that a man ought to be practical."

Andover agreed with reluctance.

"But there are people," said he with an air of refinement, "to whom the practical pursuit of passion must always seem a repulsive undertaking."

"There are many humbugs in the world," said Caroline Crewkerne. "Personally I agree with George that passion ought to be placed upon a business basis."

Andover threw up his hands with a gesture of well-simulated horror.

"No, Caroline," said he, "you have no soul. And yet Ogle tells me that during the past week you have been literally walking in the Valley of the Shadow."

"Ogle is a liar," said the occupant of the four poster. "He is thinking of his fee."

"Shame, Caroline," said Andover. "Out upon you and your sentiments. And you who have been so near the Abyss!"

The occupant of the four poster gave the great headdress a tilt. The gaze that was directed from under the bushy eyebrows was that of a sybil.

"Andover," said she, "some two months ago I gave you advice in regard to your appearance. I have observed with pleasure that you have had the good sense to follow it."

It was not quite clear, to judge by Andover's demeanor, whether he felt that this was a legitimate cause for gratification.

"I am glad, Caroline, you find the result agreeable," said he.

"My advice was given for a particular reason, you will remember," said the occupant of the four poster.

"Yes, Caroline, it was."

Andover began to speculate as to which card his old friend was going to play.

"Do you feel that you can congratulate yourself?"

"Upon what, Caroline?" said Andover blandly.

"You don't need to be told, Andover," said Caroline magisterially. "All London is looking at you."

"Are they?" said Andover innocently. "And, pray, what do they see?"

"They see, as I do, that your behavior is of doubtful propriety."

"Do they, indeed?" said Andover coolly.

"I have reason to believe that is George's opinion," said Caroline Crewkerne with premeditated audacity.

"George!" exclaimed Andover. "George's opinion! I'll thank George," said Andover with impassioned dignity, "to refrain from expressing an opinion about me or about my affairs."

"George is a man of the world, at any rate," said Caroline Crewkerne. "I should call George a practical man."

"George is a presumptuous fellow," said Andover with heat. "I should recommend him to refrain from meddling with my personal affairs. Let him attend to his own."

"George is quite competent to do that," said Caroline with a suavity that her old friend felt to be decidedly dangerous. "In fact, I may say that George has already placed his affairs upon a business basis."

"What do you mean, Caroline?"

"It is not a question of what I mean," said the cryptical Caroline. "The question is what do you mean, Andover?"

Andover allowed Law's *Serious Call* to fall upon the counterpane.

"I wish you wouldn't indulge in riddles," said he.

"There is no mystery," said Caroline. "I am going to say one thing to you quite plainly."

"You have always been inclined to err on the side of plainness, Caroline, in my opinion."

"George thinks," said Caroline, "and I think with him, that the time is ripe for you to make a declaration of your intentions."

"My intentions!"

"Your intentions, Andover, in regard to my niece, Miss Perry. As she has been entrusted to my care, I feel that I have a right to make this demand."

During the pause which ensued the occupant of the four poster adjusted her headdress in much the same manner that a Lord Chief Justice might be expected to adjust his wig. Andover on his part assumed a port of dignified composure.

"I have no need to assure you, Caroline," said he impressively, "that my intentions, as far as your niece Miss Perry is concerned, are honorable—in the highest degree."

"I am pleased to have your assurance, Andover, that that is so," said Caroline coolly. "George appeared to take a rather pessimistic view of them."

"I will thank you, Caroline, not to quote that man to me."

"I have a greater respect for George than I have ever had before," said the occupant of the four poster. "That is why I quote him. He has recently shown himself in the light of an uncommonly astute fellow."

"Bah!" said Andover. "I have never disguised from myself that George would have been more successful as the proprietor of a bucket shop than as an English gentleman."

"George is a practical man," said Caroline Crewkerne. "And in my judgment, Andover, that is where he has the advantage of you. For in my judgment you have never been that."

"Thank you, Caroline. That is an advantage I am only too glad to concede to anybody."

"If you will take my advice, Andover, you won't be too ready to concede it. There is one question I intend to put to you." The occupant of the four poster leant forward a little from under her canopy with an aspect of the most resolute sarcasm that ever adorned the human countenance. "Do you intend to marry the girl?"

The question was fired point blank in all its ruthless directness. Andover had long cherished the opinion that the venerable occupant of the four poster was the most consummate vulgarian of her time. In this he was doubtless correct, for the frank contempt which she cherished for anything "finicking" was apt to lead her into extreme courses. But even he, with all his cynicism, was not prepared for anything quite so straight from the shoulder. Therefore, he gave ground a little. He was inclined to hum and haw.

"I am afraid, my dear Caroline," he said, "the answer to that question must remain entirely my affair."

"Answer me, Andover," said Caroline Crewkerne, her wrinkled old lips curling in scorn. "Do you intend to marry my niece?"

Andover abated his glance. He took the glass from his eye and examined critically. He shifted his feet a little. He then replaced the glass carefully and stuck his hands under his frock coat.

"Yes, Caroline, I do," he said with admirable composure.

"Very good, Andover," said the occupant of the four poster with ominous pleasantness. "I feel it to be my duty to inform you that George does also."

The blow was planted with all the skill of which the occupant of the four poster was capable. Andover, however, had had time to foresee it. Therefore, although unable to evade the force of it he received it staunchly.

"But that is impossible, Caroline," he said with a superb assumption of indifference.

"Why?" said the occupant of the four poster with the amiability of one who holds the whole game in her hand.

"The most ill-assorted pair in England," said Andover gravely. "The incongruity of their tastes, the dissimilarity of their appearance, their disparity in years."

"Don't be a coxcomb, Andover."

"It is far from coxcombry, I assure you, Caroline," said Andover plaintively. "A ravishing creature like that to marry a mere simulacrum like George. I shudder. The idea is horrible. It revolts me."

"Don't behave like a coxcomb, Andover. George is quite as eligible as you are. In my estimation he is the more eligible of the two."

"Upon my word, Caroline!"

"Socially of course George is the more important."

"I take leave to doubt it."

"Do be practical, Andover."

"In my humble judgment, Caroline, a first-rate earl is of more account than a second-rate duke."

"A matter of opinion, Andover," said the occupant of the four poster, "in more senses than one. Then again I am glad to be able to state that George has already put the matter upon a business basis."

"Disgusting."

"Coxcombry."

"What do you mean precisely by a business basis?"

"I am happy to be able to state that George has made a definite offer."

"To the girl!"

"Certainly not, Andover. Have you no sense of decency? And I may say that as far as it goes the offer is a tolerably good one."

"Marriage?" said Andover. "You are quite sure that George means marriage?"

"Yes, Andover, he means marriage," said the occupant of the four poster with her "hanging judge" demeanor.

"I can only say," said Andover, "that such conduct is very unlike him. I yield to none, Caroline, in whole-hearted admiration of your niece, Miss Perry, considered æsthetically and as a work of nature; but you must not forget that she has not a sou, and she is of no particular family."

The occupant of the four poster breathed blood and fire.

"She is a Wargrave," said she.

"On the distaff side."

"It is more than good enough for either of you."

"Matter of opinion, Caroline, matter of opinion," said Andover musically.

"Your patent dates from a land-jobbing lawyer in the days of George the Second," said the occupant of the four poster, whose headdress was performing surprising feats. "As for the Bettertons—who, pray, are the Bettertons?"

"A truce to family pride," said Andover mellifluously. "Let us get on with the business. I should be glad to know precisely what that sordid-minded ruffian has offered."

"A settlement is of course a *sine quâ non*."

"I fail to understand why it should be, seeing that the girl herself has not a penny."

"There are always two points of view, Andover. And in my judgment the creature's destitute condition renders a settlement the more imperative."

"But one may suppose you are prepared to do something, Caroline?" said Andover with a strictly businesslike air that was not quite in har-

mony with his former altruistic bearing. "You are dooced rich, you know; you have not a soul to leave your money to; and you can't take it with you."

"As far as aspirants to my niece's hand are concerned," said Caroline Crewkerne, "my intentions in regard to her do not enter into the matter. It is their intentions that are important. George has made a *bona fide* offer. Do you propose to better it?"

"What is George's offer?" said my lord.

"George is prepared," said Caroline Crewkerne, who in spite of her "laryngitis" spoke with wonderful slowness and distinctness, "to make a pre-nuptial settlement upon my niece, Miss Perry, of five thousand a year and the dower house at Chorlton cum Hardy."

Andover gave back a step.

"Have you that in writing, Caroline?" said he.

"I have. It is in the hands of my lawyer."

"If I may, I should like very much to see it."

"You will see nothing, Andover. The question as far as it affects you is, are you prepared to better George's offer?"

"It is so unlike George," said the incredulous Andover, "that one can hardly bring one's self to believe that he made it. He has treated none of his other women in that way."

"Doubtless, they had nobody who knew how to handle him," said the occupant of the four poster with a chuckle of grim satisfaction.

"Yes, Caroline, you have a good head," sighed my lord. "A dooced good head."

"Are you prepared, Andover, to better George's offer?"

"It wants thinking over," said that idealist thoughtfully.

The old woman's headdress seemed to erect itself into a veritable panoply of grim enjoyment.

"Yes, Andover," said she, "think it over. I will give you a week."

"Say a fortnight."

"A week. A fortnight would not be fair to George."

Mr. Marchbanks entered on tiptoe.

"Sir Wotherspoon Ogle, my lady."

The negotiations were curtailed by the entrance of the eminent physician.

"How pleasant it is to see you looking so much improved," said Sir Wotherspoon. "Complete rest of mind and body have done wonders for you."

"Humph!" said the occupant of the four poster ungraciously.

"Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," Andover reflected as he took his leave.

CHAPTER XXII

A CONVERSATION AT WARD'S

Andover was a good deal perturbed. He felt that the conduct of Caroline Crewkerne bore a perilous resemblance to the pointing at one of a loaded pistol. He had a constitutional objection to doing things under compulsion or in a hurry. He would greatly have preferred that his sentiments in regard to Miss Perry should have been permitted to ripen at their leisure. Let Nature take her course. Why force the fine flower of altruism, or saddle it with considerations arising from a sordid and grasping materialism?

His admiration for Miss Perry was immense. That, however, he shared with many people. Her success had been a feature of the season. Andover was in no sense a modest man, and he could not help feeling that much of it was due to his brilliantly effective stage management. Certainly his zeal for Miss Perry's advancement had been largely inspired by vanity. From the first he had taken her under his wing; and a great deal of the world's applause had been addressed to him personally on the strength of his "discovery."

He was somewhat advanced in years, of course, to think of marriage. But he had always felt that sooner or later he would inevitably do so. He was urged thereto by a number of considerations. And now that the pistol was pointed at him he really felt that he had a very genuine regard for Miss Perry.

The mere act of walking down Bond Street with her attracted an amount of notice that he was not accustomed to claim in his own person. Nevertheless, he liked it immensely. And even if commanding beauty and an unique personality did not suffice in themselves, the fact that a powerful rival was in the field was enough to stimulate his altruism in the highest degree.

He was fully determined not to be cut out by a man like George Betterton. That was the decision which dominated his mind as he sauntered down to the club to read the newspapers. From the first he had had a lurking suspicion that George meant business; but unless Caroline played him false and his cause was already forsworn he felt that he would prove more than a match for that by no means agile man of affairs.

Could he count upon Caroline Crewkerne? It was a thorny question for the altruist to present to himself. So intimately was he acquainted with the instinctive mental processes of that difficult old woman that he was quite sure he could not count upon her unless he could advance some very

definite reason for her good will. If he wanted Miss Perry, one thing was clear. He must prove himself the superior *parti*.

On the surface Andover was as vain a man as any to be found in London. But his coxcombry was a superficial growth, assiduously cultivated, to hide the uncommonly shrewd and cool calculator who lurked beneath. Not everybody knew that, but Caroline Crewkerne did. Her dictum of "Andover is no fool" was her way of expressing that Andover was really very much the contrary. And in her heart she respected him accordingly. No one despised a fool more heartily than she did. As far as she could she dealt exclusively with people who knew how many beans made five. There was a certain amount of honor to be gained in overreaching them.

"George is a dooced dangerous fellow," mused the altruist on the way to the club. "He is a big wig in his second-rate sort of way with his Garter and his money. He is the sort of fellow to demoralize a woman. And if he wants a penniless parson's daughter he can afford to marry her. Unless that old heathen is lying—and she is capable of anything—I shall have to keep my eye on the target. As long as there is good manhood left in the country that ruffian shall not marry our adorable Goose."

As he formulated this ultimatum the preux chevalier turned the corner of Saint James's Street. Seated in the bay window of Ward's was the object of these reflections. He was reading *Horse and Hound*. From a distance Andover marked him with the air of a satyr.

"There he is," he muttered cheerfully. "He's got the head of a rocking horse, thank God!"

Seen in profile George's pouched purple face, his ungainly jowl, his loose cheeks and his bald head, without exactly meriting the strictures to which their owner had been exposed, yet bore a kind of wooden stupidity which gave grounds for the portrait.

Andover, having observed that none of his fellow-members was within earshot, advanced to the bay window with an air of *bonhomie* that was totally lost upon George, who was not in the least susceptible to casual external influences.

"How are you, George?" he said heartily.

"Pooty well for an old 'un," said George with the rough geniality he extended to everybody.

"I hope you are quite free of the old trouble," said Andover solicitously.

"Free as I ever shall be," said George.

"As I haven't seen you about lately I was beginning to fear that you were laid up again."

"No," said George; and then, like the consummate blunderer he was,

he fell into the trap. "Why," he said, "didn't I see you at Hill Street yesterday?"

"Hill Street," said Andover with an air of complete innocence. "You might have seen me, but I didn't see you."

"You were there anyhow," said George, "and so was I."

"Were you?" said his friend. "Then why the dooce didn't I see you?"

"I remember now," said George. "I called round to see Caroline Crewkerne and you called too, but she thought you had better not come up, as the two of us might prove too much for her."

"She erred on the side of caution, my dear fellow. Two and twenty like you and me would not prove too much for that old woman."

"No, I dare say," said George with a grunt of approbation. "How is she this morning?"

"Getting stronger by degrees. In my opinion, if that old woman is kept in bed much longer she will wreck the premises."

"Remarkably vigorous mind for a woman of her age."

"Her mind, in my humble judgment, is much too vigorous for one of her years," said Andover with the air of one who imparts a profound truth to an intellectual equal. "In my opinion Caroline Crewkerne is a rather embarrassing phenomenon. She has the education of a Whig and the instincts of a Jesuit."

"I dare say," grunted George, who felt that Andover as usual was becoming tedious. He showed a marked inclination to resume the study of the prices made at Tattersall's the week before last. Andover's next remark, however, did something to recapture his interest.

"You remember that gal of hers—that niece?" said Andover, speaking in a rather aggrieved tone.

"Ye-es," said George heavily but with attention. "Gal with the ginger hair."

"Well, now, George," said his old friend impressively, "I am going to tell you something."

Andover looked round the room to make quite sure that none of his fellow-members were within hearing.

"When that gal came to London a few weeks ago," said he, "she arrived at Hill Street in a turn-out that any self-respecting butter woman would refuse to go to market in. She was the most untutored child of nature that I ever saw in the house of a Christian."

George nodded to show that he was following the course of his friend's narrative.

"Well, Caroline was furious. You know, I dare say, the circumstance

in which the gal came to Hill Street. Mind you, I don't disguise the fact that her coming there at all was highly creditable to Caroline. In the course of a forty years' acquaintance it is the only act of spontaneous charity in which I have ever known her to indulge. But when she saw the untutored creature that had been sent to her from the heart of Exmoor, she wanted to send her packing. However, with infinite difficulty I managed to dissuade her. Her people are as poor as mice, as of course you know. Father a parson, who has to bring up a long family on forty pounds a year."

"Ye-es," said George, nodding.

"Knowing the gal's circumstances," his friend continued, "I thought it would be only right to give her a chance. But Caroline was all for sending her home again. And then I made the discovery that the rustic parson's daughter was by way of being a throwback to her Grandmother Dorset. Well, George, what do you think I did?"

"No idea," said George.

"I got hold, my dear fellow, of Duprez, the Paris milliner, and Péli-sier, the woman from the bonnet shop in Grafton Street, and between us we turned out that gal a very tolerable imitation of Grandmother Dorset. And as I had a genuine interest in the gal for her own sake, for she is a very nice, simple gal, I took her about to let her see something of London, so that she might get a few ideas about things in general."

"Ye-es," said George.

"You see, my dear fellow, what I said to Caroline was this." Andover again looked about him to discover the proximity of his fellow-members, and assumed a very confidential air. "With a bit of luck and if you can play your cards as well as you used to, that gal might marry. She hasn't a penny, of course, and she is of no particular family, but she is not at all a bad style of gal when she has a pretty frock on; in fact, Caroline, I said, in my opinion she is just the sort of gal to catch a brewer or a stockbroker or one of these new men with money."

"Ye-es," said George.

"And now, my dear fellow," said his friend more confidentially than ever, "what do you think that old Jesuit does? I put it to you, George."

"No idea," said George.

"Finding the gal has not gone off as she ought, she turns round on me."

"You!" said George with stolid surprise.

"Yes, my dear fellow, turns round on me, and has the effrontery to expect me—me, George—to marry her."

George gave a chuckle.

"What do you say to that, my dear fellow? Cool, eh?"

George turned over a page of *Horse and Hound* with a preternatural appearance of gravity. Apparently he was not at all conscious that Andover was scrutinizing him narrowly.

"What do you say to it?"

"Well," said George slowly and heavily, "I should say you were asking for it."

It must be confessed that Andover was baffled. For both in the manner and in the matter of the rejoinder no portion of George's feelings were visible.

"Asking for it," said Andover with virtuous indignation. "Upon my word, George, I expected better things of you. To say the least, it is a poor encouragement to a good heart."

"Well, you know, Andover," said George with a genial grunt and addressing himself to *Horse and Hound* in earnest, "you might do worse. Ginger-haired gal is not bad lookin'."

There was nothing more to be got out of George. Not only did Tattersall's sale list prove of absorbing interest, but fellow-members began to encroach upon the privacy of the bay window. Among these was the bullet-headed marquis from Yorkshire.

"Give you a good sermon, Kendal?" said Andover, nodding affably.

"No," said the marquis slowly and with decision. "Too much up in the air for my taste."

"Up in the air," said Andover. "I am surprised to hear you say that. I thought every parson in Europe had abandoned the up-in-the-air theory. They say the kingdom of heaven is within you these days, don't they?"

"Yes," said the marquis gravely, "and in my opinion and in the opinion of Maria they are making a great error."

"Indigestion probably," said Andover with a little shrug, and taking up the *Figaro*.

"By the way," said Kendal, "I was told this morning that Caroline Crewkerne was not expected to recover."

"I am able to contradict that rumor," said Andover.

"Glad to hear it," said Kendal. "Caroline is one of the old standards."

"A survivor of a darker age," said Andover.

"I see that little bay horse of yours made a hundred and forty guineas," said George from behind *Horse and Hound*.

"Yes," said Kendal, "and was worth more."

"Why did you part with him?"

"He tried to bite Priscilla."

"Vice?"

"No, only playful."

"Talking of Priscilla," said Andover, "has that young chap painted her yet?"

"No," said Kendal. "Maria has a fancy for Halpin."

Andover shook his head sagely.

"You are making a mistake," said he.

"Halpin is a good man, ain't he?"

"Halpin is Halpin, of course," said Andover, "but this young fellow Lascelles is the coming man. He has done a wonderful portrait of Caroline's Crewkerne's niece."

The Marquis laughed in the broad Yorkshire manner.

"I suppose, Andover," said he, "we must congratulate you."

George laid down *Horse and Hound*. Andover, who seemed far more preoccupied with George's behavior than with Kendal's question, favored the former with a gesture of humorous despair.

"I believe," said he to Kendal, "that you regular churchgoers go to church mainly to keep abreast of the times."

"Well there's no denying," said Kendal with a wink at George, "that we do contrive to do that."

"Well, my dear Kendal," said Andover, "there is such a thing as you regular churchgoers getting a little in front of the times."

"People seem to think she is the most beautiful girl in England," said the Marquis. "Priscilla is very jealous."

"If I were half as handsome as Priscilla," said Andover discreetly, for personal beauty was certainly not Priscilla's strong point, "I should not be jealous of a poor parson's daughter."

"Funny cattle, y' know," said Kendal with an air of wisdom. "You young bachelors have got that to find out. What do you say, George?"

George, whose experience of the sex was extensive and peculiar, gave a grunt of ponderous solemnity.

"Anyhow," said Andover in the bounty of his heart, "Lascelles is your man. Tell the wife I say so."

When Andover came to reflect upon George's attitude, that is, as far as his prescience could discern it, he felt that the position of affairs called for less decisive action than Caroline Crewkerne had indicated. His interview with her that morning, however, had the effect of crystallizing his ideas. He had now definitely made up his mind that George Betterton should not marry Miss Perry.

CHAPTER XXIII

MUFFIN MAKES HER APPEARANCE AT PEN-Y-GROS CASTLE

It was now July, and in spite of Goodwood and Lord's and a constant succession of parties, Miss Perry remained faithful in her allegiance to the Acacias. Her attendance at the wooden structure in the small Balham back garden was not absolutely necessary because the picture was in quite an advanced stage, but there can be no question that her presence was a great aid to the artist. As a rule, Andover conceived it to be his duty to accompany her on these pilgrimages. With that disinterested benevolence for which he was well known he feared lest the maze of traffic of the vast metropolis should overwhelm that ingenuous but charming child of nature. And further he seemed to find Mrs. Lascelles a singularly agreeable woman.

While the great things of art were toward, across the garden, Mrs. Lascelles and Lord Andover would sit in the tiny drawing-room with the French window open to the grass-plot, and the fierceness of the obtrusive Balham sunshine mitigated by a sunblind striped green and red. Here in a couple of wickerwork chairs, with ingenious arrangements for the feet, they could recline with half an eye upon the wooden structure at the other side of the lawn, where the wonderful Miss Perry was just visible in chiaroscuro through the open door. They discoursed of the great days when Andover was a younger son and at the Embassy at Paris, and used to wear a stripe down the leg of his trousers.

The world was younger in those days and giants lived in it. That fellow Gautier who used to swagger at the play in a coat of plum-colored velvet and a yellow dicky; and the dandies, the poets, the painters, the musicians, the men in politics and diplomacy, the gay, careless, brilliant cosmopolitan company that thronged the French capital before the Fall, yes, those were the days to live in and to remember! But where were they now? Where were the snows of the year before last?

Let us drink of the cup, for we know not what the morrow holds for us, was the burden of Andover's reflections. He had seen the great hulking, beslobbered Germans at Versailles in '71, and he had seen the mutilated city after the peace.

"War is so *bête*," said he. "And everything is that makes us unhappy. I don't believe that any fragrant thing ever sprang out of misery. All the things we live for are wrought of happiness. I am sure, Mrs. Lascelles, it gave you great pleasure to write the first chapter of your novel."

Jim's mother smiled charmingly. She had been prevailed upon to read her simple and unpretending narrative of life as she saw it, which could find no publisher, because "there was not enough in it" for the public taste.

"We must respect the public," said Andover. "And, of course, we must respect those who diagnose its needs. But what a joy it must have been to you to compose your little prelude, to—shall I say?—the works of Stendhal."

"Mon pauvre Arrigo Beyle!" said Jim's mother with a little blush of pleasure that was really very becoming.

There was a perceptible movement in the wooden structure. A form divinely tall and divinely fair converged upon the grass-plot. It was accompanied by a stalwart, velvet-coated cavalier.

"A short interval for strawberries and cream," said Jim.

"Most rational, my dear Lascelles," said the lazily musical voice of his patron from the depths of his wicker chair, "and most proper. As I was observing to your accomplished mother, the great things of art require an atmosphere of natural and spontaneous gladness in which to get themselves created. Strawberries and cream by all means. Do not spare that national delicacy if you wish to get a final and consummate glow upon your masterpiece."

The attention of Miss Perry was wholly diverted by the rich display of the national delicacy in question upon the tea table.

"Aren't they beauties!" said she in thrilling tones. "I am sure Muffin has picked the largest in the garden, and when I wrote to her I specially told her not to."

"Among the select but ever-widening circle of persons," said Andover, "whom I desire to meet in the Elysian Fields, my dear Miss Goose, is your sister Muffin."

"She is too sweet," said Miss Perry. "Aren't they beauties? I am sure you would like her so much."

After some liberal and copious refreshment—the afternoon was indeed very hot—Miss Perry and Jim Lascelles returned to the service of art. Jim's mother was requested to open the little rosewood piano. This time she played Brahms. Her touch, in the opinion of her listener, was deliciously sensitive. She promised to accompany him on the Friday following to the Opera to hear Calvé in *La Bohème*. They discussed the theatres, and waxed enthusiastic over the artless witchery of Duse as *Mirandola*.

"And soon, my dear Mrs. Lascelles," said Andover with his paternal air, "I suppose you will be off to the sea."

"Yes," said Jim's mother hopefully, "if the little study of the Breton woman in the field of olives finds a purchaser."

"One feels sure it will," said Andover with perhaps a better grounded optimism.

Andover was justified of it, however. Jim Lascelles contrived a few days later to sell that not specially significant little work for forty pounds. In his own judgment and in that of others this sum was every penny of what it was worth. It was so obviously a picture in which he was seeking to find the right way in that carelessly happy era before the right way had come to him so miraculously.

The sale of the Breton woman in the field of olives was curiously providential, coming when it did, for Jim himself had abandoned all hope of the sea for that year. Yet neither he nor his mother was really surprised that a corner was found for her in one of the lesser reception-rooms at Andover House.

"It is a great bargain," said Jim's mother. "Really she is worth so much more."

"A modest fiver represents her merits," said Jim, who was without illusions upon the subject.

Nevertheless, Jim and his mother proposed to spend a whole month in Normandy upon the proceeds of the sale. Andover, who had inherited a certain quantity of suppressed gout along with the ancestral acres, made his annual pilgrimage to Harrowgate to drink the waters; and the Hill Street ménage was removed to a dilapidated fortress in Wales. And it was to this retreat by a signal act of grace, of which few would have suspected its authoress to be capable, that Muffin was summoned from Slocum Magna to spend a fortnight with her sister, "who all things considered had been a good girl."

Miss Perry wept large round tears of delight when she communicated this glad news to Tobias. That stay of her solitude had by the guilty connivance of Miss Burden been provided, during the second week of his sojourn in the vast metropolis, with a more hygienic and commodious structure than a wicker basket.

Muffin arrived at Pen-y-Gros Castle on a sultry August afternoon, in a somewhat antiquated fly, which took an hour to come from the railway station at a place called Dwygyfy—or words to that effect. It appeared that the train was due to arrive at that centre of civilization at seven o'clock the previous evening, but for some mysterious reason did not really arrive there until the next day. At least, according to Muffin's thrilling narrative of her adventures upon the Cambrian railway, she had found herself at a quarter to eleven the previous night at a place

called Llan-something, where they have the mountains, with only four shillings and ninepence in her purse, together with a return ticket from Dwygyfy, and a canary, which she had brought from Slocum Magna for Aunt Caroline.

However, all's well that end's well, as Shakespeare says. Muffin accepted the situation in the philosophical spirit for which she had already acquired a reputation. She curled herself up on three chairs in the first-class waiting-room at the railway station at Llan-something, with Polly's luggage basket for her pillow and the canary by her side, and she awoke just in time to catch the train to Dwygyfy about noon the next day.

Muffin's hair was not quite so yellow as her sister's. Her eyes were not quite so blue; her appetite was not quite so big; her physique not quite so stupendous. Nor was her drawl quite so ridiculous; she was not quite such a "silly"; but her nature was equally docile and affectionate. When Muffin arrived in triumph, wearing her wonderful adventures like a heroine in a romance, Aunt Caroline was in her boudoir. In a former and more warlike epoch it had been the armory, but it was now transformed by the art of Waring and Maple into a most comfortable sanctuary, where an old devoté could tell her beads. Not that the occupant of the boudoir was thus engaged when Miss Perry led her sister proudly by the hand, canary and all, into the presence of her august and formidable relation.

"Aunt Caroline, this is Muffin," announced that Featherbrain breathlessly. "Isn't she a sweet?"

Aunt Caroline put up her glass in her time-honored manner. But there was something about Muffin that disarmed her. Whether it was Muffin herself or her famous mauve, which although in its third season and decidedly rumpled, owing to long exposure on the Cambrian Railway, was certainly very becoming, or whether it was the canary, or her charming docility, or her candor and simplicity, it is very hard to know, but Aunt Caroline accepted the present and a most cordial embrace in the spirit in which they were proffered.

"I have brought you this, Aunt Caroline," said Muffin, "because you have been so kind to Araminta and because it is so dear of you to have me."

"Thank you, my dear," said Aunt Caroline.

Aunt Caroline actually said "my dear!"

Certainly it may have been that a recent illness had lowered her vitality; yet it is hard to believe that that can have been really the case, for she was still a very resolute-minded old lady. But Miss Burden was

amazed that she should permit herself such an unparalleled license of expression. Ponto was also. Indeed, he appeared to resent it, for he sat up and looked daggers at the canary. Dogs are so jealous, pugs particularly.

In every way Muffin's fortnight was a great success. She took the frankest pleasure in ascending mountains, bestriding waterfalls, in leaping chasms, in descending precipices, and in tearing her frock on the slightest possible pretext. Not her mauve, of course. The *pièce de resistance* of her extremely limited wardrobe was kept in reserve for high days and holy days. But she gave up the golden hours to the sheer delight of soaking her shoes and stockings in sloughs and mud and water-courses which an unerring instinct enabled her to discover in the most unlikely places; in rending her garments—second best, of course, so they really did not matter—in tearing her fingers upon briars and boulders and furze-bushes; and in using the brand-new straw, the general outfitter at Slocum Magna had supplied her with for the sum of one shilling and eleven-pence halfpenny—there is only one price for straw hats at Slocum Magna provided you pay cash—to convey rare ferns and *recherché* specimens of the fauna and flora of the neighborhood.

Muffin was a singularly learned creature. She could tell you who was the lawful owner of the pink egg with brown spots, or the gray egg with cream ones. She could point out the tracks of the weasel; she could discern where a squirrel lurked among the foliage when the ordinary person couldn't; she was familiar with the habits and appearance of the stoat. Every tree and bush enabled her to unfold her knowledge; and not only was she familiar with the name and use of everything, but she also had a passion for collecting every wayside flower and every herb that grew.

Her store of information and her desire for its acquisition were not confined to dry land merely. In the numerous rills and small lakes in which the mountains abounded she spent many choice hours. Sometimes she removed her shoes and stockings; sometimes she did not. It depended upon whether she happened to remember that she was wearing these appendages before wading in in search of trout or minnows or mere botanical knowledge. However, as became a natural leader of fashion at Slocum Magna, she generally contrived in some sort to kilt her dress.

In all undertakings of this character, whether by land or water, Muffin was pre-eminent. But it must be said that her sister Goose was a very willing, assiduous and by no means inefficient lieutenant. Of course one so accomplished as Muffin despised her attainments really. For instance, she was never absolutely clear as to which was a weasel

and which was a stoat, and whether a plover made a whirr with its wings like a partridge, and which kind of fish it was that herons cared for most particularly; but Goose, although rather a "silly," was full to the brim with zeal and docility. Docility was indeed her great characteristic. She was incapable of questioning the most arbitrary command of her natural superior.

Elizabeth was Muffin's name in baptism, and that, of course, was the name Aunt Caroline called her by. From the moment of her arrival, as you have seen, her august relation relented toward her. Why she should have done so baffled all who had an expert knowledge of her character. Perhaps she felt instinctively that there was something in Elizabeth. If that was the case her instinct did not lead her astray.

There was certainly no guile in Muffin. But she had a way with her. She was a very handsome girl, too, although whether she was of the style to take the town, as her sister had done, is perhaps a matter for doubt. But for some reason Aunt Caroline took to her from the beginning. She even deigned on fine mornings to accompany Elizabeth into the woods which enfolded Pen-y-Gros Castle on every side, walking quite nimbly with the aid of her stick, and with Ponto waddling beside her. She would endure Elizabeth's discourse upon the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field, and she would even go to the length of carrying personally the specimens Elizabeth gathered of the flora of the district. And the manner in which Elizabeth navigated the lake at the foot of the mountains or the stream at the back of the castle filled her with amusement.

Two days before the fortnight was at an end Aunt Caroline did a thing without precedent. She actually invited Muffin to stay a fortnight longer. Muffin crowed with delight when she received the invitation. She adored her sister Goose for one thing. Each had brought up the other; and neither had a thought which the other did not share. And in her fearless and impulsive way Muffin had formed in her own mind an ardently idealist picture of her formidable relation. And neither good report nor ill could possibly disturb it.

"The girl has sense, Burden," said Aunt Caroline on the day the edict was issued that Elizabeth was to remain a fortnight longer at Pen-y-Gros Castle. "She appears to favor me much more than she does Polly. I think George Betterton ought to see her. Bring me some ink and a broad nib."

There and then this old lady of ripe years composed a letter for the benefit of the Duke of Lancaster in a hand that was remarkably firm and full of character.

PEN-Y-GROS CASTLE, NORTH WALES, 25 August, 190—.

DEAR GEORGE: If you are returned from Homburg, come and spend a week end here. Wales is looking very well just now and the lake is full of trout. I should like to give you your revenge at piquet.

Believe me, very sincerely yours,

CAROLINE CREWKERNE.

No sooner had this letter been composed than the Fates themselves began to take an active interest in affairs. The air in that particular corner of the Welsh principality began to be charged with magnetism.

The letter to George Betterton had scarcely been posted an hour when a communication, bearing the Harrowgate postmark, was delivered to the Countess of Crewkerne, Pen-y-Gros Castle. It said:

MY DEAR CAROLINE: Having effected my annual cure, and feeling in consequence immeasurably the better able in mind and body to cope with the things of this world, I have proposed to myself to spend the week end with you in your Welsh fastness. You will be interested to learn that I have given a certain matter the most anxious and careful consideration, which I do not need to remind you is demanded by its highly critical nature. I am now in a position to make a definite offer provided there has been no foreclosure.

I remain, my dear Caroline, always yours,

ANDOVER.

Having read this letter twice very carefully, the recipient proceeded to tear it up into small pieces. There was a dangerous light in her eye.

"Humph!" said she ominously. "I am not sure, Andover, that you have not overstayed your market."

All the same, the second communication did not appear wholly to displease the person to whom it was addressed.

CHAPTER XXIV

EPISODE OF A FRENCH NOVEL AND A RED UMBRELLA

It was in the middle of the afternoon of Saturday that Andover arrived at Pen-y-Gros Castle by the station fly from Dwygyfy. George Betterton had arrived at the same hour the previous afternoon and by the same medium of travel. Andover was received by his hostess without any excess of cordiality. Her demeanor implied that any person of either sex who presumed to try a fall with her did so at his or her peril.

The other members of the party were in the woods, and after Andover had taken some slight refreshment, the August evening being extremely beautiful, Miss Burden and he went to join them. The party consisted merely of George Betterton, the wonderful Miss Perry and the accom-

plished Miss Elizabeth. Miss Burden had been enjoined strictly beforehand not to disclose the presence of either the latter or the former.

"How is our delectable Miss Goose?" said Andover poetically. "Transformed, I am sure, into a woodland creature or a spirit of the mountains."

Three or four hundred yards along the wooded path which led from the castle to the wild hills was a shallow lake, which was formed by a number of tiny streams which trickled down from the mountains. Small wonder was it to find that an artist had erected his easel in this picturesque place. It was indeed an ideal spot, in which nature attained to great majesty and perfection. And the August evening matched it. Hardly a cloud ringed the noble head of Gwydr in the middle distance.

(To be continued)

SOLITUDE

BY REGINALD M. CLEVELAND

ACROSS the deepening dusk a heron wings
With steady beat, his slow, majestic way.
The chill ground-airs that follow on the day
Creep from the silent earth. The lost sun flings
A few dull bars across the west and brings
A sullen flush beneath its leaden gray.
Now and again a leaf, sere in decay,
Rustles against the bare twig where it clings.

Alone and motionless, I look afar,
And feel the menace of the lowering sky,
While voices of the night that will not cease
Are sighing with soft tongues for one fair star;
And all my heart is full with that vain cry
For silence and high starlight and for peace.

Reginald M. Cleveland.

A TREASURE-TROVE OF MEMORIES¹

BY GRACE ISABEL COLBRON

THE impressive and dominant personality of Henry E. Krehbiel, the New York *Tribune's* able musical editor, has been for many years as important a part of New York's musical life as have any of the composers or interpretative artists to an intelligent appreciation of whose efforts he has dedicated the service of his pen. We say advisedly, as important a part, for the standard of its criticism is the last gauge for the standard of achievement in the art life of a community. The standing of our musical critics in New York speaks well for the high average of excellence in musical performance that is offered us. We have a number of able musical critics; but to one who has followed their work for years Mr. Krehbiel undoubtedly heads the list in the all-round excellence of his equipment for his task, in his unfailing devotion to the highest ideals. During the years of his newspaper work he has also given us several bound volumes of constructive musical criticism which are as helpful and more permanent than his daily articles. Now he comes with another sort of offering, a stately volume of many pages and copious illustrations bearing the title *Chapters of Opera*. Its purpose is further explained in the sub-title as being: "Historical and Critical Observations and Records concerning the Lyric Drama in New York from its Earlier Days down to the Present Time."

Mr. Krehbiel has not cared so much for the form of his book as for accuracy in the subject matter. It is written with little attempt at style and no more construction than that given by the natural grouping of various departments of the subject. The narrative is interspersed with bits of criticism, with pages of statistics, with frequent digressions. The author's anxiety to keep contemporaneous events in their relation to one another before the reader's eyes, leads him often to break into the sequence of one narrative with what should properly belong to another, making the story at times difficult to follow. A tendency to cumbersome inversion in the phrasing—which betrays the writer's nationality—adds at other times a slight element of confusion. But these are the only faults we have to find with a book which deserves to find its way into the library of every opera lover in New York.

It is invaluable as a record and reference book either for writers who

¹*Chapters of Opera*. By Henry Krehbiel. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

need the information professionally, or for those who wish to freshen up pleasurable memories. There is a pomp and a splendor about grand opera, under whatever conditions it may be produced, which renders it a thing apart from other theatrical offerings. Its memories arouse more enthusiasm in the mind than do the memories of all other stage performances we have loved. And this quality it is that will add a charm of sentiment for all opera lovers who read Mr. Krehbiel's book. For it brings something to everybody. There is rich store of pleasure for the older generation with its cherished memories of Patti, Gerster, Nilsson, Campanini, whose golden voices were often heard amid meagre scenery to the accompaniment of wretched orchestras and yet never failed of their effect. There is rich pleasure also for the ardent patrons who fought the fight for German opera in its newer forms at the Metropolitan during the years 1884-91. And there is something for the present-day opera goer with his choice of two splendid organizations and their polyglot offerings.

Mr. Krehbiel harks back to long before his own time to make his narrative complete with forgotten stories of the very earliest days of Italian Opera in New York. It is interesting to note that in these old days, 1825 or thereabouts, and for some time after, opera sung in English was a steady feature of the New York theatrical season, whereas opera in a foreign tongue was a feeble and uncertain exotic. This is in contrast with the fact that to-day foreign grand opera is the greatest money-making institution on the New York stage, and opera sung in English a very uncertain proposition. Incidentally Mr. Krehbiel tells a rather amusing story of the New York *Tribune* having given several columns to a discussion of opera as an art-form at a time when Mr. Greeley himself, its editor-in-chief, had sent in from Washington some important political news for which space could not be found. The New York *Tribune* appears from this to be the one thing in New York which has not changed in all these years.

Of some of the personalities that come into the memory of present-day opera goers of mature years, Mr. Krehbiel gives sympathetic portraits. He shows us a group of our great opera managers, bringing out their characteristics and their work in such a way as to let us study more intimately what peculiar form of genius—or insanity—it is that tempts a man into this most difficult of all fields of theatrical endeavor and keeps him there until his last gasp. The vicissitudes of ordinary theatrical life fade into insignificance beside the risks taken by such inveterate gamblers—one can call them nothing else—as Colonel Mapleson, Henry Abbey, Maretzek, Maurice Grau and the others.

The story of the years of German Opera at the Metropolitan, started by Dr. Damrosch and carried on afterward under the artistic leadership of Anton Seidl, occupy an important position in the book and are written with a warmth of enthusiasm which shows where the author's inclinations lie, despite the impartiality of the critic. For those who helped in the pioneer work of making Richard Wagner's operas worthily known to this country, these chapters will hold golden memories. In dealing with present-day opera conditions, with the Merry War between our two great houses, with the new works of the French school, with Richard Strauss's *Salome* and the rest, Mr. Krehbiel drops quite frequently into criticism which is piquant in its frankness. Taken all in all, this is an immensely readable book for all who love opera. And even this limitation leaves a tremendous circle of readers.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

"FRANK DANBY'S" NEW NOVEL¹

BY PHILIP TILLINGHAST

THERE are some books which may be fairly and adequately reviewed on their own merits and quite apart from any other work either of the same author or of any other writer. There are other books to which justice may be done only by seeing them in a certain perspective, as the outcome of a certain school, as one factor in the working out of a definite plan, or perhaps as an interesting stage in the development of the author. Among the works of Mrs. Julia Frankau, who prefers, when her writings take the form of fiction, to employ the pseudonym of "Frank Danby," there are just two which can be treated as things apart: *Dr. Phillips* and *Pigs in Clover*. There is about them an inherent bigness both of theme and of treatment that makes them important on their own account aside from any consideration of the writer's personality or motive. All of the volumes that Mrs. Frankau has since written belong to the other class. They are carefully written books, showing a wise understanding of human nature; and they are books which are not likely to call forth hostile comments. They may be safely put into the hands of the average reader without fear of ruffling too harshly any pet prejudice. But they lack that ample largeness of view, that forceful singleness of purpose, that exuberant vitality, which, in the case of her

¹*Sebastian*. By Frank Danby. New York: The Macmillan Company.

earlier books, compelled recognition, even in the face of a storm of protests, as novels of the first magnitude. *Baccarat*, *The Heart of a Child*, and *Sebastian* are all three not only interesting books, but worthy also of careful analysis as phases in the development of a novelist of real importance. But there is no use to pretend that if even the best of the three, *Sebastian*, happened to be the first published volume of a new writer, there could be found in it anything that might authorize the prediction that he might some day write another novel of such strength and such fearless truth as *Pigs in Clover*.

What has happened to Mrs. Frankau is not unlike that which happens to a large proportion of successful novelists; yet, because of her peculiar talents it is a little more noticeable and a good deal more regrettable. It is only young authors in the first flush of enthusiasm who dare fully to defy convention. With each successive year they find themselves, almost unconsciously perhaps, a little more narrowed down, a little more hampered both in form and in subject by what is expected of them, by what is demanded by the generation we live in. In France, the conventional limitations show themselves a little more obviously than in our country, thanks to that ultra conservative institution, the French Academy. It is an interesting and enlightening study to compare the youthful and exuberant independence to be found in the earlier work of many a staid Academician with the admirably correct but colorless productions which followed his election. Of course, if an author in the beginning is not violently independent or startlingly iconoclastic; if his departures either from the prescribed technique of fiction or the conventional range of subjects has not behind it that spark of genius which provokes antagonism, then he may very easily and with no great loss to the world settle down to the usual beaten path of the English novelist, happy in the conviction that he is showing a steady upward growth that keeps pace with his gain in popularity and with the praise of equally well meaning and equally conventional critics. But now and then one comes across a peculiarly flagrant and exasperating case of a big, erratic, undisciplined genius that with the proper encouragement might in time achieve great things; but because of the world's slowness to understand and accept that which is new, especially when it runs counter to established prejudice, the genius finds itself gradually broken to harness like a clipped-winged Pegasus and compelled to pace along steadily with becoming meekness, if not with actual dejection.

It would be unfair to Mrs. Frankau to suggest her as an example of such broken-spirited genius. And yet the crushing process of unintelligent and misdirected criticism has had upon her an effect

identical in kind with that above suggested and differing solely in the degree of its consequences. Current book reviews are already calling *Sebastian* Mrs. Frankau's finest effort, just as a year ago they pronounced a like verdict upon *The Heart of a Child*. But to a reader who happens to have read *Pigs in Clover* some six or seven years ago, and who was swept off his feet by the tremendous truth and unrestrained human passion of it, these later well-pruned, carefully controlled pictures of English life—for however she does it, Frank Danby always does and always will succeed in picturing life—suggest that unmistakable bluish pallor which comes of too much skimming and too much water.

Nevertheless, whether at her best or at her worst, Mrs. Frankau always has for her central theme something that is really worth while—something also which may be worked out, as the central theme of any really big novel must work out, both in its specific relation to the case in point, and in its general bearing upon the world at large. These themes, in her successive novels may be briefly summed up as follows: in *Dr. Phillips*, and in *Pigs in Clover*, it is a study of that peculiar, elusive attraction of sex which no one can explain in words, yet which no intelligent person will refuse to recognize, “that certain something” Frank Danby has somewhere called it, “recognizable in the free-masonry of the passions by all who have realized its existence,” and which holds the secret of the power which one particular man or woman may exert over some one person of the opposite sex. This power, Mrs. Frankau teaches, has nothing to do with mental or moral standards. A man of high attainment, erudite, cultured, wealthy, widely honored, when once he falls victim to this sort of spell, may for the sake of a shallow, selfish, mercenary little woman, who does not even love him, sacrifice himself utterly, stoop to baseness, dishonor, and even murder—as in the case of *Dr. Phillips*. Or, again, a delicately bred woman with high ideals, fine intelligence, and that rarest of all qualities, personal charm, may prove false to all her established standards and stoop to incredible folly and degradation at the mere word of a treacherous, unclean, mongrel cad because he has a low voice with a burred “r” and can make her vibrate at his touch “as violin strings at the hand of a musician”—and here you have the whole story of Joan de Groot in *Pigs in Clover*. In *Baccarat*, which is frankly the poorest thing Mrs. Frankau has done, we have this same theme as one of a combination of *leitmotive*, from which it is difficult because of the faulty construction, to pick out the predominant one. *Baccarat* may be compared to that modern mongrel product of architectural economy, the two-family house. Originally, the first half of it was detached and rented out separately as a magazine novelette; and

the second half of it might conceivably have likewise been offered separately to the public. The theme of the first half was that of a blind instinct for gambling which, like a craving for some deadly drug, sometimes seizes upon a man or a woman, blunts their faculties, drags them down from one ignominy to another. The second half has no further structural connection with the first than merely that it is the working out of a particular problem resulting from a particular infamy to which a woman has been dragged down through her gambling passion. She might have stooped in the same manner from a hundred other motives. Gambling, though it happened to be the motive, is no longer of any structural importance in the story. The point of view has shifted from the wife to the husband; the central theme is no longer the wife's weakness, but the husband's strength—his ability to face the problem of granting pardon, the problem so boldly and truthfully worked out in many a Continental novel from Margueritte's *Le Pardon* to d'Annunzio's *L'Innocente*. Because this theme has been supremely handled by other writers, and also, one suspects, because Mrs. Frankau, herself, felt that she had made a false start, and that she was committed to a solution that rings false, the book suffers sadly by way of contrast. It will be remembered as a frail, abortive effort, whose ultimate omission from the author's collected work will be a genuine kindness.

This brings us down to the works in Mrs. Frankau's new manner, *The Heart of a Child* and *Sebastian*. And the critics are undoubtedly right when they recognize the technical ability she is now displaying. Without any intention to minimize the importance of technique in fiction, one may nevertheless point out that the more rigid its rules, the more they partake of the nature of ready-made clothing which fit best when tried upon the average commonplace individual and which fit grotesquely, or not at all, upon the shoulders of a giant. *Pigs in Clover*, disproportioned, unsymmetrical, belongs, nevertheless, to the order of giants. It might, advantageously, have been lopped off a few chapters sooner. It simply did not know when to stop growing. But no one reading it could be seriously annoyed by structural eccentricities; the thing was too big for that. With *The Heart of a Child* the conditions are entirely altered. One is so keenly conscious of the framework beneath the outer covering that at times one resents the artificiality of it. The central theme of this book is the vexed question whether a young girl born in the slums, bred in the gutter, flung at the most critical years of her life into the noisome atmosphere of cheap dancing halls, may from an inborn instinct succeed in protecting herself and maintaining her own and the world's respect. That is a theme which one would gladly have seen developed with the

boldness of the earlier Frank Danby, the Frank Danby of a decade ago. The volume that she has actually written is handicapped by its neat and careful structure, its preordained plan of ending with a triumphant social rise and a marriage to a peer of the realm. Mrs. Frankau knew perfectly well that under the conditions imposed upon her Sally Snape such a triumph was impossible for an unprotected and unaided girl; so she aids her at every turn by that most tricky and least justifiable device known to novelists—the Intervention of Fate. And, of course, by doing so, instead of solving her problem, she simply begs the whole question. In *Sebastian*, which on the whole is a much better book, Mrs. Frankau nevertheless has been guilty, although to a less extent, of much the same fault. In this book she treats a theme which in itself is one of the most profoundly interesting questions to be found in the range of modern fiction. The inferiority of the half-breed is one of the admitted commonplaces of the biologist. The fact that a human mongrel, whether a half-breed Indian, a mulatto, or a Spanish *mestizo*, or any of the various and extraordinary racial admixtures that swarm in all the Asiatic seaports, usually possesses all the vices and scarcely any of the virtues of the parent races has formed the basis of many a tragedy, both in fact and in fiction. This problem in its physical aspect has already interested Mrs. Frankau in at least one of her books. In *Pigs in Clover*, the whole plot turns upon the mental and moral gulf which separates Karl Althaus, a fine, large-hearted Hebrew gentleman, full of high aspirations and pride of race, from his half-brother Louis, who is a currish, cowardly mongrel, who has added to all the worst qualities of his father's race the additional viciousness acquired from his mother, an English girl of the London streets. But in *Sebastian*, Mrs. Frankau has studied a problem which, although analogous to this, is really quite new in English fiction: the problem whether the offspring of two people who, although of the same blood, are mentally so out of sympathy as to be of practically a different race, will not, like the physical half-breed, inherit the weaknesses of both parents and the strength of neither. *Sebastian* is precisely such a mental and moral half-breed.

Sebastian's father is a London merchant, the head of a proud old firm of paper manufacturers. Although he has married into a social stratum much above him, and understands quite well his wife's contempt for a mere money-maker, like himself, he remains to the last as proud of his business on the one hand as he is, on the the other, of his wife and son. The wife, sprung from a long line of literary and artistic folk, considers herself splendidly tolerant of her husband's inferiority. She is quite content to accept the money he lavishes upon her, but can give him scarcely

any of her time because she herself is an author whose novels have attained quite a *succès d'estime*. Incidentally, they bring her in a not inconsiderable revenue, which characteristically she immediately converts from the vulgar form of money into the nobler but quite useless shape of rare bric-a-brac. The fact that her husband is rapidly killing himself by overwork and that she might have lightened his burden is a detail which never pierces through the self-absorption of her artistic temperament. Sebastian, the product of this ill-assorted union, is from early childhood admittedly his mother's child, the heir to her hereditary gifts. It never occurs to his father, save as a foolish and unattainable longing, that he might follow in the footsteps of trade and carry on the firm name which otherwise must perish. It is an understood thing that Sebastian is to be a literary genius, that he is to go through Eton and Cambridge, and whatever further training is needed, regardless of time or cost. But somehow matters do not work out quite in the prescribed way. In school, his masters recognize him as a precocious genius—only they discover more precosity than genius. His verse is good, but not quite good enough; and somehow the prizes always just escape him. To the real artistic temperament, such as that of his mother, the consciousness of good work, sincerely done, would have been reward enough. Sebastian, however, must have the acclaim of public recognition, the substantial reward of a money prize. The business instinct inherited from the father demands an equivalent for value received. This is why, to his mother's distress, he turns his back on Eton and Cambridge.

But another motive, born of the shrewd observation that is not a heritage from his mother, leads him definitely to abandon literature and go into business, the paper business of his father and his uncles—and this impulse is simply and solely the discovery that his father is a desperately sick man, who may at any day or hour be stricken with death. Curiously enough, he discovers that while he had always loved languages and hated mathematics, the rudiments of business and the mere mechanical task of casting up columns come to him with amazing facility. He also has the inborn gift of affability and persuasiveness; boy though he is, the business grows under his aid and guidance with remarkable strides. And so, when in a few brief years the father does suddenly die, and Sebastian acquires full control, he launches forth upon a scale that amazes his competitors, frightens some of them, and secretly amuses others who foresee the inevitable end. For, of course, Sebastian as a business man is no more sterling coin than he was as a man of letters. His material demand for payment spoiled him as a poet, his visionary temperament spoils him for a merchant. In short, he is an

intellectual half-breed, with all the weaknesses of the business man and the man of letters, and with the saving qualities of neither. Had Mrs. Frankau been quite honest in her treatment of this problem it must have ended in failure—the blotting out of the unfit. But her careful and circumscribed little scaffolding demanded a happy ending, and she must build accordingly. So she brings to the rescue a very rich and very generous man who happens to love Sebastian's widowed mother, and for her sake is willing to sink a few millions in Sebastian's crippled business—with the intention, however, of keeping a strong guiding hand on the lad's future movements. Here, as in *The Heart of a Child*, Mrs. Frankau has begged the issue; but one does not seriously mind it because the real solution is sufficiently obvious. Only we sincerely hope that in her future books she will revert to her earlier attitude of indifference to the public and absorption in her art for art's sake.

Philip Tillinghast.

MARION CRAWFORD

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

THERE are certain people in this world whose reputation, somewhat paradoxically, suffers because of their very excellence. Their work is so uniformly good, and so punctually performed, that we unconsciously fall into the habit of taking them for granted, and of regarding the part which they contribute to our enjoyment or our well-being not as an obligation, but as a simple matter of course. Among the people of this class, there are just a few authors; and among these the late Francis Marion Crawford is very distinctly to be numbered. For nearly thirty years, the reading public had been wont to expect from his versatile and fluent pen the contribution of from one to three annual volumes; and so accustomed had we grown to expect him to live up to a certain self-imposed standard of quality that we did not quite realize that there was an element of ingratitude in our thoughtless acceptance of him. It seems worth while, therefore, now that the fertile brain has ceased to create, and the long series of fine, high-minded, and always diverting tales is at an end, to ask quite seriously just what Mr. Crawford has stood for, in the history of English fiction—what he, himself, has accomplished, and also what abiding influence, if any, he has left.

In the first place, it is well to recognize that the author of *Mr. Isaacs*

was first, last, and always a teller of stories. He had no ulterior motives, no sermon to preach, no doctrine to promulgate, no fad or hobby to force upon us under a transparent guise of fiction. He was not even a worshipper of any particular literary creed. Realist and romanticist, psychologist and symbolist were all one to him; their creeds as creeds did not interest him; but he took from each such part of their method as seemed, for the moment, best adapted to his one fixed purpose, the telling of a story. The natural consequence of this attitude is that Mr. Crawford, while possessing an excellent technique in fiction, cannot be said to have added to it any new or striking methods. In a history of technique, he could not be cited, in the way that Henry James, let us say, or Emile Zola must be cited, over and over again, as the inventor of a peculiar manner, the founder of a new school. Mr. Crawford remained from first to last, as he wished to remain, wholly free from mannerisms; and one of the qualities which give to his books an unconscious charm is the simplicity of style and method, which may be compared to that rare good taste in dress which does not call attention to itself.

But the fact remains that because of this literary eclecticism of his, this consistent refusal either to kneel at other shrines, or to establish a cult of his own, Mr. Crawford's influence on contemporary fiction is something not easily recognized or measured. Writers of a more striking and flamboyant manner leave a trail behind them as conspicuous as the tail of a comet. Gabriele d'Annunzio, for instance, from the time that he first sprang into public notice, has radiated a perfectly clear and defined circle of influence, the effects of which can easily be traced by any one who cares to take the trouble, in the younger writers, not only of his own country, but of France, Germany, and even England. His imitators are as conspicuous as they might be if he had chosen to wear a scarlet neck-tie and they had chosen to copy him in that. It would be difficult to imagine Mr. Crawford ever doing anything, in a literary way, sufficiently flaunting to warrant the symbolism of a red neck-tie. It was a distinction to which he certainly never aspired. And this is one of the reasons why we have not yet heard, and probably never will hear, of a Crawford school of novelists.

But there is still another reason why Mr. Crawford has not made a more apparent impression upon American fiction; and that is what has been called, not over intelligently, his cosmopolitanism. Now it is quite true that, if one runs over the entire series of novels, which altogether must count up to about two score, it is rather surprising to find what a long list of widely separated cities and countries he has successively used as a setting for his stories. And critics, with an eye solely

for this bare fact, and not for the reason behind it, have repeatedly spoken of him as the most cosmopolitan of all contemporary writers. Whether this is the right word or no depends upon the precise meaning which the word "cosmopolitan" conjures up in our minds. If it means to us no more than that the novelist has one year written a story of British India, another year of Constantinople, and a third year of New York, then let us grant at once that Mr. Crawford has qualified as a cosmopolite. But, if the word signifies to you, as it does to the present writer, that the novelist by preference and instinct, goes away from home for his material; that, although he had a rich store of material born of his two years making, namely to take your material at close hand even if need be from your own town, your own street, your own back yard, he roams far afield, choosing indifferently any old corner of the wide, wide world from a mere perverse love of being away from home; then Mr. Crawford is emphatically not a cosmopolitan—he is simply a man who has chanced to have had a succession of different homes in widely scattered portions of the globe. It is distinctly worth noting that he has always, when possible, written of what was near at hand. *Mr. Isaacs*, his first book, it is true, was written after his return to America, but before the first intensity of his impressions had begun to fade. And it is significant that, although he had a rich store of material born of his two years residence in India, he never reverted to it. There was, in particular, one story, a story drawn from the earlier life of the man who was the prototype of *Mr. Isaacs*, which Mr. Crawford had mapped out, and even as recently as two years ago, still talked of writing. But it was one of the books destined to remain unwritten.

Now the special point for dwelling upon this distinction of meaning of the word, cosmopolitan, is this: we have had plenty of English and American writers who have chosen to lay their scene all the way around the world and back again. And such writers have easily found imitators, because, while their scenes have been foreign, their point of view, their manner have remained American. With Mr. Crawford, the case is very different. In at least half of his books, not merely the setting, but the people, the plot, the entire outlook upon life is Italian. This is the second, and perhaps the strongest reason why our younger American writers have not openly followed in his footsteps.

Nevertheless, one may say without fear of contradiction, that for thirty years Mr. Crawford has been an influence and a potent one for good, in the development of the fiction of to-day. He has shown that it is possible to win and hold a very wide public, while maintaining a certain high standard of literary quality; he has shown that it is possible

to offer problems of life that will appeal to mature and thoughtful readers, and at the same time offer nothing which one might hesitate to put into the hands of the young and thoughtless. He has set, in these respects, a sort of high water mark for the fiction which frankly and honestly professes only to entertain; and in doing so he is largely responsible, we believe, for much of the clean, healthy, vigorous fiction that our younger writers are giving us to-day.

But even though it were conceded that Marion Crawford had left behind him no abiding influence, that his work in this world begins and ends within the covers of his own books, we still should owe him a debt of no small magnitude. He did not, to be sure, try to make us think, any more than he tried to instruct or to reform us. That, as he saw it, had nothing to do with his appointed task. He was always an entertainer; his novels were always "little pocket theatres," as he called them; his characters puppets of which he pulled the strings, making us laugh and weep at his will, because it was his belief that laughter and tears are at times both salutary for mankind. Accepting him, then, for what he tried to be, and most triumphantly was, we must gratefully number him among those wizards of the pen who have given us a few charmed hours, at times when perchance we were sorely in need of them; who have introduced us into little alien worlds that have thenceforth become a part of our own. Whatever rank may be eventually assigned to him by academic criticism, this fact, at least, cannot be altered: that he has made us acquainted with a few fine, brave, generous men; a few, noble, wise and charming women, whom it is an abiding pleasure to number among those shadowy, yet very real and very close friends of bookland. Among so many books, it is impossible for any two critics to agree as to their relative merit. The present writer's personal preference would single out *A Cigarette Maker's Romance* as the most faultless and permanently enjoyable of all his writings—and it is interesting to remember that Mr. Crawford, in his own modest way, agreed with this opinion. *Mr. Isaacs*, *The Three Fates*, and the *Saracinesca* trilogy are the other volumes to which it is an ever new delight to return for another reading—and probably every admirer of Mr. Crawford will call to mind some one or two volumes which inspire much this same feeling. To have created a group of people so real, so human, so eminently worth while as the *Saracinesca* household and their intimate and immediate circle is, in itself, an accomplishment which stands as a guarantee that Francis Marion Crawford will long be remembered with affectionate admiration.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

UNDER THE SPELL OF PROTECTIONISM

BY LOUIS WINDMÜLLER

Member of the Tariff Committee of the Reform Club of New York

BREEDING animals are admitted free of duty, but those of the human species pay a head tax of five dollars, even when they are of superior intelligence and of the best Caucasian stock. Much as we need such immigrants to populate our prairies, it has been seriously proposed to increase this duty.

What we ought to charge for the admission of foreign merchandise has been a mooted question by Congressmen at almost every session. Section eight of the first article of the Constitution provides that,

"Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts and excises; but all duties, imposts and excises shall be uniform."

For some time our principle was to collect no tax which affected one citizen more than another. The object of taxation was to provide revenue; "incidental" protection long remained a side issue. When the "patriotic" manufacturers discovered, however, what profits they could make by protection, the importation of foreign goods, irrespective of their desirability, was discouraged and importers were tabooed. The writer knew one importer who for a number of years had entered his protest against the payment of any duty on all invoices of merchandise he declared at the Custom House, stating that the tax was unequal, unjust, and the authority to impose it had not been granted by the Constitution.

Ever since protection began to dominate our fiscal policy importers of foreign goods have been shabbily treated. Regarded as enemies of the commonweal, they are, in case of dispute, denied the privilege of the fair trial which is conceded to ordinary criminals.

The tariff law of 1828 was the first one which avowed the intention of Congress to discourage, in the interest of home production, all importations. Hemp paid \$47 a ton; wool four cents a pound, besides 40%; and bar iron from \$22 to \$47 a ton. The average was equal to 40%. The indignation aroused by the measure, called the "Tariff of Abomination," induced farmers and merchants to oppose the greed of protectionists. At a meeting in Philadelphia they delegated Albert Gallatin to appear before Congress, to insist on a reduction. The reasonable tariff of 1833, which was a result of this memorable convention, brought the average duty down to 25%. Rates have since fluctuated, but have been fairly reasonable, until the McKinley bill was enacted.

The exorbitant rates of our present tariff have affected the cost of

living and enhanced the price of labor until the protectionists themselves have declared in favor of a reduction of the duties on all articles they do not manufacture. Our tariff takes tolls from Peter to benefit Paul; a legalized system of plunder long sanctioned, until Paul considers himself entitled to the spoils as if they were his legitimate perquisites. Our farmers have been persuaded that the high prices they obtain for wheat and cotton are caused by the protective system. Professional men fear a shrinkage of their incomes in proportion to any rebates from ruling tariff rates. The representatives of these blind adherents to the gospel of protection will find it difficult to agree with manufacturers who desire free trade in all but their own products. We therefore may expect further repetitions of barter and deceit, such as we witnessed before.

The proposition to make American prices the basis for the dutiable valuation of consigned goods is one of the proposed tricks. When a yard of cloth costing in Germany a dollar is taxed on arrival here 100% of the foreign value, the American value becomes two dollars a yard; 50% on this would equal 100% of the duty on the foreign value. The percentage on American values may be less, yet the duty would be more.

The desire of our popular President to expedite legislation will sway no Representative who cares for his selfish constituents more than for the welfare of the country. Mr. Taft's persuasion may convince farmers and men who live on fixed incomes, but it will not overcome the selfishness of sordid protectionists.

When steel manufacturers sell their products in Turkey and the Argentine Republic at lower prices than English and Belgian manufacturers, much lower than American builders pay, they demonstrate that they have become independent of the tariff. Scared by the contemplated reduction of duties, they have begun to reduce their prices. A few manufacturers have also put a reduction of wages into effect. They follow a policy similar to one adopted on former occasions. For when the McKinley tariff became a law a number of manufacturers reduced wages instead of raising them as they had promised.

Among other export articles sold cheaper abroad than in this country are sewing machines, sold at \$26 here, at \$22 abroad; typewriters sold at \$90 here and exported at \$74. Buyers of carpenters' tools enjoy 15% more discount for those they send abroad than for those used here.

We imported last year seventy million pounds of merino wool, on which we paid seventeen millions, or 45% duty. This tariff is detrimental to the development of our woolen industry. Its object, to encour-

age the production of an adequate quantity of fine wool, has been tried for years and it has failed. So long as Western sheep decline to produce the quantity and quality we need, we must resort to the Australian staple to supply the deficiency. Yet the stubborn Ohio sheep raisers insist on a retention of the tariff; they are sustained by drapers, who find an excuse in this tax for the excessive duties on woolen goods.

English alpaca, used for the dresses of poor women, which costs in Bradford ten and one-half cents a yard, costs twenty-three cents in this country, after 125% duty has been added. Our woolen manufacturers make similar domestic articles for which they get the same price.

The duty of 35% on carpet wool should be abolished; it cannot be produced here and the revenue does not compensate for the harm it does by the increased cost of carpets. Woolen goods pay an average of 80%.

The Dingley tariff has averaged as much as 50% on all dutiable goods; the proposed tariff as it has passed the house adds to this burden, according to some experts, as much as 20%. The increased average is largely caused by the excessive increase of a few articles which were protected sufficiently already. Hosiers, glovers and other sharpers imposed on the artless credulity of the serene Mr. Payne and importuned him until he consented.

Blaine was, among protectionists, the first statesman who realized the necessity of reciprocal treaties to obviate a calamitous isolation of our country; McKinley heeded, but could not follow the advice.

Some twenty years later President Roosevelt concluded the first reciprocity agreement with Germany. By this compact both nations ostensibly made concessions to each other, but each of them sought to take advantage of the other, and both were disgruntled when the results came to be understood. Our high protectionists would have impeached Mr. Roosevelt for his "usurpation" of power by the imaginary concession he made in the methods by which some German manufactures were valued, but they could not muster sufficient support.

The introduction by Mr. Payne of a maximum and minimum tariff feigns an inclination to follow Mr. Roosevelt's policy. But it will irritate instead of befriending other nations, unless the conditions are reversed.

If we were to make a horizontal reduction from the schedules which will finally be adopted on all goods sent here by allied nations, we could satisfy them and avoid the delay and trouble of separate treaties. All nations who grant to us the terms they grant the most favored other nations should be entitled, say, to a 15% reduction; those who fail to place us on this footing should be compelled to pay the full schedules.

In thus reconciling the nations who buy our products such a measure should also appeal to reasonable protectionists; it would change present conditions but little, and it would stop acrimonious, long discussions.

If any protectionists are so grasping that they will oppose such a measure and continue to ask for more protection, they should be reminded of Goethe's epigram:

“Mann, mit zugeknöpften Taschen,
Dir tut niemand was zu Lieb;
Hand wird nur von Hand gewaschen,
Wenn Du nehmen willst so gieb.”

Man with pockets closed too pronely,
None will help you, while you live;
Hand by hand is washed only,
Will you take, first learn to give!

On the condition that no article should pay more than 100%, and for the sake of the revenue we need, we might make some exceptions to the above rebate. Instead of lowering the duty on tobacco, for example, we should raise it; we grow of that loathsome weed more than is conducive to our health. Spirits, wines which contain over 18% of alcohol and doctored beer should be raised. Higher duties, according to speed, might be paid on swift automobiles. To encourage Springfield's infant industry we might tax aeroplanes if we were sure to catch them.

In the interest of public welfare all duties should be removed from a few other articles. Ships should be free to create an American mercantile marine and save the expense of war ships; lumber to save our forests from further spoliation; asphalt in the interest of good roads.

No other civilized nation puts a tax on art or literature. Thought is as free in this country as it is in Russia; but when it is expressed in our language and published in book form abroad we tax it 25%. We welcome the foreign artist when he comes with all the ideals of his imagination; but when he has placed them on canvas in the land of his nativity he must pay 20%. We are more exclusive than the Chinese were five thousand years ago, and less tolerant than they are to-day. The protective tariff, wrong as it is, has had in time gone by a beneficent influence on many industries. “Incidental” protection in some instances may still be desirable. But the large majority of our products needs the fostering care of protection no longer and would thrive much better without it. The possible competition of foreign goods which might follow a small reduction of duties would probably lead to a diminution of some wages; but the increase in their purchasing power would increase the value of

our dollar and would compensate laborers for this reduction; and larger sales would compensate manufacturers for lower prices.

The incubus of protection has fettered the natural expansion of many American industries. When they are relieved of this oppression, our manufacturers with their superior machinery and intelligent labor will soon compete with the manufacturers abroad. They will then no longer be compelled to sell their surplus wares at ruinous prices. But they will find markets here and abroad at as fair values as our planters and farmers find for their cotton and cereals.

Louis Windmüller.

THE LEGAL MONSTROSITY OF OUR PATENT SYSTEM

BY H. WARD LEONARD

It is probably a fact that the individual who gets the least return for what he produces is the American inventor.

The principal reason for this is that the Government has not kept faith with the inventor. The Constitution of the United States intended that Congress should reward inventors, if they would disclose their inventions to the public for the ultimate good of the country. This promise is contained in the following language of the Constitution:

“Congress shall have power to promote the progress of science and useful arts by securing for limited time to inventors the exclusive rights to their respective discoveries.” (Art I, Sec. 8.)

It is unquestionable that the intention of the Constitution was to *secure* to an original inventor for a limited time the exclusive right to whatever he invented, provided that he would fully disclose his invention to the public in a patent instead of keeping it secret.

It was clearly not the intention of the Constitution that the inventor should, after having, with perfect confidence in the integrity and good faith of his Government, disclosed his invention by publishing his patent, be left *unsecured*, and in most cases inexperienced legally, and weak financially, to cope single handed and unaided by his Government, with the most powerful, most experienced and most unscrupulous infringers, namely, the Trusts and Patent Pools of the semi-trusts.

The last paragraph contains a fair statement of the situation in which the average inventor-patentee finds himself when he has secured a United States patent for a really valuable discovery.

If Congress promotes science and useful arts without *securing* to the inventor for the limited time (seventeen years) the exclusive right to his discovery, or at least without doing everything fair and reasonable within its power to so *secure* him, then it is acting contrary to the spirit of the Constitution and every dictate of fair dealing. And if Congress hinders the promotion of science and useful arts by granting patents which in the hands of Trusts and Patent Pools, and then only, become a bar to the progress of science and useful arts, then also it is acting contrary to the spirit of the Constitution and contrary to the demands of equity.

Congress is responsible to-day for the existence of both of these conditions, and the United States as a nation is suffering the principal resulting damage, although, of course, incidentally, independent inventors are being rapidly exterminated by these creatures of capital who are rapidly creating an inequitable monopoly due to their ownership of nearly all the important patents in certain fields, this being the inevitable result under existing conditions.

A United States patent, notwithstanding the solemnity of the language employed by which it "grants for the term of seventeen years the exclusive right to make, use, and vend the said invention throughout the United States and the territories thereof," and notwithstanding the impressiveness to the ignorant of the resplendent red seal and blue ribbons of the Government—is a Governmental contract which is scorned and ridiculed by all those skilled in the art of infringing, unless perchance the power of capital is associated with the patent; and even then it is principally the money and not the Governmental grant which is respected.

The patent lawyer of an infringer after investigating recently the patent infringed, and finding it apparently valid, asked the following illuminating question: "Is ——— only an inventor, or is he a man of means?" The exclusive right of the inventor was of no consequence. The real question of importance was whether he had money.

Under the ingenious pretence that various changes were needed for the protection of the public, interested parties have moulded the patent system until it now represents the maximum complication and legal expense, and the minimum of protection to the inventor.

The inventor is perfectly competent to disclose his invention, but under the present system full and complete and accurate disclosure by him is entirely inadequate. The invention must be described in a series of peculiarly worded claims, and unless this peculiar, unique method of expression be employed with absolute accuracy, the inventor finds that although he has produced his valuable invention after years of labor, and

has disclosed it so that the world gets the full benefit of his labors, he is not *secured* in any way whatsoever by the Government.

Dickens's Circumlocution Office and Daniel Doyce's experiences with it as to his invention would be promptly forgotten if a modern Dickens should write a description of the "securing," to an inventor, of the exclusive right to his invention, by the U. S. Patent System.

The Circumlocution Office's System of How-not-to-do-it was not nearly so perfect as the U. S. Patent System of How-not-to-secure-it.

The "securing" of the new and useful result by the public is unquestionable. The "securing" of the inventor's money by the System is certain and complete. But the "securing" of the inventor in the Exclusive right to his patented invention—that is, no doubt, the kind of "securing" the Constitution intended, but Congress seems to have misinterpreted "securing" and the object to be secured.

One of the most successful features of the U. S. How-not-to-secure-Patent System is represented by the "claims." The method claims must not be "structural," and the apparatus claims must not be "functional"; there must not be anything "obscure," or "vague," or "indefinite" in the language, which must satisfy perfectly some hypercritical novice of an examiner frequently just out of school. The claim which succeeds in running the gauntlet of this absurd system must express absolutely and without the slightest inaccuracy, exactly what was originally invented, when, years later, the patent is before the court because the invention has at last been appreciated and the patent has been infringed.

To be sure, to draw such a claim is practically impossible, and probably no patent lawyer or patent examiner, or judge, or any one else, could do it if the bare specifications and drawings were given him at the filing date; but the inventor, who is not a lawyer, nor a rhetorician, nor an etymologist, is expected to do this, or else when his patent finally is adjudicated he will find the United States Government through its Judiciary Department saying to him: "While it is true that your invention possesses great merit and many advantages, and while it is admitted that it has been a source of benefit to the public and of profit to the infringers, and it is unquestionable that your disclosure was 'full, clear, concise and exact,' so that those skilled in the art were readily able to, and did secure the advantages of the invention, yet unfortunately for you we cannot *secure* you in anything at all, because the language used by your patent lawyer or you, even though it was suggested by the Patent Office itself, was worded not quite accurately enough to describe with absolute precision the exact invention you really made."

Furthermore, the pretence that these peculiarly worded claims serve

to protect the public by automatically giving to every one who reads the patent full and accurate knowledge of just what the scope of invention is, so that they can respect it, is fallacious and misleading. Taking the automobile industry as a fair example of an industry in which patents would be read by manufacturers, if this were ever done, the writer is able to state from personal knowledge that at least thirty automobile manufacturers are totally ignorant of a patent they are infringing, and which was issued years ago.

So far as the ordinary honest manufacturer or user is concerned, the *claims* might as well be in Sanskrit. The *disclosure* is understood perfectly by the manufacturer or skilled user, if it be one in his line of manufacture or use, but the *claims* he never understands until he reads the Court decision, if even then. He makes no attempt to understand them. What he does, if he has any reason to think that he ought to consider the patent at all, is to consult his patent lawyer. And now we can understand why we have the system of claims. Nine-tenths of the cost of getting out a valuable patent is represented by the fees paid to patent lawyers in their efforts to get the multitudinous claims which are finally obtained. And every manufacturer who wants to know where he stands as to this patent has to get another patent lawyer to interpret the claims. The Patent Office does not draw the claims nor does it interpret them. It merely says in effect: "Your invention is a new and useful one and your disclosure is perfect, but we do not like your use of language in the claims you have submitted. We know what you have invented, but we decline to assist you. We merely reject your application."

Evidently it becomes necessary to employ a patent lawyer to state in the unique language of claims a series of descriptions differing by very slight gradations and in different words. Some of them which the examiner erroneously says are all right will prove ultimately to be so broad as to be invalid. Others will be too narrow to cover with proper breadth the scope of the invention. It is conceivable that some one of these claims will, with perfect fidelity, describe the real invention, but probably this has never been realized in practice, in the case of a fundamental invention.

Since the scope of a patent can be correctly judged only by experts after the art has been fully searched, it seems manifest that the requirement for this unique use of rigid language in a long series of claims, unintelligible and uninformative to the public, is an imposition upon the inventors and upon the public, and that the customary representation that our unique claim system is demanded for the benefit of the public, is not a fair one. No other Government demands claims such as are de-

manded by our Patent Office. In fact, such claims will not be permitted in patents of other countries.

As soon as suit is instituted on a patent, the infringers' lawyer says to the court that the patent contains an absurd number of claims, and the patentee should be forced to abandon his suit except as to two or three of them. The court sees the absurdity of considering the long series of slightly differentiated claims and forces the inventor at the start to pick out a few claims and rest his case on these, regardless of what the full development of the case by the testimony may show the real invention to have been. The inventor and his lawyer select a few claims, and usually are sorry afterward that they did not select some others, and frequently have to start all over again at a later date because the exact invention which he originated has been found to be better represented by another claim. Often the suit has to be abandoned because, although the invention was disclosed perfectly, the examiner erred in granting claims too broad in scope; and then it becomes necessary to hand the patent back to the patent office, and reissue it with narrower claims and start suit all over again.

Of course this all takes lots of time and money, but nevertheless the inventor in the "exclusive right" by a new grant, the infringer has gets exactly the same benefit, due to the "new and useful result," irrespective of these claims. The Government gets new fees, "secures" the inventor in the "exclusive right" by a new grant, the infringer has eluded the inventor, and the patent lawyers are kept busy.

But the inventor—the only producer of anything of value and who has confided his secret to the Government, who in turn has disclosed it under promise of "securing" the inventor—what about him and his exclusive right? Usually about this time he is forced to the wall, and either enters the employ of the infringer at a small salary, or if the inventive part of his makeup is subordinate to his business judgment, he curses the whole patent system and turns his attention to other lines.

As to the typical inventor of new and useful things, whom the Constitution intended to encourage, and who if *secured* and rewarded by fame or fortune or both, would be apt to produce inventions of great value to the nation—what of him? Usually he is to be found in the employ of one of the trusts, under a contract which stultifies his intellect as an inventor during the period of his usefulness. He is drawing a small salary and not inventing much of anything, and as an independent inventor has been emasculated.

Some day, and before long, there will be heard in Congress a statesman who will clearly point out the crime of the United States patent

system, and then the intelligent public will wonder at the shortsightedness of Congress in permitting for so many years the strangulation by capital, and the weakening by ridiculous legal systems, of those whose prototypes have done most to advance civilization.

It is naturally impossible to point out herein more than a few of the defects of such a system, which has been trained during generations to grow into the deformed shape it presents to-day. But after having paid thousands of dollars to the patent office, and scores of thousands to patent lawyers, and thousands to printers, and thousands to absent commissioners, the writer feels competent to express the opinion that the worst single feature of injustice to inventors is the method of taking the testimony in a patent suit. So long as the testimony in a patent suit can be spun out for years by the infringer, and a record of thousands of pages produced, within which the few essential facts can be buried under a mass of false testimony and rubbish, justice will be unattainable.

The witnesses must be before a competent judge of witnesses and testimony. This is essential. And if this were so, nearly all of the false testimony and all of the rubbish would be automatically eliminated, and there would result a record of which the judge would read all or a considerable part, and the decision would be a fair and competent one.

At present the greatest factor in a patent suit is the skill of the lawyer in drawing pictures and making statements which misrepresent the facts. The judges cannot get at the facts. They cannot be expected to get at them. Not long ago the writer was present at the argument of a patent suit where the record was over ten thousand pages. It was contained in some ten volumes each about the size of a volume of an encyclopedia. Had the testimony of this case been taken in court under proper rules of evidence, it might possibly have been five hundred pages, not more. The wealthy infringers had used every possible way of hiding and misrepresenting the truth in the padded record. Had the pertinent facts been in two small volumes representing the testimony of witnesses which the judges had personally seen and heard, the inventor would have certainly had a competent and fair decision. But no one person ever read that absurd and unjust record, unless it was the inventor himself. After the hearing one of the judges sent back word to the clerk not to send a copy of the record to his chambers, as he had no room for it. At the same hearing another judge was obliged to be absent twenty minutes out of the total one and a half hours that the patentee was allowed in which to present his case. Of course the judges knew nothing of the art in question at the beginning of the three hours hearing, and it would be attributing supernatural qualifications to them to think that they were

competent to judge the case after they had heard the arguments and had each of them been presented with the ten volumes consisting mainly of rubbish containing an occasional buried fact of importance. It cost the inventor over forty thousand dollars and five years of hard work to bring that suit to final hearing.

This is fairly representative of the crime of the patent system when the patent is a really dangerous one to the infringer and the infringer is a wealthy, unscrupulous corporation guided legally by skilful lawyers and aided by all other infringers of importance.

At a final hearing of an important electrical patent not long ago, one of the lawyers was trying to educate the court as to the automatic effect of counter-electromotive force in motor regulation. Naturally the judge had never heard of the subject before and probably was innocent of any considerable mechanical, electrical or scientific knowledge. At any rate, he had had no opportunities for such an education until shortly before then, when he was appointed to the Bench.

The lawyer had a lot of highly colored pictures showing a hydraulic system, and had drawn many analogies between the flow of water in pipes and the flow of electricity in a circuit. The hearing was nearly finished when this analogy was again referred to, and the judge said in substance: "I think I understand and appreciate the analogy perfectly, but there is one question I want to ask, though it may be a foolish one. You say this switch is like a valve in the water system. Now, when the valve is opened the water flows away under the pressure. But what I want to know is this: When this switch is opened, where does the electricity go?"

The lawyer was stumped. He had no ready answer. He was not an electrical expert himself, and had naturally failed to educate the judge sufficiently in half an hour by a few insufficient analogies. But the judge's question was a fair one, and it illustrates that the hearing of the witnesses and experts is essential before any judge can be competent to understand such an invention sufficiently to determine a question so refined as that presented by an inventive step in contradistinction to engineering skill in the electrical art.

It is impossible even to interest the average non-technical judge in such abstruse questions as many patents present. One of the ablest and most learned judges of one of the highest tribunals in the country, who is obliged to hear and decide many patent cases, said to the writer recently: "These patent cases are very distasteful to me." And why should they not be? It is unfair to such a judge, and much more so to the inventor, that patent cases should have to be heard by a judge

who has not heard the evidence, has had no prior training in such lines, and is bored by the entire subject.

The present method of adjudicating a patent is an invitation to every unscrupulous corporation or person to employ the most unscrupulous methods and means of defeating justice, because it is safe to do so. The large majority of lawyers and of corporations may be and no doubt are beyond reproach, but this is no protection for the inventor-patentee against the worst of them. The inventor-patentee is entitled to a patent and a legal system of adjudicating it which will "secure" him in every reasonable way, even against wilful and unscrupulous infringers, who would not hesitate to wink at the employment of perjury and forgery to deprive the inventor-patentee of his just rights.

It seems apparent, that, under the United States patent system, the inventor is ground between the upper and the nether millstone represented by the legal system and the power of capital, respectively. The party who is responsible for our unjust, complicated, expensive patent system, is the United States Congress, and it is the nation which Congress is elected to represent which will finally suffer the most serious damage.

To give an illustration of how the monopoly system works in practice in modern times, attention is directed to the fact that in the electric railway field two large corporations have been virtually dividing such business for many years past. Some twelve years ago, the financial interests back of these corporations decided that it would be best for their mutual interests to make it impossible for any inventor to sell to either of them any patent which could be used against the other. Since these two corporations were the only real market for patented inventions in this field, and since neither could gain any advantage over the other by purchasing any such patent, the result has been of course that this agreement has operated as an agreement in restraint of trade in the sale of patents in the territory of the United States. It is clear that when every powerful commercial interest is well entrenched behind such an agreement not to purchase exclusive rights under any patent, patented inventions are not feared and infringement is safe and sure, because the inventor is not *secured* in his exclusive right by the Government, and must accept the crumbs or go hungry.

Even if such an unjust agreement in restraint of trade is not illegal under existing laws, and there should continue to be indefinitely a closed market as regards patents in such new fields of such enormous importance, there still might be some hope of America's taking a creditable position in the field of inventions if there were a rational way of prosecuting and de-

ciding as to a patent, because then there would be immediately created a market due to prospective purchasers of the patent who might feel warranted in entering the field if they really had the protection which the Constitution contemplated. The inventor searches in vain to-day for capital to compete with the Trusts or with the Patent Pool allies.

An outlaw is not entitled to invoke the protection of law by suing others. Why then should an infringer who deliberately infringes scores of patents, relying solely upon might and not on right, be entitled to sue others for infringement of patents owned by it? Patentees should come into court with clean hands. Wilful wholesale infringers of patents should be treated as outlaws in patent causes.

Yet the patents of such outlaws are the only ones respected under our present system. The pooling of patents should be declared illegal because it is a restraint of trade and because it creates an unjust monopoly of the only legal forms of specific monopoly. It has no justification on any equitable grounds and blocks progress in the industry concerned, and is a damage to the nation.

In handing down the decision against the American Tobacco Company, in November, 1908, the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, through Judge Lacombe, said, referring to the Anti-Trust Law of 1890:

"The Act prohibits every contract or combination in restraint of competition."

Is it possible that the court overlooked patents and that "combination in restraint of competition" is legal when applied to the sale of patents and then only? If the clear language of this decision means what it seems to say and the Supreme Court takes the same position, many valuable inventions now drowning in the various patent pools will ultimately be *secured* and brought to useful life.

It would seem as though the rational, logical thing to do would be to organize as a part of our patent system a court which would have the witnesses brought before it and hear the testimony and then decide what new and useful invention, if any, the inventor has made, and as to which he is to be *secured* in having the exclusive right. Then there should be one appeal to a special court of Patent Appeals composed of the best talent available.

Under such conditions many able American inventors would resign from the trusts, and there would be a burst of inventive thought in America which would soon enable America to get a greatly increased share of the world's markets.

But so long as the witnesses are not before the judges and the truth is buried in a record never read by the judges, and non-technical judges

are expected to decide a patent representing an inventive step in the most rapidly developing fields of work, as a result of a few hours of competitive oratory, America will continue to fall farther and farther behind in the world's markets, and prices to American consumers will continue to advance and capital will continue to aggregate until finally something will happen. What it is that will happen depends upon Congress.

To those who are interested in seeing the wrongs of American inventors righted, the writer offers the suggestion that in the present state of the art the pen is mightier than the patent.

H. Ward Leonard.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK

IF one were to measure the importance of foreign news by the amount of space devoted to any given subject in the cablegram department of our newspapers, he would be tempted to say that the turmoil in the Orient stands first. Certainly the rather grotesque struggles over alleged constitutionalism in the Turkish Empire have an element of picturesqueness. There is also the darker side which comes to view in the massacre of thousands of Armenians in the Asiatic provinces of Turkey. But, in the first place, any kind of Turk, whether Old or Young, disputing over constitutional problems, has an appearance that is rather *bouffe*; and in the second place, the air has not yet sufficiently cleared to give the foreign observer a very definite understanding of precisely what it is that has happened or that is happening now.

At the present moment of writing, the situation may be cautiously summarized in the following way. The Young Turks proper, who represent the most radical of the reforming element, rather overdid the business of reform. In fact, they had a somewhat American conception of the matter; for, after getting the Sultan to proclaim a constitution and inducing the Sheikh-ul-Islam to ratify it out of the Korân, they proceeded to divide up among themselves all the spoils of office. They reformed, indeed, so violently that the wary old Sultan saw an opportunity of shaking off their "constitutional" régime by appealing to religious fanaticism; and through the judicious use of money, he brought about a sort of counter-revolution in the capital. For the moment, the Young Turks were in danger of being shot with their backs against the wall.

But meanwhile the moderate Constitutionals, who are represented by the Committee of Union and Progress, stepped in and dispatched soldiers from Salonica, with the result that the Sultan disclaimed responsibility for what had taken place and tried to put on once more the guise of a benevolent constitutional ruler. All this, apart from the loss of life incidental to the proceedings, can hardly be taken very seriously. It requires too violent a dislocation of one's reading and experience, to believe in anything like a genuine constitutional régime in any of the Oriental countries. Faction fighting is a pleasant enough diversion for Mohammedans, and no one thinks very much of it. When they call this faction fighting, "a movement on behalf of constitutional liberty"; when they elect parliaments and draft a constitution and make speeches to the throne, and imitate the procedure of western nations, they recall too strongly Rudyard Kipling's famous remark that the Russian is a very good fellow until he tucks his shirt in. There are doubtless some thousands of Turks who are in reality enlightened; but what are they against the millions of fanatic Moslems who are ready at a moment's notice to hoist the green flag of Islam, proclaim the *Jehad* or Holy War, and to exterminate twenty or thirty thousand inoffensive Armenians by way of a beginning? Turkey had a parliament once before, at the time when the concert of the great Powers was making a naval demonstration in 1877; but this parliament disappeared with ludicrous rapidity after it had ceased to be a necessary factor in the political game. We do not believe that the present parliament is likely to have a very much longer existence. In the long run we should be inclined to back Abdul the Damned—as Mr. William Watson once pleasantly called him; or if Abdul himself should go under, then some other Turk of the old school who really represents the character and the temper of the people whom he governs.

One may see in Persia how slight is the fabric upon which rests any structure of political reform. The late Shah, less than three years ago, gave his people a constitution with ministers responsible to a parliament, and all the other machinery of representative institutions. But the present Shah had not been long upon the throne before his troops were bombarding the house of parliament, massacring the inhabitants of distant towns and establishing a sort of anarchy which is much worse than the despotism to which Persians take most kindly. It is an odd thing, this sudden outbreak in the East, this apparent longing for experiments in government. We have seen it in Persia; we are now seeing it in Turkey. We are prepared to hear next that the Dalai Lama has granted a constitution to the tribesmen and gong-beaters of Thibet.

These things have been or may be; but the Oriental cannot be made an Occidental by a formula; nor can the inherited traditions of unnumbered centuries be extinguished by a few denationalized theorists, who have perhaps gone to school in France or England. Even in Russia the *Intellectuels* have accomplished very little. The Duma is obediently passing whatever measures the Czar desires, and the Czar himself is doing very well as a Czar, in spite of all the pother that has disturbed his variegated dominions since the time of the conflict with Japan.

Coming further west, there have been events which are superficially interesting, and there is one which is exceedingly significant, and of which the whole story still remains untold. Because of it, however, all Europe is to-day a-quiver with suppressed excitement, and the end, we are very certain, is not yet. The events of superficial interest are the assertion of full sovereignty by Austria over Bosnia and Herzegovina; and the assumption by the Bulgarian Prince Ferdinand of the royal title. Now, in a way, Austria has practically controlled and governed the two provinces ever since the Congress of Berlin in 1878. The establishment of order in them brought forward a marvelous administrator in the person of Baron Kállay. Apart from sentimental considerations, Bosnia and Herzegovina have been as much Austria's as Egypt has been England's, and Baron Kállay was simply a pro-consul, comparable with Lord Cromer. But sentiment plays its part in the affairs of nations as strongly as it does in the lives of individual men and women. Most nations in their foreign policies would willingly reverse Cicero's maxim and make it read *Videri quam esse*. So long as Austria merely possessed two Slavic provinces, and was willing to pretend that they were still under the suzerainty of the Sultan, neither the Turks nor the Servians nor any other peoples were at all disturbed. But when the government of Franz Josef declared that this suzerainty was at an end and cynically demanded a general recognition of the actual facts, then every Slav in Europe quivered with indignation. Serbia was especially belligerent. The Crown Prince openly denounced Austria. Austrian goods were boycotted. Volunteers swarmed into Belgrade, and it seemed for a moment as if the wretched little Servian kingdom were about to fling itself against the dual monarchy of Austria-Hungary. No one really supposed that Serbia would attempt this thing without assurance of support from some other and very powerful quarter. Such support could be looked for only from the empire of the Czar. Would Russia really give to Serbia such support? This seemed to be not improbable. A Pan-Slavic war would unite Russians of every class; and though Russia had lost much of her prestige in the war with Japan,

she was still fairly able to cope with the unlucky Austrians, whose finances are embarrassed and whose component nationalities are always disunited.

But just then there happened a strange thing. According to the general belief, the German Kaiser made common cause with Austria and sent a very ominous communication to the Russian Government. This dispatch practically amounted to a declaration that if Russia interfered on behalf of Serbia, German troops would cross the Russian frontier. This may not be precisely what occurred. The Kaiser may have exerted a friendly rather than an unfriendly pressure upon his imperial brother at St. Petersburg. But it is generally believed that the German note was in the nature of an ultimatum, and that Russia yielded to it instantly. Such, at any rate, was the understanding in the Russian capital, where the intensely patriotic anti-German nobility and gentry put the ban of a social ostracism upon the Prime Minister, M. Isvolsky, cutting him dead even at court receptions. Serbia, too, at once retired from its warlike attitude, and Austria quietly absorbed the two Slavic provinces with the consent of all the Powers.

Here is something to give one food for thought. Ever since 1863, a cardinal principle of Prussian and German policy has been the conciliation of Russia. Prussia and Germany owe much to Russian forbearance. The Czar kept his hands off while Austrian and Prussian armies overran Schleswig-Holstein and brought Denmark to her knees. He kept his hands off again when the Seven Weeks War brought Prussian troops almost within view of Vienna. Without the assured neutrality of the Czar, Bismarck would never have dared to provoke France to war in 1870. It must be admitted that for all this self-abnegation on Russia's part, the great empire of the north has received scant compensation. At the Congress of Berlin in 1878, Russia was deprived of the fruits of victory that she had won after her bloody struggle against Turkey. Later, the Triple Alliance between Germany, Austria and Italy, while it menaced France, was in a sense directed also against Russia. Nevertheless, Bismarck's general policy of keeping on friendly terms with the Czar has lasted for nearly fifty years. Even during the Russo-Japanese war, the German Kaiser almost openly showed his sympathy with Russia.

If now, a warlike ultimatum has been sent from Berlin to St. Petersburg it means a break in a long line of diplomatic precedent. The causes of it are not far to seek. They are to be found in the gradual isolation of Germany which followed upon the Moroccan crisis that became acute just four years ago, in 1905. At that time, the German Kaiser inflicted a direct humiliation upon France. The French Foreign Minister, M. Delcassé, had effected an arrangement with England by which France se-

cured from Great Britain a recognition of her right to intervene in the affairs of Morocco, to maintain order, and to improve the financial condition of that country. This arrangement was perfectly natural and right, because Algeria, France's one flourishing colony, skirts the frontier of Morocco. But the German Kaiser chose to regard this agreement as inimical to German interests. It will be remembered that he even visited Tangier in a German man-of-war and there made one of his characteristic speeches in which he challenged the Anglo-French agreement and sent a German mission to Fez. The result was a triumph of German diplomacy which rode rough-shod over the plans of France, and this triumph was crowned by the dismissal from office of M. Delcassé. For a time, the "mailed fist" was brandished with insolent success. France drained the cup of bitterness to the dregs. However the case might be stated, it was clear that Germany had not only smashed to pieces the agreement between France and Great Britain, but that it had compelled an able and patriotic French statesman to be thrust out of office. Many were the sneers and significant were the smiles upon the Wilhelmstrasse. The French took their defeat with unusual dignity and self-control.

But the German triumph was a brief one. A conference of twelve Powers, including the United States, was assembled at Algeciras in Spain, in 1906, and there Germany found herself supported by Austria alone. The ten other Powers commissioned France and Spain to maintain order in Morocco. Germany asked to be included with these two, but her desire was ignored. She could not face a combination which included England, France, Russia, the United States and Italy; and so in her turn, she suffered an open humiliation. The Kaiser was indiscreet enough to make a speech in which he referred to Austria as Germany's only friend; and German diplomats have since then cherished the memory of their defeat, which was all the more grievous because even Italy, a member of the Triple Alliance, had gone over to the other side. Since then many other things have happened to stir the German bile. The *entente* between France and Great Britain has grown closer each year. England likewise came to an understanding with Russia. Germany has been left alone and has chafed at her diplomatic isolation. Herein probably lies the secret of the recent ultimatum on behalf of Austria and against any possible interference by Russia in the Balkans. It is the first blow struck in revenge for the humiliation experienced at Algeciras. Russia has been humbled and Austria has been rewarded.

It may be surmised, however, that what seems to be a blow at the prestige of Russia was obliquely aimed at France and England; since these two Powers were by no means in sympathy with Austria, while both

of them had at least an understanding with the Russian Government. This brings us to the most critical feature of international politics at the present time, and that is the bitter rivalry, which daily grows more bitter, between Germany and England. Englishmen have mistrusted the German Kaiser and his people ever since his indiscreetly famous telegram to President Kruger at the time of the Jameson raid. The years that have passed have not made him personally more popular in England; while the press of the two countries has been carrying on a campaign which truly represents the inflamed feelings of each nation. It is not merely that German enterprise is everywhere contending against the interests of English trade. What causes most alarm in England is the German naval programme which, if carried out, will give the Germans a fleet quite equal, if not superior, to that of Great Britain, whose policy has been to have her own naval line of battle equal to that of any two other Powers in the world. But when England built the first vessel of the *Dreadnought* class, she played into the hands of Germany. If the *Dreadnoughts* are so superior to all other existing naval vessels, as practically to disrate them, then Germany has only to build ships of the *Dreadnought* type and thus soon become the rival of Great Britain on the seas. Indeed the present German programme contemplates the construction of thirty-three *Dreadnoughts* at a comparatively early date.

It is a knowledge of this which has caused a wave of consternation to sweep over England. It is true that British naval experts, such as Sir William White, by no means think that the so-called "pre-*Dreadnoughts*" will become useless and disrated, as the wooden navies of the world became useless and disrated after the appearance of the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* in Hampton Roads during the American Civil War. But, most Englishmen feel that, after all, it will be the *Dreadnaughts* that will win the great battles of the future, and that may expose the coast of England to invasion by her rival on the other side of the North Sea. The German preparation is certainly remarkable. The Reichstag voted the naval estimates unanimously, without protest of any kind, even from the Socialists. In this there is certainly something ominous; and Englishmen cannot be blamed if they see in this unusual haste something in the nature of a menace. But, meanwhile, the British Parliament potters over the question and palavers and nothing much is done. Many have recalled the daring act during the Napoleonic wars, when Nelson, knowing that the Danish fleet would presently be under French control, attacked it and destroyed it at Copenhagen without even a formal declaration of war. The bluff and popular English admiral, Sir John Fisher, whom the English people love best to speak of affectionately, as "Jackey," is said to have

given his opinion very strongly that Great Britain should not wait until the new German *Dreadnoughts* are completed, but that some cause of war should be contrived so that the British fleet, which is to-day immensely superior to Germany's, may seize the German colonies, raid the German coast, destroy the German ship-yards, annihilate the German navy, and blow up the Kiel Canal; and thus crush out the danger before it becomes too great.

Whether or not Sir John Fisher ever proposed such a plan as this, the conception is bold enough to be called Napoleonic, and it represents precisely what a daring genius like Napoleon would actually do. Purists and humanitarians describe this way of cutting the Gordian knot as utterly immoral; but is it really so? If you see a friend of yours or even some casual stranger, loading a pistol, you think nothing of it and you pass him by. But if there is some swaggering bully whom you know to be your enemy, who has crossed you at every turn, who has threatened your life and whose friends all say that he is waiting for a chance to blow your head off—if you confront him suddenly and find him cursing you while he hastily crams cartridges into the chambers of a big revolver, is it immoral to strike the weapon from his hand? Or ought you, meekly and with a sort of Hague Conference look upon your face, to wait around until you have discovered by the event just what it is that he is going to do? As things go in this world, it would be much wiser to knock the weapon from his hand; and a coroner's jury would not blame you over much if you were to take a pot-shot at him on the basis of what you know about him and his intentions.

Therefore it would seem to the impartial observer as though Great Britain had recently let slip an opportunity, and that she may well have to pay a heavy price for her squeamishness. Had she, together with France, stood firmly by Russia in the recent crisis, Germany would have had either to eat crow, as she did at Algeciras, or else, if she stood out, she would have seen her budding navy dashed to pieces, her seaports blockaded and shelled; while with a French army on one frontier, and a Russian army repeating the tactics of Kutusov in 1812, she would be crushed between the upper and the nether millstones. Austria's help would have availed her little; for Austria, as in 1866, would be partly paralyzed by the need of guarding herself against Italy. "Italia irredenta" is still a potent watchword with the inhabitants of the peninsula, who gaze upon Trieste as once they gazed on Venice, with the longing of an intensely national desire.

As for France, her army is in as fine a shape for offence or for attack as it has ever been; and it has not yet been undermined to any great ex-

tent by the modern *sans-culottes* who in other ways are becoming a fester in the body politic. Given another ten years of the present imbecile Republic, and perhaps the old Gallic frenzy for battle cannot be again aroused. At present, however, the canker of decay is found in Paris only, where lately the government has shown a shameful weakness in its concessions to the anarchistic bodies that were allowed to paralyze the postal service with success. M. Clémenceau has been accused of many things during his strenuous career; but even his political enemies never doubted that this foul-mouthed creature had at least the courage to carry out a policy to the bitter end. Yet in the postal strikes, while at first he held his own manfully, at the last, and just as the strikers were about to give in their submission, Clémenceau weakened, and after a most unexpected *volte-face* capitulated to the demagogues led by the ranting preacher of sedition, Pataud. It was a grievous disappointment to the friends of France, as well as to France herself; for, after all, France admires strong men who can do things strongly.

Long ago some wise person said that Paris needed to be shot over at least once in every twenty years. Unfortunately, thirty-eight years have now elapsed since Paris was shot over. It was done with exceeding thoroughness at the time of the Commune in 1871, under the eye of that efficient and ruthless soldier, the Marquis de Galliffet. His troops rounded up the rat-like, murderous cowardly assassins of Montmartre, who had crawled out of their slimy haunts to burn and ravage. They were shot down by thousands wherever found, they and the sinister hags, the *pétroleuses*, without trial. Perhaps it was because the work was then done with so much thoroughness that the Republic has survived so long. But the time for a new killing has evidently arrived. The great body of Frenchmen are staunch upholders of the law and of the rights of property; and if the sort of government which they now endure cannot suppress such creatures as Pataud, if it cannot prevent the lawlessness which at a moment's notice paralyzes all the nerves of commerce and of industry, then France will hail the advent of a new dictator. He may be Bonapartist, or he may be monarchist, or he may, as is more likely, spring from the ranks of the people themselves. But in any case, it seems as though his presence is becoming necessary. When he arrives, though his entrance into power may be signalled by the crackle of rifle-fire and the roar of cannon, he will at the last restore to France not only internal peace, but that external splendor and magnificence which appeal with equal strength to the Celtic and to the Latin strain in the whole French race.

Harry Thurston Peck.

The Forum

JUNE, 1909

SHALL INCOMES BE TAXED?

BY HENRY LITCHFIELD WEST

"I BELIEVE that an income tax," said President Taft in his speech accepting the presidential nomination, "when the protective system of customs and the internal revenue tax shall not furnish income enough for governmental needs, can and should be devised which under the decisions of the Supreme Court will conform to the Constitution."

In the opinion of many leading men in Congress the time to which President Taft referred has already arrived. In addition to this, there is an increasing sentiment against placing, as is now the case, the entire burden of governmental support upon the consumer. These two considerations have given definite shape to the effort to revive the income tax. In the Senate two amendments to the tariff bill, which have for their object the taxing of incomes, have been introduced, one by Senator Cummins, of Iowa, and the other by Senator Bailey, of Texas. The debate upon these amendments has been interesting and instructive, especially because it discloses the fact that the subject is not regarded as partisan. It has been discussed from its economic and legal standpoints and not from a political point of view. It is also certain that, whether these amendments are adopted or are defeated, a determined agitation in favor of imposing an income tax has been commenced and it is by no means improbable that eventually some legislation will be enacted.

The Reason for the Agitation

The expenditures of the Government have mounted by leaps and bounds during the past ten years. The Fifty-first Congress, in 1891 and 1892, appropriated \$1,000,000,000 and far and wide this enormous

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budget was commented upon as a monument of extravagance. We have now reached a point where \$1,000,000,000 is the aggregate of a single session and even the most strenuous efforts on the part of the appropriations committees of the Senate and the House fail to reduce the total to a point much below the billion-dollar mark. The war with Spain was, of course, the main cause of the great increase in governmental expenditures. It costs money to maintain a large standing army and to construct and equip new battleships. The army appropriations now aggregate \$100,000,000 a year, and it requires even a larger sum, \$136,000,000, to provide for the navy. These amounts are double and even treble the appropriations of a few years ago. It is also interesting to note that whereas twenty years after the civil war the pension list cost the nation \$60,000,000 annually, it is now necessary, more than forty years since the war ended, to provide \$160,000,000 for this purpose. In 1903, a little more than five years ago, the cost of the postal service was \$139,000,000, while now no less than \$234,000,000 is required. This large increase is due mainly to the establishment of the rural delivery service, which, beginning in modest fashion, is now costing many millions annually. In all of the departments of the Government a similar state of affairs exists, although the increases are not, of course, so sensational. Nor is the end in sight. There is no telling how many hundred millions will be required for the construction of the Panama canal, while the reclamation of arid lands is certain to involve an expenditure beyond mortal ken.

The situation is all the more acute because during the past two years the appropriations made by Congress have been in excess of the revenues. For the year 1909 the amount granted by Congress under the head of regular and permanent annual appropriations was, in actual figures, \$1,008,397,543.56 and this amount was authorized to be expended despite the fact that the estimated revenues of the Government amounted only to \$878,000,000. For the year 1910 the regular and permanent annual appropriations amount to \$1,044,401,857.12, although the officials of the Treasury Department notified Congress that the revenues would not exceed \$825,000,000. It is no wonder, therefore, that when the present fiscal year expires on the thirtieth of next June the Government will be confronted with a deficit of nearly \$100,000,000. There has been, during the past two years, a general demand throughout the country for a revision of the tariff. The truth is that the financial situation of the Government would have compelled a new revenue-producing measure even if no voice had been lifted for tariff reform. As a matter of fact, even the new tariff bill will, it is predicted, fail to overcome the large

deficiency which annually confronts the Government; and it is the knowledge of this shortcoming which has given impetus to the consideration of the income tax proposition.

Upon the very threshold of the discussion of the income tax proposition there arises the inevitable objection that the Supreme Court has decided the tax to be unconstitutional. This phase of the question has been thoroughly considered in the Senate. It will be remembered that in 1893 the so-called Wilson-Gorman tariff bill contained a number of clauses which provided for the collection of an income tax. It is not necessary to revert at length to the provisions of this measure, which, in brief, levied a tax of two per centum upon all incomes exceeding \$4,000. No one at that time questioned the constitutionality of the statute. Under the income tax of 1862, which remained in force until 1873, the Government had collected the enormous sum of \$374,000,000, and it was confidently expected that under the new enactment the revenues of the Government would be materially increased. "During the entire debate in 1894," remarked Senator Borah, of Idaho, "there was no suggestion upon the part of any Senator that the Supreme Court of the United States had not time and again settled that question. There was no contention upon the part of anyone that the law was not settled by the Supreme Court. The furthest anyone went was the then Senator from New York, Mr. Hill, who suggested that, while the court had decided it, the court might be induced to change its mind. It was considered at that time just as thoroughly settled and just as thoroughly embedded as a part of the constitutional law of this country as the doctrine of implied power under the Constitution. There was not before the people a suggestion at the time that law passed that it was not in conformity with the great charter."

In the year 1895, however, Mr. Charles Pollock, of Massachusetts, brought suit to enjoin the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company from paying the income tax, it being alleged that the company had indicated its purpose to pay to the Government the legal percentage of its net profits above actual operating and business expenses, including the income derived from its real estate and its bonds of the city of New York. The directors of the company, it was also asserted, proposed to pay the tax upon the incomes, gains and profits, in excess of \$4,000, of all minors and others for whom the company was acting in a fiduciary capacity. Mr. Pollock being a stockholder, sought to restrain the company from paying the tax and the adjudication of the Supreme Court was finally sought

upon the ground that the amount involved, exclusive of costs, exceeded the sum of \$5,000; that a constitutional question was at issue and that the controversy was between citizens of different States. It is still a mooted question whether these considerations outweighed the express prohibition of the federal statute which forbids a suit being brought to restrain the collection of a tax, but the fact remains that the Supreme Court did entertain the case and finally, after a rehearing, decided by the narrow majority of five to four that the income tax was unconstitutional, mainly because it proposed to tax the incomes upon real estate and that this tax, being equivalent to a tax upon real estate, was a direct tax in the meaning of the Constitution and, therefore, ought to have been apportioned according to population among the States.

In the debate in the Senate on the legal aspects of the proposed income tax legislation it was very forcibly and clearly argued by Senators Cummins of Iowa, Borah, of Idaho, and Bailey, of Texas, that the decision of the Supreme Court, rendered under circumstances which aroused comment at the time, was at complete variance with the long line of decisions handed down by that court throughout a period extending over a hundred years. All of these cases present many facts of interest in connection with the revival of income tax legislation; but the most interesting, of course, was the effort made by the late Representative William M. Springer, of Illinois, to contest the legality of the tax law of 1862. When he refused to pay the assessment his home was levied upon and sold by the Government and an action of ejectment brought against him. The case went to the Supreme Court which unanimously decided that the imposition was not a direct tax in the meaning of the Constitution and that, therefore, Mr. Springer must meet his obligation or be deprived of his home. "What was the tax of which he complained?" asked Senator Bailey. "It was an income tax drawn almost word for word as the amendment which I have offered." According to Mr. Bailey, "if the decision in the Pollock case is sound in law and logic, then certainly Mr. Springer could not have been compelled to pay any tax under the act of 1862, and this Republic despoiled him of his property without the shadow of a right and in violation of our organic law." The Supreme Court emphasized in its opinion the expression of Coke that the devising of the profits from lands was equivalent to devising the land itself. There was outspoken disagreement in the Senate concerning the quotation of this ancient writer. "I undertake to say," remarked Senator Borah, "that it is well established by the authorities that the transfer of earned rent does not transfer the real estate or any interest in real estate"; and he appealed to the lawyers in the Senate to present from American juris-

prudence or from English jurisprudence a single case in which it has been held that a tax upon collected rents is a tax upon real estate. "All the authorities," he added, "which are to be found are the other way, and that is when rents are earned they become personal property. They do not go to the estate as real estate, and they are not considered in any sense as related to or connected with the real estate."

If the subject were now being considered from a strictly legal instead of a popular point of view, it would be worth while to review at some length the arguments presented in the Senate. Suffice it to say, however, that the contention is that enough of doubt exists as to the infallibility of the position taken by the Supreme Court to afford basis for the suggestion that another law be enacted which, in the language of President Taft, would conform to the Constitution under the decisions of the Supreme Court. Mr. Taft is an able lawyer and has occupied an enviable place upon the bench. When he used the plural in referring to the judgments of the Court he undoubtedly had in mind the numerous declarations of that body which were suddenly overturned by the utterance in the Pollock case.

The two propositions now before the Senate, which are expected to be sustained should their constitutionality be tested in the Supreme Court, differ only in degree. Senator Cummins's amendment provides that every citizen of the United States, whether residing at home or abroad, and every non-citizen resident in the United States shall pay a graduated tax upon his income when such income is in excess of \$5,000 per year. His schedule is as follows:

- Upon incomes not exceeding \$10,000, two per centum.
- Upon incomes not exceeding \$20,000, two and one-half per centum.
- Upon incomes not exceeding \$40,000, three per centum.
- Upon incomes not exceeding \$60,000, three and one-half per centum.
- Upon incomes not exceeding \$80,000, four per centum.
- Upon incomes not exceeding \$100,000, five per centum.
- Upon all incomes exceeding \$100,000, six per centum.

Senator Bailey's amendment provides for a fixed rate of three per centum upon all incomes over and above \$5,000. It does not, as in the case of Senator Cummins' proposed law, make an exception in favor of the President of the United States, or judges of the Supreme or inferior courts of the United States now in office, or all officers and employees of a State or any political subdivision thereof. Indeed, Mr. Bailey's exemption list is quite restricted and includes only religious, charitable

and educational institutions, savings banks which are operated for the sole benefit of the depositors, building associations, mutual insurance companies and the like. There is much detail, of course, as to the machinery required effectively to administer the law.

It is hardly likely that the United States Senate, in its present frame of mind, will engraft either of these income tax amendments upon the tariff bill. At the same time, there are quite a number of men in the Senate, and a still larger number in the House, who would not be averse to seeing the question resubmitted to the Supreme Court. "It was decided by a vote of 5 to 4," said Senator Bailey, "and I can say, without instituting any invidious comparison, that however great the men who constituted the majority were, they did not outweigh in brain and character the men who made up the minority. With the scales of justice so evenly trembling in the balance, is it too much to ask that there shall be a reconsideration?" Senator Cummins advocates the tax because he believes that additional revenue is absolutely required and that the income tax method is preferable to an inheritance tax; while Senator Borah summed up his exhaustive argument with the following declaration of his views:

"I place my advocacy of the income tax proposition upon a higher plane than that of raising a little revenue for the Government for the next few years. I believe it involves a great constitutional power, one of the great powers which in many instances might be absolutely necessary for the preservation of the Government itself. I believe that the Constitution as construed is the same as granting an exemption to the vast accumulated wealth of the country and saying that it shall be relieved from the great burden of taxation. I do not believe that the great framers of the Constitution, the men who were framing a government for the people, of the people, and by the people, intended that all the taxes of this Government should be placed upon the backs of those who toil, upon consumption, while the accumulated wealth of the Nation should stand exempt, even in an exigency which might involve the very life of the Nation itself. This can not be true; it was never so intended; it was a republic they were building, where all men were to be equal and bear equally the burdens of government, and not an oligarchy, for that must a government be, in the end, which exempts property and wealth from all taxes."

Another indication of interest in the income tax proposition is the fact that the Department of Commerce and Labor has detailed one of its experts to make a thorough study of the income tax in Great Britain and in France. The report which he has submitted to the department shows that the British income tax in one form or another has been in force almost continuously for 110 years, and that since 1842, more than half a century ago, there has practically been no period when the law was not in force. For the fiscal year which ended March 31,

**Income Tax
in Great
Britain**

1909, with a population in Great Britain and Ireland of 44,500,000, the revenue from the property and income tax was \$165,000,000, being the greatest single source of revenue in the United Kingdom. A curious fact about the administration of the tax is that the actual revenues always exceed the estimated receipts. The lowest rate of charge since the foundation of the percent system in 1853 has been two pence on the pound sterling, which would be four cents in \$4.86, or a fraction under one cent on the dollar. The highest charge has been one shilling, three pence, or approximately thirty cents to the \$5.00.

The large revenue which Great Britain enjoys from the income tax is due to the fact that there is one taxpayer in each forty-four of the population. In 1907 there was a total of 578,000 assessments upon incomes from business, professions, etc., while the employees of business firms and government and public companies brought the total up to 996,000, or near the million mark. Of this grand total no less than 750,000 paid a tax upon incomes not exceeding \$1,500 per annum. As the incomes increase in size the number of assessments gradually decrease until the returns show only 949 persons or firms whose incomes exceed \$250,000 a year. Should an income tax be imposed in the United States the proportionate number of taxpayers would be much less, as no incomes less than \$5,000 are to be taxed, while in England only incomes less than \$900 escape paying tribute.

Although Senator Aldrich declared some years ago that the income tax was socialistic, populist and democratic and that no one advocated it unless he was interested in securing a redistribution of wealth in the United States, the fact is that the utterance of President Taft has done much toward giving respectability, as it were, to the proposed legislation.

**Will Keep
the Subject
Alive**

It may not be generally known, also, that eminent Republican leaders in the past have been upholders of the income tax proposition. For instance, the late Senator Sherman, of Ohio, declared that the income tax was the least inquisitorial and unjust of all the taxes imposed by the Government. "It is the only tax levied in the United States," he said, "that falls upon property or office or on brains that yield property, and in this respect is distinguished from all other taxes levied by the United States, all of which are levied upon consumption, the consumption of the rich and the poor, the old and the young." He asserted, also, that the consumption of the rich does not bear the same relation to the consumption of the poor that the income of the one does to the wages of the other, and he predicted that as wealth accumulated in

this country this injustice in the fundamental basis of our system, as he termed it, would be felt and forced upon the attention of Congress.

At the end of a long line of Republican leaders who have stood sponsor for the income tax stands Theodore Roosevelt, who, while President of the United States, advocated, in more than one message to Congress, the enactment of an income tax law, asserting that it was an absolutely essential feature of our system of taxation. To quote Mr. Roosevelt's own words:

"When our tax laws are revised the question of an income tax and an inheritance tax should receive the careful attention of our legislators. In my judgment both of these taxes should be part of our system of federal taxation. * * * * The graduated income tax of the proper type would be a desirable feature of federal taxation, and it is to be hoped that one may be devised which the Supreme Court will declare constitutional."

The belief expressed by two Presidents that the question of the constitutionality of the tax has not been eternally settled has gone far toward making the subject one of earnest discussion. It has not been the purpose of this article either to advocate or to oppose the proposed tax. There are many men of equal honesty and ability arrayed on both sides. The point which is herein sought to be emphasized is that the opinion of the Supreme Court, standing, as it does, in direct antagonism to the decisions of a hundred years and declaring unconstitutional a tax that in practically similar form, was effectively administered for more than a decade, is not accepted as the final judgment. As long as this is the case and as long as men of high standing in the national legislature feel that an income tax is a righteous tax, just so long shall we have the justice of its imposition pictured to the public mind. There are men who believe that the Supreme Court erred and who are determined that there shall be another adjudication of the question; and as long as these men continue to occupy commanding station in public life, it is certain that they will not allow the subject to remain quiescent.

Henry Litchfield West.

A PERSONAL VISIT TO GEORGE MEREDITH

BY GALBRAITH WELCH

THE death of George Meredith is, to the general public, rather a cause of sentimental regret than a material loss. Since the publication of his last book, years ago, Mr. Meredith had written barely a line, had figured little in the newspapers, and had taken practically no part in the public affairs of the world. Though his work lived on in the cultivated world, he died as an individual author with his last book. As a man, he had retired to his beautiful Surrey hills, to rest peacefully after his work was over. There in his little house, it was my good privilege to visit him, and to talk with him only a comparatively short time before he died.

It was last year, on the eve of Mr. Meredith's eightieth birthday, of which it will be remembered considerable public notice was taken both in America and in England, that a cable message reached me in London containing a command from the editor of an American newspaper that I should procure an interview with Mr. Meredith for its special Meredith Birthday issue.

Mr. Meredith's dislike of publicity had been well known even in his younger, and presumably more approachable days, and I realized that the task set me, that is, to gain audience with him in his old age, was likely to prove little short of impossible.

Obedience, however, is the journalist's watchword, so I set myself to ask various Londoners—newspaper men, publishers, any one who might reasonably be able to help me—for advice. From most of them I got nothing but condolences on the hopelessness of my undertaking.

Said one of them—he was an experienced journalist—"Give it up. You might as well try to get an interview with the Nelson monument in Trafalgar Square. I dare say even your editor has not much expectation of your succeeding. Probably he sent his cable merely on the off chance."

From one man alone did I get even the remotest encouragement. This was a business friend of Mr. Meredith's, who, after exacting strictest pledges that I would not betray the source of my information, gave me what proved a very valuable hint. It was that Mr. Meredith was most likely to be at home in his house in Boxhill at about tea time.

I speculated as to whether, in view of the great age of Mr. Meredith, and his well-known hatred of publicity, it would be better to write in advance and beg for an appointment, or to go down and take my chances on the doorstep. At last I decided on the latter course, for thought I to myself, were I an old man nearly eighty, I should certainly dread the visit of

a stranger come to spy upon my privacy and to write an account of it for hundreds of thousands more strangers. Indeed it seemed to me, I should dread it so much, that I should avoid it altogether. On the other hand, if the stranger turned up on my doorstep, and I realized she had come all the way from London expressly with the hope of seeing me, and if I happened to be feeling well at the moment, and if I had nothing else to do, and if my servant reported that the visitor looked harmless, I might—well just possibly—let her in. So, since one chance in ten is better than no chance at all, I decided to go to Boxhill unheralded.

Before starting I wrote a letter to hand in at Mr. Meredith's door, in which I set forth my purpose as tactfully as I knew how. Equipped with this letter, and an overwhelming expectation of failure, I took the train from London. It was a bleak afternoon in the mid-winter, and on reaching my destination, merely in the walk from the train to a cab, I found myself plastered with mud. This I recollect cleaning off surreptitiously on the very degenerate-looking rug that lay on the floor of the cab, to the end that I might make as prepossessing an appearance as possible at Mr. Meredith's front door. His house, soon reached, was not imposing—a pretty little place hidden behind a high green hedge. Behind the house was a knoll and in front of it a garden, up the path of which I walked heralded by the fierce barking of a dog within, who heard me approaching and by an instinct disapproved my errand. An elderly woman servant came to the door and left me on the step while she carried my note and card to Mr. Meredith. It was an anxious, and to me wellnigh a hopeless moment till the servant came back, and to my astonishment, led me into the sitting-room.

Inside was Mr. Meredith, and his first words, spoken from his easy chair alongside the fire, explained why I had been admitted.

"Your being an American," said he, "gives you a sure road to my favor."

An English stranger, I feel sure he would have turned away, but this obscure American with a cable message from the American people, via the editorial pencil of an American newspaper, made a strong appeal to him. A retiring man he was indeed, but a very human one and that cablegram gained me entrance to his sitting-room.

Once established in a chair opposite him, I for the first time took in Mr. Meredith's appearance, expecting, as I did so, that I should suffer the nearly inevitable penalty that goes with meeting great men face to face—I mean disillusionment. At eighty, I had said to myself, this man cannot fail to be of unattractive appearance. Many of us must confess to a

shrinking from old men. We may respect them and their worth and virtues, but so often we cannot but wish to turn away our eyes from their lack of physical charm.

But in Mr. Meredith there was nothing but beauty, beauty grown old, to be sure, but as a woman's does, with no diminution of physical pleasingness.

His hair was thick as a boy's and of snowy white; in the carriage of his head and particularly the shape of his nose, there was something that deserved that often ill-applied word "noble." Well-groomed and carefully tended by his nurse-housekeeper, a lady whose faithfulness and capacity must have done much to make his old age happy, perhaps indeed to prolong his life, Mr. Meredith presented to his friends none of the dribbling untidiness, to which we have so often to shut our eyes in the presence of masculine old age. His tea cup was raised to his lips by the steady hand of Miss ——; his clothes were tactfully chosen in soft textures and becoming colors—a woolly brown coat, half an inch or so of daring red necktie and a gray shawl over his knees—in everything he was as dainty as a bride on the first week of her honeymoon.

I had never seen a more beautiful old man.

Though his health was not of the best—was indeed far worse than the general public knew, for his illnesses were, at his own wish, kept carefully concealed from the press—Mr. Meredith was in no way decrepit. He was lame. Some years before, as every one must recollect, he had broken his leg in a fall, and he was suffering moreover from a malady, which to the lay understanding was very like paralysis, though his physicians may have called it by another name. He could not, I think, stand by himself, much less walk unaided. Beyond this, his only disability was a little deafness, quite a trifling thing, and in no way so serious an affliction as that of his friend Swinburne, who was so deaf as to be cut off toward the last from all intercourse with any friends except his housemate, Mr. Watts-Dunton. In Mr. Meredith's case, deafness did not impede conversation, though it did bring it about, that in speaking to him, there was added to the timidity inevitable in addressing so great a man the self-consciousness one always feels in talking even to the humblest person who is deaf. So simple and kindly was he, however, that any shyness soon passed away, and one only marvelled at this octogenarian who could read without glasses, was as full of jollity as a boy and ready to talk with enthusiasm on any subject under the sun.

It was of America that we first spoke.

"I am fond of it for two reasons," said he. "One—and this is a very good reason, too—that America is fond of me. My first recogni-

tion came from there, and I've not forgotten it. You Americans cared for me, and still do care for me, more than my own country folk do. They've never liked me in England, you know," this last with an air of perfect sincerity and good nature.

"And the other reason you like us?" I asked.

"Curiosity," he replied. "You have such a number of things over there that interest me, things I've always longed to see for myself. Your skyscrapers, for example, are they really as tall as the pictures make them look? I wish I could see one—and all your other strange new things, too!"

Mr. Meredith, I gathered, looked upon all modern inventions with a boyish delight. It was one of the disappointments of his old age that he could not see a big New York building, and also, I think, that he did not own an automobile. Of the latter he spoke wistfully; I do not know if it was a question of money, or a certain old-fashioned timidity, or mere lack of initiative, that prevented his buying a motor car. At any rate, I am sure it was the dear dream of his old heart to have one; and in his charmingly sympathetic letter to Mr. Watts-Dunton, condoling with him on the death of Swinburne, I could not but be touched by his words, "Later I will hire a motor car and come see you" (I quote from memory). I sometimes think that Mr. Meredith in his eightieth year would have exchanged all his greatness for a springy-seated swift-going automobile, and if it is possible to think of a more attractive manifestation of character in a man of his age and position than just this gives, it is beyond my conceiving.

Instead of a motor car Mr. Meredith told me he kept a donkey cart.

"I must go down dreadfully in your estimation now you know that," said he quaintly.

A drive in this equipage, which consisted of a donkey hitched to a bath-chair, led by a man servant and further escorted by Miss —— and by Sandy, the Aberdeen, who had so greatly objected to my entering the household, was a part of every day's routine with Mr. Meredith. Daily he got up for breakfast at half-past seven (which to the English mind seems far earlier than it would to the earlier rising American).

"There is such a lot to do every day," said he. "I must get up early so as to have plenty of time to read the papers." Of these he took in two, by the way—one the lofty *Times*, the other a more amusing half-penny organ.

At eleven came the donkey-cart drive, and then the rest of the day was passed in reading or seeing his friends. Reading was a tremendous pleasure to him and he fulfilled Andrew Lang's definition of a true book-

man, in that he did not choose books to read, but read "all of them." Miss —— assured me he read every new book of any importance, and by his talk it was plain that this was in no way an exaggeration. He spoke with interest and respect of many books and writers at whom a lesser man than he would have sniffed, and in this bore out some words of Chesterton's, who put great men into three classes, those who saw themselves as superior to all the world, those who saw themselves as inferior to the world, and those who took it for granted that they and the world were on equal terms. The greatest of these three classes is, in Mr. Chesterton's eyes, the last, and into this class Mr. Meredith preferred to place himself, in so far as his reading went.

"I read the new books as they come out," said he. "I'm a hard critic for them, but they stand it very well."

"What do you like best?" I asked.

He reflected. "French memoirs and books about Napoleon delight me always, perhaps more than other books."

"And in fiction?"

His reply, whether it was dictated by gallantry or whether it was quite sincere, was at any rate pleasant hearing, for the authors he named were all Americans.

"Mrs. Wharton and Mrs. Atherton I like," said he, "they have both a flowing style. Another American I read with pleasure, though not frequently, is my dear Henry James. His books are hard reading, but I have to read one every year."

Of one book by Henry James (this author, by the way, was a personal friend of Mr. Meredith's, as well as a literary one) Mr. Meredith spoke with a playful malice that was very entertaining.

"You know," said he, "my dear James's book which he describes as an account of America revisited. The substance of it all is not a revisiting of America, but a tour of James's own inside. He doesn't tell about America, but about how he felt when he saw this or that in America. Now and then, he goes so far as to lead you to a little window in his anatomy, and show you a glimpse of landscape that he says is America. But taken all in all, it's very little one sees beyond the interior of my dear James."

From Mr. James we shifted to talk about Mr. Meredith's own work. Of all his books, he said he preferred *The Egoist*, and it was usually this volume he chose to present to his friends and to autograph for his admirers. Naturally enough these requests for autographs came in plentifully from all over the world. They were to Mr. Meredith a source of entertainment rather than of annoyance.

Much amused, he told me about a hopeful American, a native of Montana, if my memory serves, who sent over once to the peaceful home in Boxhill a complete set of all the Meredith novels, with a modest request for "an autograph and suitable sentiment" in each, and an offer—this particularly delighted the old gentleman—to pay any sum required for the service.

For years now, Mr. Meredith has produced practically nothing in the way of new work.

"It tires my hand these days to write at any one time more than a few lines of verse or a letter, and I cannot dictate," said he. "I don't see how anybody can dictate a novel, and take an outsider into that close communion there's got to be between the novelist and his characters. At any rate, *I* can't dictate, and when I have tried it, I have never been able to get beyond four or five chapters."

Another and, I fancy, more potent reason why Mr. Meredith stopped creative work so long a time before his death, was that he felt himself no longer able to keep up his high standard. His voluntary silencing of his art, rather than to risk an unworthy performance, is one of the finest traits in his career. There was no need for his friends to long to snatch away the treacherous pen, as has been the case with other great authors grown old.

Behind his house, on the hillside, there stands a little bungalow, his one time work shop, to which the novelist at eighty could get no nearer than the foot of the knoll, except as his eyes could carry him. Up to this cottage, when in his working years, he used to climb and spend hours, sometimes days on end in writing. In his old age the bungalow stood idle, a sort of memorial of the art he had had the courage to forswear.

"At sixty-five," said he, "a man should stop writing. After that his work must be inferior. His contemporaries will praise it, but posterity will see the difference. You can't fool posterity, you know!"

Such was the substance of our talk. I did not suggest any controversial subjects, for I knew how eager was Mr. Meredith to express himself on such matters, and remembered the incident of his freely expressed and indiscreetly quoted views on short-time marriages, which to his grief were noised about the world and much misunderstood by many folk.

Impulsive as a child and eager of intellect as a man of thirty, Mr. Meredith would have let me interview him about any subject under the sun, and would doubtless have talked as freely and indiscreetly as did he on that other occasion. It was the only return I could make for his kindness in letting me into his privacy, to protect him from his own eager tongue and brain.

Presently he grew a little tired and I said good-bye, leaving him beautiful, vigorous and good-humored in that fine old age of his, that seemed so ideally to combine the high spirits of a boy, the wide interests and keen intellect of a man in his prime, and the dignity of a patriarch. Mr. Meredith was a very great man; he was also a very charming gentleman.

Galbraith Welch.

FORSITAN

BY BRIAN HOOKER

LABOR for Love; thy labor shall be vain.
Conquer it; God shall laugh and feed thee dust.
Deserve it; thou shalt clasp a broken trust,
Learning a wise unfaith. For joy or pain
Love falleth wantonly, as falls the rain
Alike upon the just and the unjust.

Take all unclean that lieth to thine hand—
There is no shame but wherewith Love may be.
Be pure—thou fool, what shall it profit thee?
Thine uttermost endeavor may command
Upon the shore a grain the less of sand,
A drop the more of water in the sea.

Because the heart of Love is hidden higher
Than ever poet sang or prophet saw,
Beyond all dream of glory and of awe—
The very holiness of thy desire
Shall blind thee to the gold within the fire,
And hold thee from the best. This is the law.

Therefore deserve; give wholly; do no ill;
Labor, and overcome. So the one kiss
May overflow a greater soul with bliss
More curiously sought; or, if Chance will,
Thou shalt, remembering old beauty, still
Worthily suffer, knowing what Love is.

Brian Hooker.

UNREST IN MODERN ART

BY ARTHUR HOEBER

WE live in an age of unrest. True, we live also in an age of progress; but it is a question whether the domain of art is one wherein there is the same need of progress that things utilitarian and scientific call for. In landscape painting we have unquestionably discovered new theories of light and the juxtaposition of pigment that have made for certain aerial qualities the older painters did not possess, or even dream of, and the tones of our palettes have been raised many degrees. But have we gained? We may never hope at best to do anything further than remotely approximate nature. And in securing brilliancy of color, perhaps juster values, greater realism, things truer to the world out of doors, do the pictures rise to greater poetic flights, do they possess larger significance, are they more the expression of a finer imagination than were the performances of our predecessors of one, two, three centuries ago? Does the modern landscapist appeal more than did Claude Lorraine, Hobbema and others? For after all, is it the thing, or is it the manner of saying the thing that counts? Of course, every man must have his own peculiar manner of expressing his ideas. As some men are gifted with pleasant speech and their slightest utterance falls trippingly off the tongue, so there will ever be the painter whose technique is alluring in itself, without regard to the ideas he is expressing, whose facility with his medium and materials will ever bring forth our keenest admiration. Yet we would not exchange the rugged *metier* of a Jean François Millet for the polished, academic thoroughness of a Bouguereau. Nor, on the other hand, would we forego one jot of the exquisite finish of a Holbein in our admiration of the virility and straightforwardness of a Michelangelo, and the sumptuousness of a Titian, all three appealing equally.

So, after all, it is not the manner of doing it so much as the thing that is done; and I contend therefore that this question of style is relatively unimportant. The question is rather, has the artist given us the lovely thought; has he caught the subtle character and general sentiment of his sitter; has he brought before us the poetry and charm of nature? Before a great work of art, one is never, for an instant, in doubt. The tendency of the times is, alas, for novelty, for the search after some new manner of conveying an impression, not of high thoughts, not of noble sentiments, but of a way of putting pigment on canvas, of rendering some substance dexterously; and the exhibitions are full of endeavors for

technique, for a strangeness of design, for a drawing of humanity that shall attract rather for some strange conception, than for an adherence to the forms and masses of nature. Greatly as is the artistic world indebted to the French school of Impressionism, we are not sure that it is an unmixed blessing. Light and atmosphere it has achieved, it is true, with brilliancy nearer the real nature than the world had ever before known, but at the expense of how many other qualities? To composition the Impressionists too often give little heed. Of sentiment we find only a moderate trace. And the technique is ever obtruded. It is not so much the theme as the manner of treating it; not the beauty of nature's forms, but of her atmosphere, her scintillations of light, the sparkle of the sun, the wonderful mystery of her luminosity,—though only after all, approximately, for at best all painting is but a compromise. No color on the palette is higher than the tone of white, and nature is many, many times more brilliant than that pigment. So the artist, after all, starts with a handicap that he may never, under any circumstances, overcome.

A Velasquez may paint with loaded brush, sweep in his masses with certainty and unction, keep everything broad, arrive by the suggestion rather than the concrete, and we can grow wildly enthusiastic over his results. Yet a Holbein may paint seemingly with a single hair brush, linger lovingly over every minute detail, draw the eye so that every part shall be disclosed, paint every hair of the head, the beard and eyebrow, introduce still life so as fairly to delude the spectator by its verisimilitude, and we give him just as enthusiastic greeting and serious study; while somewhere in between these two styles comes a Titian pursuing the middle course, and we get such a portrait as his "Man with the Glove," the epitome of the humanity of his day, a likeness of a patrician, as faithful as the rendering of a camera plus the observation and research of a distinguished craftsman and student of nature, a man artistic to the ends of his finger's tips. And so, what of technique when all three, undisputed masters, differ so radically in their manner of working?

From a mass of work, often unworthy, enlivened at times, however, by performances of a most serious nature, there come to my mind three canvases by the late Sir John Millais, in his day President of the Royal Academy of England—and surely no artist will hold his commendation from them. They are "Christ in the House of His Parents," a portrait of "Mrs. Heugh," which was in the collection of the late James S. Inglis of the house of Cottier, and the wonderful landscape, "Chill October." Now Millais was a man of whom the younger crowd speak rather disparagingly and at times he unquestionably prostituted his art for the

sake of financial gain, pandering to the philistine English public in giving them all sorts of pretty-pretty themes that were circulated far and wide as Christmas supplements for the illustrated weekly papers. Yet, in these three works that I have mentioned, the man had something worth the while to say, and one is confident his manner of saying it mattered little, in reality concerned him scarcely at all. He worked for a result, for the joy of securing a psychological interpretation of the subject in hand. The fine, elderly Englishwoman interested him profoundly; she was *sui generis*, of the soil unmistakably, and she is the apotheosis of refined British motherhood and wifely virtues. From her sprung, you are sure, the sturdy manhood capable of carrying on the traditions of the race. And so Millais painted her unconsciously, authoritatively, as a genuine artist should, and the labor was one of profound admiration, pride, love. In his "Chill October," he saw and was impressed with the lovely English landscape under the cool air of the advancing season, when each leaf spoke of the approach of winter; the air was crisp and full of ozone; the birds were flying southward and the change was apparent. This, too, impressed him as a lover of the open; he had seen it intimately on his fishing and shooting excursions, for he was a keen follower of sport. Finally, you are certain, it obsessed him and he went to his work with the liveliest interest, saturated with his theme. The canvas says so in every touch and convinces the most apathetic spectator. No matter how he got it. Some other artist would perhaps have treated it with more breadth; some would have obtained more color and broken the tones. Never mind, it matters little, for it is the *thing*, not the technique, and he secured a splendid realization of the time and place in quite his own way, whatever that way might be.

If we turn to the earlier work, "Christ in the House of His Parents," we find the overwhelming sense of seriousness in the theme, and I pass by the monumental fact that this great work of art was by a lad of twenty, perhaps one of the most marvelous accomplishments of any painter so young. There is not a square inch of the canvas that does not reek of devout intention, while in the matter of craftsmanship, academic though it is perhaps, it is almost the last word. One can scarcely believe that the artist had any other thought during the progress of the picture. I doubt if he had, for whatever his failings in later pandering to the philistines, they had not taken form in his mind at that time. And though you are lost in admiration at the technique, it is not that that holds you for a moment. The mother's kiss, the unconscious innocence of the Child, the solicitude of the father, and the tender interest of the others of the household, all impress profoundly. Pre-Raphaelite? Yes,

in Millais's most pronounced manner. But what does that signify? You may, later on, when you come to analyze the canvas, think of that, but for long you linger over the quiet charm and beauty of the conception. It is admirably composed, wonderfully wrought out, and full of much that is best in art.

In so many cases, alas, it is the search of the young men for the short cut to fame, the effort to "arrive," as the French say, without the preliminary training. They forget, if indeed they ever knew, that those modern masters, Corot, Degas, Manet, Monet, served a long apprenticeship at the drudgery of their profession, studied their nature in the most painstaking manner, drawing every leaf and twig, searching for every form, understanding the anatomy of both figure and tree, and only then being able with quick sweeps of the brush to indicate intelligently the things they wished to express. And of a truth, there is no short cut to art, no easy way of achieving masterpieces. Painting from the first is a trade that has to be learned from the ground up, and not until one has become familiar with the possibilities of the medium, with the handling of one's tools, with the consummate understanding of all the elements of nature, can there be given the personal expression in the interpretation of figure or landscape. One may not go through the current exhibitions, however, without feeling the importance the younger men attach to technique. They seem so afraid of working out a theme, on the contrary confining their labors to working out a manner, as if it mattered how the end is achieved, so it is achieved. Does one think on first glance of the technique of a Segantini? That lamented young Italian was concerned primarily with what he had to say, and as such his work is full of significance. True, he found a means of expression that was quite original, though never for a moment did it obtrude itself on your vision. You saw his Alpine subjects, his peasants against the cold, snow-clad landscape, and you were at once in sympathy with them. You grasped his allegories, for they touched your heart, not because they were painted strangely—that happened to be his easiest way of telling his story—but because there was an idea conveyed; because he distinctly wanted to say something worth the while.

Were the little Dutchmen of the seventeenth century any less entertaining or artistic because they evolved the greatest detail in their panels, such men as Terbourg and Metsu and the rest of them? Did they lose because they lingered lovingly over their craftsmanship? And similarly, do you not pay homage to a Monticelli of a later generation, whose predilection for sumptuous color schemes led him to a totally different manner of telling his story? Our own George Fuller found his outlet

for the entertaining things he had to say in yet another way, but he was worth attention, was he not? The eminent French critic, Camille Mauclair has written entertainingly of humbug in art. He speaks of the artistic unrest as almost neurasthenia, that feverish searching for originality, and he says justly, that it was not the ambition of artists of a former period to do something *new*, but to do something *well*, and they introduced the personal element into their art cautiously, though most unconsciously. One can understand protests against certain academic tendencies, desire to get away from the conventional, but after all, nature has some rights in the matter, forms must be recognized and the spectator has reason when he asks for intellectual expression, some thought to have made the thing worth the while. M. Mauclair says the lunacy of the new expression results from the disproportion between the desire for synthesis, which should crown all technique, and the weakness of that technique itself, the faculty of technical synthesis being nothing less than the product of a prolonged and direct study of reality. And yet the disordered, the factitious and slap-dash are mistaken for the new and original. The case would not be so bad if people were willing to recognize how prompt is the disillusionment, and if, when one of those famous finds is as quickly dropped as he was rashly picked up, they were more cautious when the next was proclaimed. But people are too proud to remember the worthless novelties they once praised, and the chance is as good for his successors. "Behind the times" is one of those miserable phrases one hears all too often. The thing is, to move swiftly, as if art had not eternity at its disposal, and as if its processes were not as slow as those of science. Art is in no hurry. Art is not a means of winning fame and wealth; it is a vow of sincerity, of poverty, of struggles, of endless labor, whose sole compensation is the consciousness a man has of having chosen noble ends to whose pursuits he may devote the brief span of his existence.

Which is only, after all, a different way of saying with Robert Louis Stevenson that if you adopt art as a trade, weed your mind at the outset of all desire for money. What you may decently expect, says he, if you have some talent and much industry, is such an income as a clerk will earn with a tenth, or perhaps a twentieth, of your nervous output. Nor have you the right to look for more; in the wages of the life, not in the wages of the trade lies your reward; the work is here the wages. Perhaps they forget on how little Millet was content to live; or, do they think, because they have less genius, they stand excused from the display of equal virtues? But upon one point there should be no dubiety; if a man be not frugal, he has no business in the arts. Further, the delight-

ful Scot says: "The consciousness of how much the artist is (and must be) a law to himself, debauches the small heads. Perceiving recondite merits very hard to attain, making or swallowing artistic formulæ, or perhaps falling in love with some particular proficiency of his own, many artists forget the end of all art: to please."

Arthur Hoeber.

NOON IN A GARDEN

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH WELLS

THE roses hang in clusters on the walls:
Warm, sun-distilled, their heavy scent enthralls
The dizzy Noon: She pauses, high in air
And droops her golden pinions, swooning there.

Abandoned unto this brief ecstasy,
Lulled by the song of humming bird and bee,
She cares not that the vagrant clouds pursue,
Nor heeds at all her shadowy retinue.

This hour is hers; the garden's all aglow:
The roses whisper, bending to and fro.
Bright swarms of butterflies, a painted maze,
Hover about her in the golden haze.

Enamored of rich color and perfume,
She merrily alights amid the bloom:
Upon a bank her sheaf of sunbeams flings,
And cools in fragrant chalices her wings.

The bright bacchante of the hours, she flies
From flower to flower and drains the sweet supplies:
Grown mad with nectar, her hot lips drink up
New rapture from each brimming fairy cup.

The long pale arms of afternoon await
To bear her westward, but intoxicate
She lingers; then at last with burning breath
Reels down all passion-spent unto her death.

Charlotte Elizabeth Wells.

THAT "UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE"

BY MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER

ONE notes, with an interest not wholly unmingled with amusement, a very considerable secession of Esperantists from Esperanto. Some hundreds out of some thousands, let us say. The figures do not matter, except to establish a formidable and not negligible percentage. What matters quite as much, or even more, is that these secessionists were among the most zealous of the Esperantists. Also that they have not lost a jot of heart or hope in "the cause." But they are already in favor of a "reformed" and still further simplified Esperanto. It hardly befits the remnant of Esperantists who stand by the Esperanto once delivered to the saints to describe these secessionists as "cranks," seeing that, from a not unusual point of view, the devotees of "the cause" are all cranks together. Is it premature to say that Dr. Zamenhof and the Esperantists are plainly foredoomed to follow Johann Martin Schleyer and the Volapükists on "the road to dusty death"?

"The cause" must apparently await other effects. It is quite in vain for a convinced Esperantist to recount, with almost tearful enthusiasm, how he felt when he "saw the hundreds of worshippers from every clime assembled under one roof and under one pastor, saying their simple prayers and singing their hymns in one language." He felt, it seems, that "the curse of Babel was at an end." Which would be very thrilling, no doubt, if all the tribes and nationalities that were dispersed at Babel were really reassembled, if they had really discovered a real vehicle of real communication. In that case an Esperantist Congress would really be a Pentecost. But one cannot help feeling that the "one pastor" must have confined himself to very jejune generalities, and that his congregation must have found the burden of their work in trying to understand him. Had they succeeded so far, they would undoubtedly have begun to differ from him, and the scene of the plain of Shinar would have been renewed in the capital of Saxony.

But now contrast with this tentative and experimental assemblage the event which recurs, quite rightly at irregular intervals, and, whenever it recurs, arrests the attention of civilized mankind, and stirs the imagination of whoever has any. That event is, of course, the, or an, Ecumenical Council of the Roman Catholic Church. It has stirred the imagination of one English poet to some purpose, that of the late F. W. H. Myers, the occasion being the Ecumenical Council of 1870:—

And first the conclave and the choir, and then
The immeasurable multitude of men
Bowed and fell down, bowed and fell down, as though
A rushing mighty wind had laid them low;
Yea to all hearts a revelation came
As flying thunder and as flying flame—

The imagined appeal which produced these results was, of course, made in Latin. It was said at the time of that same Council of the Church that, although the prelates and dignitaries all wrote Latin intelligible to one another, their spoken Latin was so violently accented by their respective native intonations that they were mutually unintelligible in speech, or intelligible with great difficulty. Very likely so. Indeed, one may say, quite necessarily so, since every nationality not only speaks its own words, but speaks them to its own tune. That is the real difficulty of learning any foreign language after childhood. It is one which no theory of "Latin pronunciation" can wholly obviate. It is one which no new language can obviate, Volapük or Esperanto. The various tribes will speak any language, old or new, to the same mutually unintelligible "tune."

But, in the meantime, which comes nearer to realizing the dream of a "universal language"—an Œcumenical Council at Rome, or an Esperantist World-Congress at Dresden? To ask that question is of course to answer it. For the man who goes about to invent a new language, as for him who goes about to invent a new religion, the 230,000,000 of "The Holy Church throughout all the World" constitute an extremely stubborn fact.

Especially to us, "here and now," who are trying to get into more facile communication with what we quite correctly call "Latin America." It does not matter, "in this connection," that that connection may not be so valuable as it has seemed to the excited imaginations of various "Premiers of the Administration," from James G. Blaine to Elihu Root. "Selling goods" to tribes and peoples whose wants are small and whose means are smaller, and among whom the "moral risk" of a Castro is always to be reckoned with, however desirable in the imaginative distance, may not be so alluring when it comes to be regarded as a "cold business proposition." Quite possibly the single State of Wisconsin, let us say, constitutes a more desirable market than all Latin America. But, such as it is, this is the most immediately urgent of "Our Foreign Relations." It is undoubtedly that one of those relations in which the want of a medium of communication is most missed. The provision of some "lingua franca," some "pidgin" language, between North and South

America is undoubtedly a desideratum. But that desideratum has been supplied. The priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church can already read Latin more or less, write Latin more or less, and speak Latin—well, probably less, though probably better than they could readily learn to phoneticize Esperanto. But at least that basis of culture already exists among the priesthood, and has already “rubbed off” in smatterings on that portion of the laity of those countries which has any culture at all. Next to Latin America in urgency, doubtless superior to it on the whole, and to traders whose immediate interests are in the western coast of the Great South Sea, as to statesmen who take long and wide views, is our communication with Asia. It would be interesting to get the views of the most sagacious statesmen of Tokio, Peking, if there be any really “large discourse” in Peking, and Bangkok, where we know there are statesmen of such discourse, upon the utility of a manufactured language, like Volapük or Esperanto.

It must be granted at the outset that the object of the Volapükists and the Esperantists is laudable and humane. It is only their adaptation of means to ends that fills the disinterested mind with wonder and amaze. The need of communication—of course that is a primary need. A primary need, as Carlyle puts it, with his grim and whimsical jocosity, “from the day when two hairy-naked or fig-leaved Human Figures began, as uncomfortable dummies, anxious no longer to be dumb, but to impart themselves to one another; and endeavored, with gaspings, gesturings, with unsyllabled cries, with painful pantomimes and interjections, in a very unsuccessful manner—up to the writing of this present copyright book, which also is not very successful.” To be sure. But note that this primary need does, after a brief season of experimentation, manage to get itself fulfilled. Thomas Atkins, in Hindostan, imagines the envy of the people at home of his proficience in Hindostani,

An’ ’ow they would admire for to hear us sling the ‘bat,’

but Thomas’s creator adds that, while Thomas’s “first and firmest conviction is that he is a profound Orientalist and a fluent speaker of Hindostani, as a matter of fact, he depends largely upon the sign-language.” Yet he somehow gets on, seeing that he must. So does the sailor-man, whose “Esperanto” is an amalgam to which all the seafaring nations have contributed detached vocables. In the rough ethnic generalizations of the sailor-man, “whoever says ‘Si’ for ‘Yes’ is a Dago; whoever says ‘Ja’ for ‘Yes’ is a Dutchman,” while a Frenchman has the distinction of remaining in a class by himself. Teuton and Latin and Frenchman have all contributed to the nautical vocabulary, about which there is a

most interesting book remaining to be written by somebody who combines the necessary seafaring experience with the necessary linguistic knowledge. I have known but one "sailor-man" (the redundancy is characteristic) who had made any attempt to trace the origins of his Babylonish jargon, which consists of vocabulary exclusively, without any attempt at a grammar, at a "suntaxis." And yet, aided by the compelling "sign-language" of the belaying-pin, it serves and suffices to its humble purpose of enabling a delegation from Babel to work a ship. The "lingua franca" of the Levant is an amalgam of the most familiar and necessary words of those who are compelled to transact their common occasions by means of it. So is the "pidgin-English" of the Far East, each speaker applying some corruption of his native grammar to the little common stock of words. Such a medium of communication must originate of itself wherever people

hedged with alien speech,
And lacking all interpreter,

find themselves confronted with the necessity of doing business together. And the mongrel serves its purpose. If another "pidgin" language is proposed, purely for purposes of commercial intercourse, how can one overlook the claims of Yiddish? But, meanwhile, the American or British shipmaster or supercargo can do his business with his Chinese "hong" without more fear of mutual misunderstanding than he would encounter in Liverpool or Boston. Each party to the transaction is aware that he is talking gibberish, but is also aware that his interlocutor is laboring under the same disabilities with himself. No professors undertake to inculcate a "pure" or "elegant" "pidgin" language. The pretension of doing so would be received either with bewilderment or with laughter. But the pretension to inculcate a true "auxiliary language," in which strangers may have not only dealings, but discussions, in which they may narrate, expound, persuade and convince, is a higher and different pretension.

And when this pretension is raised for a brand-new language, this pretension that it is fitted to be a "universal language," the answer is so obvious that it is strange it does not come from all quarters, particularly, as we shall presently have occasion to point out, that it does not come from one quarter. It was, I think, during the last illness of the greatly lamented Bishop Potter that a private letter of his transpired in the public prints. It related to reading, and deplored that in this most reading generation there should be, upon the whole, less solid reading done than in the last generation, or the generation before that, when

the single bookcase of a cultivated home was apt to hold better literature than the larger repositories of the present day. Who now, inquired in effect the good Bishop, reads that essay of De Quincey on Dr. Parr, which, it seems, formed part of the youthful aliment of the Bishop himself. The Bishop's adolescence was probably more favored than that of most of his contemporaries. But one of the readers of his little literary jeremiad feels grateful to him for being induced by it to recur to the volume of De Quincey in which he celebrates not only Samuel Parr, but Richard Bentley. Everybody remembers the reference to Parr in the famous "purple patch" on Macaulay's "Warren Hastings," the account of the auditory at the impeachment:

There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition—a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with inelegant and injurious ostentation, but still precious, massive and splendid,

but not many readers, excepting professed scholars, it may be presumed, know much more about Parr, about whom they will know all they need to know after they have read the admirable dissertation which the Bishop commends to them. But I refer to it because it contains some remarks, in its author's best and most attractive manner, on our very subject of the "universal language." Comparing the claims on modern attention and study of the two classical languages, De Quincey says:

The Latin language has a *planetary* importance; it belongs not to this land or that land, but to all lands where the human intellect has obtained its rights and its development. It is the one sole *Lingua Franca* that is, in a catholic sense, such for the whole humanized earth and the total family of man. We call it a dead language. But how? It is not dead as Greek is dead, as Hebrew is dead, as Sanskrit is dead—which no man uses in its ancient form in his intercourse with other men. It is still the common dialect which binds together that great *imperium in imperio*, the republic of letters. And to express in a comprehensive way the relation which this superb language bears to man and his interests, it has the same extensive and indifferent relation to our planet which the moon has among the heavenly bodies. Her light, and the means of intercourse which she propagates by her influence upon the tides, belong to all nations alike. How impressive a fact would it appear to us if the great Asiatic family of nations, from Teheran, or suppose from Constantinople and Cairo (which are virtually Asiatic) to Peking and the remotest islands on that quarter of Asia had some one common language through which their philosophers and statesmen could communicate with each other over the whole vast floor of Asia! Yet this sublime Masonic tie of brotherhood we ourselves possess, we members of Christendom, in the most absolute sense. Gradually, moreover, it is evident that we shall

absorb the whole world into the progress of civilization. Thus the Latin language is, and will be still more perfectly, a bond between the remotest places. Time also is connected as much as space; and periods in the history of man too widely separated from each other (as we might also have imagined) to admit of any common tie, are, and will continue to be, brought into connection by a *vinculum* so artificial, and, generally speaking, so fluctuating, as a language.

How could it be said better? And is not saying it at all sufficient to enable one to answer, to another who comes to him with statements of the urgent need of an "universal language," "But there is one already"?

Why the paramount claims of Latin should have dropped out of the consciousness of those well-meaning and enthusiastic advocates of a universal language whose enthusiasm seems to some to carry a connotation of some sciolistic, some "half-baked" deficiency, were a curious inquiry. One equally without the requisite knowledge to undertake it, or the requisite space in which to expound it, may nevertheless express a pious wish that somebody who has both might be moved to explain it, and entitle himself to some portion of that gratitude which Bolingbroke's "studious man of Christchurch" expressed to the Deity for "putting it into the hearts of some men to make dictionaries." With what comparative rapture would one hail, as quite out of its own class in the matter of general interest, a competent dissertation in the department of Literature, or even in the department of History, "in partial fulfilment of the requirements" for a Doctorate in Philosophy, upon the when and the how and the why of the supersedure of Latin by French as the language of diplomacy and European international intercourse! As to Great Britain, the case is clear enough. John Milton, whose tercentenary we have just "come from" celebrating, was "Latin Secretary" to the Commonwealth, and one supposes the last "Latin Secretary" of whom England had need for her international relations. Part of his "job" was to defend the procedures of the Commonwealth in the general European forum, a task concerning which, so far as it imposed upon him the necessity of writing his scurrilous and disreputable "*Eikonoklastes*," he exhibits a decent shamefacedness. ("I take it on me as a work assign'd rather than by me chosen or affected.") That, to be sure, was written not in Latin, good or bad, but in the most racy and idiomatic English. But De Quincey has left it of record, the pride which, in the controversies on regicide with Salmasius, the foremost and most famous Latinist of all Continental Europe, even Englishmen who were by no means in sympathy with Milton's "retainer" felt at the proof that there was an islander who could enter the lists of Latinity with that classical

Goliath and hold his own. The controversialists were both keenly aware that they were talking to all Europe, employing a "universal language" in a sense which was very real then, but which ceased to be real, except for the communications of grammarians and commentators, with the seventeenth century. With the Restoration all this was changed, so far as concerned the foreign relations of England. They were taken charge of by the subsidizing French monarch whom Macaulay insists on spelling "Lewis." Vindicating the "Populum Anglicanum" was as much out of the way of the Merry Monarch as "Avenging Thy Slaughter'd Saints." Moreover, he and his court knew French in perfection, and knew little Latin. Not only the politics but the literature of England was Gallicized, so far as the court could Gallicize it. Even that process is worth tracing in more detail than has as yet been authoritatively given to it. But how does it happen that the same process was going on all over the Continent of Europe, that the influence of the "Grand Monarque" was so pervasive and so extensive? That is the question that one would like to see some philosophical student solve. The displacing French was not in its turn displaced by the passing of the military and political sceptre from France. Bismarck, it is true, held that since Germany had beaten France, German ought to supplant French as the language of diplomacy. His tentatives in that direction were rather abruptly baffled when his communications in German to the Foreign Office of St. Petersburg were acknowledged and responded to at length in what was doubtless excellent Russian!

But, at any rate, down to and almost through the seventeenth century the "universality" of Latin was a reality far exceeding the wildest dreams of the Volapükists or the Esperantists. Bacon was not flying a paradox but uttering what to him was a truism in conceiving that the Latin edition of his *Essays*, "being in the universal language, may last as long as Bookes last." It is quite true that, less than a century after Bacon said so, nobody who could read the *Essays* in the author's lively English would read them in his dry and dead Latin. But even for this there is a reason, and a reason very pertinent to the contention that Latin is the only eligible "universal language" of the future, even as it was the universal language of the past. An anonymous but learned and suggestive writer in the literary supplement of the *London Times*, writing only the other day (January 14th) to review Sandys's *History of Classical Scholarship* draws a just though not perhaps an immediately obvious distinction between the "Latins" of the Renaissance. One of them was classical Latin, the other was what might be called "pidgin"-Latin. It was this latter that Bacon wrote, and hence Bacon's

Latin is immediately apprehensible to any English reader who has made acquaintance with Bacon's very limited Latin vocabulary. Hear the critic:

Bacon, though he wrote fluently in Latin, and believed that books written in modern languages would not survive, was not, like Erasmus, an imitator of Cicero. It was mediæval Latin, the Latin of the Vulgate, that he studied and copied. Sir Thomas More wrote in the same style. But Erasmus, and the whole school of Revivalists, did really endeavor to reproduce the idioms and phraseology of Cicero, even when they had to express ideas which to Cicero would have been barbarous or unmeaning. Erasmus does, indeed, speak scornfully of merely slavish adherence to Ciceronian forms where the spirit and essence of Cicero were foreign to the subject; yet his own Latin is distinctively Ciceronian rather than mediæval, not the universal tongue of officialdom, but a scholarly reproduction of classical periods. Cicero would have understood Erasmus. Bacon would have been unintelligible to him. The mere vocabulary he might have recognized; but the uses to which the words were put would have thrown him out.

That will be recognized to be a highly illuminating passage, even by those who, like the present commentator, have not enough scholarship to have made the distinction for themselves. Bacon, it is true, was in the full sense a "classical scholar." He quotes the classics freely and frequently; but it is not their language that he talks. So De Quincey: "The Vulgate translation of the Scriptures would have been nearly unintelligible in the ages of classic Rome." Observe, also, that the difference is not merely a matter of time. Milton, in the generation after Bacon, endeavored to write classical and Ciceronian Latin, like Erasmus, in the generation before Bacon. It is a difference of purpose. Milton aspired to the praise of scholars. Bacon wrote to be "understood of the people." Latin to him is simply "the universal language" and he employs it as such. It is Latin adapted to the uses of a general medium of communication, made common, literally "vulgate." And upon this point Professor Gardiner, of Harvard, the author of that admirable little book, *The Bible as English Literature*, has some remarks which carry the illumination still further in the same direction:

The Latin of the Vulgate is very far from the finished and rhetorical language of Cicero, or even of Cæsar. The Latin of Jerome's time was more or less broken down in syntax, and, like all languages in their decay, its vocabulary was much contaminated by local and colloquial forms, some of which went back to the Latin of several centuries before. As a matter of fact, this Latin of the Vulgate is nearer to the English in its constructions and order of words than it is to the classical Latin.

And Professor Gardiner goes on to give instances in which an almost or quite literal "oversetting" of the Latin words, in the order in which they stand in the Vulgate, becomes a negotiable English translation.

Doubtless it is mediæval Latin, the Latin with a simplified syntax, the Latin already "vulgate," the "universal language" of Europe from and even long before the revival of letters down to nearly the close of the seventeenth century which must be the basis of any attempt to reintroduce Latin as the universal language. "Long before" the revival of letters; for, even though nobody but a specialist is "charged with knowledge" of the monk-Latin of "the chroniclers," every fairly well-read English reader is charged with knowledge of the chronicle of Jocelin de Brakelond in the twelfth century, and with the masterpiece of *Past and Present* which Carlyle founded upon it, limpidly intelligible as Carlyle says Jocelin's monk-Latin is to whoso "has a smattering of grammar." And note that the several uses of Latin are by no means incompatible—the use of Latin as a means of culture, the use of Latin as a means of communication. In Bacon, as we have seen, they were combined. It were hopeless to try to speak better about the double uses of Latinity and the two kinds of Latinity than De Quincey has said it in that same essay on Parr. They were combined even after the middle of the eighteenth century. It is De Quincey, again, who says of Samuel Johnson that, though he had not that nicety of scholarship which would have enabled him to edit a Latin classic, "he possessed Latin." For Johnson was not only the Englishman of his generation who would have been and who was oftenest resorted to for the production, on ceremonial occasions, of compositions of that pompous and rhetorical kind to which, again according to De Quincey, Latin is the most appropriate of all vehicles. But he employed Latin familiarly and "vulgarly" for private memoranda and for hasty correspondence. It was he who, on his first and only visit to Paris, in 1775, insisted on talking Latin to the literary Frenchmen whom he met, and defended his insistence by saying:—"What is the use of giving a Frenchman an advantage over you every time you open your mouth?" One exception he made to his rule of not talking French to Frenchmen, and explained the exception by an explanation which proved his rule, "Because I thought my French was as good as his English." But in truth the absence of invidiousness that comes from the adoption in the intercourse of two strangers of a language that is native to neither is a strong recommendation of the *tertium quid*. Johnson himself favored the "Italian pronunciation" of Latin as a means to universality; but he remarked, with his usual sagacity:—"He who travels, if he speaks Latin, may so soon learn the sounds which every native gives it that he need make no provision before his journey; and, if strangers visit us, it is their business to practise such conformity to our modes as they expect from us in their own country."

What strikes one as strangest in this endeavor to supplant what may fairly be called the universal language of Christendom throughout the whole of the Christian era by some new "pidgin" language is the apathy with which the attempt is received by those who are most strongly and, indeed, professionally interested in resenting and resisting it. Where are the universities that they acquiesce in this attempt to cut the ground from under one of their chief pretensions to be of practical use and avail in the world that now is? Where, in particular, are the men who get their livings by teaching Latin? This is the quarter from which, as I suggested at the outset of these remarks, one might expect an effective and organized opposition to come. Here is a cogent, immediate and urgent reason for the extension of their specialty; and yet they seem to sit serenely by and watch the attempt to supplant their specialty by furnishing a substitute for one of its chief uses. In England we see that the teachers of Greek are embodied and embattled to resist the displacement of their specialty. Yet their specialty has not nor does it pretend to have that immediate use which Latin possessed for more than a millennium, and which is an argument for the study of it quite apart from its uses as a "means of grace." Mr. Herbert Paul has put it very neatly in saying:—"Latin and French are necessities; Greek and German are luxuries." It is true that the organization of the British Hellenists may be assumed to have something of selfishness in its origin. One recalls, in Tuckwell's delightful *Reminiscences of Oxford*, the case of one Gaisford whose eminence in Greek entitled him to the headship of a college, to hold which he had to "take orders" and to preach an annual sermon, though by no means proficient in divinity, and the peroration of whose single sermon Tuckwell quotes:

Nor can I do better, in conclusion, than impress upon you the study of Greek literature, which not only elevates above the vulgar herd, but leads not infrequently to positions of considerable emolument.

But this selfish motive for insisting upon their specialty and brooking no rival near its throne the American Latinists have in as large measure as the British Hellenists, as well as motives more altruistic and more presentable. It seems very wonderful that they should stand by and see without remonstrance, if not their occupation gone, at least a great opportunity to magnify and extend its scope and reach usurped by an upstart rival. But whatever they do or do not do about it, it will remain true, to recur to our De Quincey, that "Voluntarily and consciously man never did nor could create a language."

Montgomery Schuyler.

THE PAUCITY OF THEMES IN THE AMERICAN THEATRE

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

As the final curtain falls upon the majority of the plays that somehow get themselves presented in the theatres of New York, the critical observer feels tempted to ask the playwright that simple question of young Peterkin in Robert Southey's ballad, *After Blenheim*—"Now tell us what 'twas all about"; and he suffers an uncomfortable feeling that the playwright will be obliged to answer in the words of old Kaspar, "Why, that I cannot tell." The critic has viewed a semblance of a dramatic struggle between puppets on the stage; but what they fought each other for he cannot well make out. And it is evident, in the majority of cases, that the playwright could not tell him if he would, for the reason that the playwright does not know. Not even the author can know what a play is all about when the play isn't about anything. And this, it must be admitted, is precisely what is wrong with the majority of the plays that are shown in our theatres, especially with plays written by American authors. They are not about anything; or, to say the matter more technically, they haven't any theme.

By a theme is meant some eternal principle, or truth, of human life—such a truth as might be stated by a man of philosophic mind in an abstract and general proposition—which the dramatist contrives to convey to his auditors concretely by embodying it in the particular details of his play. These details must be so selected as to represent at every point some phase of the central and informing truth, and no incidents or characters must be shown which are not directly or indirectly representative of the one thing which, in that particular piece, the author has to say. The great plays of the world have all grown endogenously from a single, central idea; or, to vary the figure, they have been spun like spider-webs, filament after filament, out of a central living source. But most of our native playwrights seem seldom to experience this necessary process of the imagination which creates. Instead of working from the inside out, they work from the outside in. They gather up a haphazard handful of theatric situations and try to string them together into a story; they congregate an ill-assorted company of characters and try to achieve a play by letting them talk to each other. Many of our playwrights are endowed with a sense of situation; several of them have a gift for characterization, or at least for caricature; and most of them can write easy and natural dialogue, espe-

cially in slang. But very few of them start out with something to say, as Mr. Moody started out in *The Great Divide* and Mr. Thomas in *The Witching Hour*.

When a play is really about something, it is always possible for the critic to state the theme of it in a single sentence. Thus, the theme of *The Witching Hour* is that every thought is in itself an act, and that therefore thinking has the virtue, and to some extent the power, of action. Every character in the piece was invented to embody some phase of this central proposition, and every incident was devised to represent this abstract truth concretely. Similarly, it would be easy to state in a single sentence the theme of *Le Tartufe*, or of *Othello*, or of *Ghosts*. But who, after seeing four out of five of the American plays that are produced upon Broadway, could possibly tell in a single sentence what they were about? What, for instance—to mention only plays that did not fail—was *Via Wireless* about, or *The Fighting Hope*, or even *The Man from Home*? Each of these was in some ways an interesting entertainment; but each was valueless as drama, because none of them conveyed to its auditors a theme which they might remember and weave into the texture of their lives.

For the only sort of play that permits itself to be remembered is a play that presents a distinct theme to the mind of the observer. It is ten years since I have seen *Le Tartufe* and six years since last I read it; and yet, since the theme is unforgettable, I could at any moment easily reconstruct the piece by retrospective imagination and summarize the action clearly in a paragraph. But on the other hand, I should at this moment find it impossible to recall, with sufficient clearness to summarize them, any of a dozen American plays which I have seen within the last six months. Details of incident or of character or of dialogue slip the mind and melt away like smoke into the air. To have seen a play without a theme is the same, a month or two later, as not to have seen a play at all. But a piece like *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, once seen, can never be forgotten; because the mind clings to the central proposition which the play was built in order to reveal, and from this ineradicable recollection may at any moment proceed by psychologic association to recall the salient concrete features of the action. To develop a play from a central theme is therefore the sole means by which a dramatist may insure his work against the iniquity of oblivion. In order that people may afterward remember what he has said, it is necessary for him to show them clearly and emphatically at the outset why he has undertaken to talk and precisely what he means to talk about.

Most of our American playwrights, like Juliet in the balcony scene,

speak, yet they say nothing. They represent facts, but fail to reveal truths. What they lack is purpose. They collect instead of meditating; they invent, instead of wondering; they are clever, instead of being real. They are avid of details: they regard the part as greater than the whole. They deal with outsides and surfaces, not with centralities and profundities. They value acts more than they value the meanings of acts; they forget that it is in the motive rather than in the deed that Life is to be looked for. For Life is a matter of thinking and of feeling; all act is merely Living, and is significant only in so far as it reveals the Life that prompted it. Give us less of Living, more of Life, must ever be the cry of earnest criticism. Enough of these multitudinous, multifareous facts: tell us single, simple truths. Give us more themes, and fewer fabrics of shreds and patches.

Many lessons might be learned by American playwrights and producers from the comedy entitled *Les Hanneçons*, by M. Eugène Brieux, which was recently exhibited by Mr. Laurence Irving and his wife, Miss Mabel Hackney, at two special mat-
"The Incubus" inées at the Hackett Theatre in New York. Mr. Irving's translation of the piece, to which he gave the fitting title of *The Incubus*, was in itself an admirable literary achievement; and the comedy thus rendered proved to be one of the best plays of the year. Since Mr. Irving came to America with the piece in his possession, it may be inferred that he offered it to several managers for commercial exploitation; and since no regular production was forthcoming, it may further be inferred that his offers were declined. If this be the case, it speaks ill for the insight of our American managers; for not only the comedy is brilliantly amusing, but also there can be very little doubt that it would prove commercially successful if it were offered for a run. Can it be that our managers do not recognize a good play when they read it? Or are they, for some unimaginable reason, afraid of a piece which presents a distinct dramatic theme in a clever story constructed clearly and told in witty lines?

Over in Paris, where dramatic criticism is a living art, and where the public is trained to think about the theatre, a man is not permitted to write plays unless he knows definitely what he means to write about. It is even more rare to find a Parisian play without a theme than to find an American play with one. M. Brieux has nearly always taken as his subject some political or social proposition of profound importance to the French nation of to-day, has built up a definite body of belief about this proposition, and has striven to inculcate this belief by means

of his dramatic art. New York theatre-goers will remember his powerful play, *La Robe Rouge*, presented some seasons ago by Mme. Réjane, in which he attacked the evils of the provincial French judicial system. *The Incubus* is conceived and written in a lighter vein; it is, in fact, a dramatic *jeu d'esprit*; but it reveals no less clearly the definiteness of the dramatist's purpose to render a real criticism of life, and exhibits just as fully his agile, well-articulated art.

The theme of *The Incubus* is that a man who seeks to avoid the rigors of the matrimonial knot by assuming a light alliance may find himself more tightly tied to his mistress than he would be to a wife. Pierre, a professor of natural history, is living with a little friend named Charlotte. The course of their true love never does run smooth; because Charlotte is a spoiled child of a woman, subject to sudden, absurd caprices, unreasonable whims, and sallies of outrageous temper. One day, when it is time for Pierre to leave for a lecture, she locks the door to keep him from going, and hurls the key out of the window. The key drops upon the head of a stout gentleman who lives downstairs. He perspires up to Pierre's apartment, gains admittance by the key, and, deeming Pierre married, bursts into an angry tirade against the latter's wife. But when he learns that Charlotte is not a wife, but only a little friend, his manner quickly changes. He himself is tied lightly but firmly to a stout female who makes his life unbearable. He extends to Pierre a meek, apologetic hand, and the dialogue of anger subsides into a dialogue of mutual condolence.

Pierre has a friend, named Brochot, who is a veterinary surgeon. Brochot cures Charlotte's pet dog of many of the ills that canine flesh is heir to. Furthermore, he is gifted with a wonderful ability to imitate a railway train. By this unusual accomplishment he allures Charlotte to forget her allegiance to Pierre. Pierre, who cannot imitate a railway train, decides to imitate an outraged husband, and grasps eagerly at the opportunity for casting Charlotte forth.

But the incubus, grown penitent, does not wish to go. She wishes to be forgiven, and to love and be loved as of yore. Since Pierre remains obdurate, she resolves to get around him by committing suicide. Suicide, in Paris, is not a very serious undertaking. One remarks to the casual by-standers, "My love has forsaken me: watch me kill myself"; after which one plumps oneself into the Seine, is hauled out before becoming chilled, and is soothed with cognac and sympathy. Charlotte, thus rescued by a boatman, is returned to Pierre. He is obliged to fee the boatman. The stout female from downstairs caresses Charlotte, and remarking, "Poor little thing!", discourses on the cruelty of men. The stout

gentleman sighs a helpless sigh; and Pierre is forced to face a future which offers no escape from his alliance.

This play is at all points an admirable work of art. The theme is made concrete in characters truly conceived and distinctly drawn; the plot is built firmly, with a series of dramatic situations each of which is more amusing than the last; and nearly every line of the dialogue is at once witty and wise. Nothing in the play is extraneous; the structure never for a moment wavers; and every sentence of the writing counts. Though the piece is but the lightest kind of comedy, it should be studied earnestly next season by our native playwrights, if, as now seems likely, it is granted a regular production in our theatres.

The Gay Life, by Mr. Roy L. McCardell, was suffered to remain at Daly's Theatre for only a single week; but yet it demands criticism, because the reason for its failure explains also the failure

**'The
Gay
Life'**

of many other first efforts by our native playwrights. The piece was by no means devoid of interesting features; but its merits were not such stuff as plays are made of. Mr. McCardell has been known for many

years as a contributor of humorous sketches to a popular afternoon newspaper. He writes slang talk with vivacity and cleverness, and he is capable of drawing the sort of caricatures that suggest character. He has a copious gift for humorous invention; and though he sees life in amused hyperbole, he sees it also with wholesome common-sense. These qualities of his daily journalism were all evident in his effort toward a play. He presented a collection of very amusing caricatures of the frayed and frowsy hangers-on of the theatrical profession; and he wrote many slangy lines which were uproariously funny. But the dialogue, though in itself both humorous and human, soon grew tedious because there was no dramatic reason for it; and the caricatures, though in themselves amusingly suggestive of life, became wearisome because they were not co-ordinated in a story. The piece had no story, for the simple reason that it had no theme from which a story might be developed. It was a collocation of details which, though entertaining in themselves, ceased to be entertaining as a collocation, because they were not collected for a clear dramatic purpose. The one trouble with *The Gay Life* was that it wasn't about anything.

The Writing on the Wall, by Mr. William J. Hurlbut, which is announced upon the program as "a great American drama," is not so blatantly untruthful as the same author's fabric called *The Fighting Hope*;

but it is a machine-made, customary, unimaginative play. The same theme which Mr. Bernard Shaw expounded with brilliant originality in his sharp satire entitled *Widowers' Houses* is here given merely a conventional melodramatic development.

"The Writing on the Wall" Lincoln Schuyler is a rich and handsome young professional uplifter. He wins the heart of Mrs. Lawrence by telling her about the sad conditions of life in the slums, and woos her to join him in his schemes for tenement reform. Her husband is a rich malefactor of stony heart and grasping hand. She discovers that he is the owner of some of the most rotten tenements that the young uplifter has been investigating, and makes him promise to furnish them with new fire-escapes. Instead, the wicked husband merely has the old ones painted. In the first act, the other characters stand and sit around while Schuyler delivers an impassioned lecture on the crimes of the Trinity Corporation. This journalistic feat is accomplished with emphatic rhetoric. Meanwhile the dramatic story has to wait; and not until the second act does it get fairly started. By the crudest of theatric means, Mrs. Lawrence discovers that her husband is unfaithful to her. Thereafter she and Schuyler exchange a great deal of tall love-talk; but she decides not to divorce her wicked husband and marry her pure and sweet uplifter, because the former is the father of her child. She and Schuyler have gotten up a Christmas-tree party for the children living in her husband's rotten tenements. A fire breaks out, the painted fire-escapes collapse, and many people are crushed and burned to death. Among those present and consumed is the young uplifter. But the tragic crisis comes when Mrs. Lawrence discovers that her child, for whose sweet sake she has renounced the one love of her life, has, without her knowledge, been taken to the party by his governess and has succumbed to the holocaust. The wicked father of her child is moved profoundly by this terrible occurrence; and it is suggested that when next he builds a tenement he will duteously follow the provisions of the building-laws.

This mechanical contrivance is fairly effective at certain moments of crude theatricism. As a whole, the piece is neither bad nor good—not bad as a vehicle for acting—not good as a representation of life. It is workmanlike; but, in watching it, one somehow fails to care about the characters or to take the story seriously. The trouble seems to be that the theme is ground to pieces in the mechanism.

Another play which is disappointing because it lacks a theme, and, in consequence, a well co-ordinated plot, is *The Great John Ganton*, which

was dramatized by Mr. J. Hartley Manners from a novel by Mr. Arthur J. Eddy. The central figure in the story comes very near to being human,

**"The Great
John
Ganton"**

and, in the performance, is thoroughly realized by that able and accomplished actor, Mr. George Fawcett. John Ganton, a self-made millionaire, is the master of the Chicago Union Stockyards. He is crude in manner and vulgar in speech—a person of terrific nervous energy and indomitable power, who yet, like many other rough and rugged men, softens at moments to sympathy and tenderness. Here is a good character for drama; but unfortunately the figure, as presented by the playwright, has very little to do that is dramatic. The plot of the play is conventional and commonplace. A genuine theme is suggested at the outset; but it is relinquished before the piece is half completed, and is after that entirely forgotten. Ganton, in the first act, stands forth as the champion of domineering methods in business; he believes that the sole feasible procedure is to deal unfairly with his employées in order that he may crush his competitors. He is opposed by his own son, who joins a young friend of his in an attempt to establish the business of the stockyards on a more humanitarian basis. Now, here is the foundation for a genuine dramatic struggle, wherein the great John Ganton might be shown going down scornful before many spears, and finally beaten because he is less mighty than the right. But instead of developing this theme, the playwright soon neglected it, in order to introduce the threadbare motive of young Ganton's falling in love with the daughter of an old enemy of his father's and being in consequence disowned. In the story as presented, there is no adequate motive for John Ganton's maintenance of immitigable enmity against a defeated rival who had killed himself many years before. Of course the elder Ganton is, in the usual way, won over by the girl who loves his son. Since, throughout the action, Ganton has failed to find a foeman worthy of his steel, the playwright, in order to give the protagonist something to struggle against, afflicts him arbitrarily with a dangerous affection of the heart, from which, after the close of the piece, he may or may not recover, as the auditor prefers. This, of course, is a dodging of the issue that was proposed at the outset of the play. The faintly suggested theme fails of resolution. The piece as a whole, therefore, is but a thing of shreds and patches. It is lacking in purpose, and is far removed from life.

The farce entitled *The Man from Mexico*, by H. A. Du Suchet, with which Mr. William Collier delighted the public a decade ago, has been revived as a summer entertainment. Time, which so soon antiquates

the more pretentious types of drama, lays its hand but lightly upon farce; and this uproarious concoction of incongruities is no less diverting now than it was at its beginning. It is not an especially well-made farce, but it has a good idea behind it; and this idea, though developed in a multitude of fantastic details, holds them within the bond of unity. A gentleman is arrested for a minor offence and sentenced to thirty days in jail; and, in order to conceal the matter from his wife and his friends, pretends that he is devoting his period of retirement to a trip to Mexico. The second act, which passes in the jail on Blackwell's Island, is especially funny. The piece, of course, is devoid of significance as drama. But it would be fatuous to criticise it so closely as to mar enjoyment; for farce, like beauty, is its own excuse for being.

**"The Man
from
Mexico"**

Clayton Hamilton.

HOPE

BY REGINALD M. CLEVELAND

ALL day the sky has wept with sad, slow tears,
 Like those that brim in weary eyes and fall
 Without a sob; grief impotent to call
 For touch of sympathy or tell its fears.
 Now and again across the moor appears
 A bare hill-crest, but soon the clinging pall
 Drops mistily in grayness over all,
 And the wet earth sighs low to Him who hears.

Shall life forever be thus gray and sad,
 Far stretched in monotone of endless pain,
 Till at the last the piteous course is run?
 Or shall not rather all the soul be glad
 When, in the dawning, clouds shall break again
 And the whole world give thanks for the new sun?

Reginald M. Cleveland.

THE PAN-AMERICAN RAILWAY

BY EDWIN MAXEY

RECENTLY there has been a renewal of interest in improved means of communication between the United States and Spanish American countries by water. This is due in part to the fact that we are engaged in digging the Panama Canal and in part to an increasing consciousness of the fact that the unsatisfactory condition of our trade with Central and South America is largely owing to lack of means of communication with those countries. This conviction is strengthened by a comparison between the trade of the United States with those countries and with Mexico, and still further confirmed by a comparison between the trade of Mexico with the United States now and that of the period before the development of railway connections between the two countries. In view of the facts it is not surprising that a study of the trade situation should have resulted in a revival of interest in the Pan-American Railway.

In order that we may the better understand the practicability and present status of this enterprise, it is fitting that we take a glance at the history of the project. The idea of connecting all the Americas by rail was approved by the First Pan-American Conference, which recommended the appointment of an international commission for the purpose of giving intelligent direction to the international sentiment in favor of the enterprise. In presenting to President Harrison the report of the Railway Committee of the above Conference, Mr. Blaine, who had a more comprehensive grasp upon Pan-American relations than any other statesman of his time, and who did more than any other in improving them, gave his opinion of the importance of the project in the following language: "No more important recommendation has come from the International American Conference, and I earnestly commend it to your attention, with full confidence that prompt action will be taken by Congress to enable this Government to participate in the promotion of the enterprise. In no other way could the Government and people of the United States contribute so much to the development and prosperity of our sister Republics, and, at the same time, to the expansion of our commerce." In transmitting the report to Congress, President Harrison gave it the following endorsement: "Public attention has chiefly been attracted to the subject of improved water-communication between the ports of the United States and those of Central and South America. The creation of new and improved steamship lines undoubtedly furnishes

the readiest means of developing an increased trade with the Latin-American nations. But it should not be forgotten that it is possible to travel by land from Washington to the southernmost capital of South America, and that the opening of railroad communication with these friendly States will give to them and to us facilities for intercourse and the exchanges of trade that are of special value. The work contemplated is vast, but entirely practicable. It will be interesting to all and perhaps surprising to most of us to notice how much has already been done in the way of railroad construction in Mexico and South America that can be utilized as part of an international line. I do not hesitate to recommend that Congress make the very moderate appropriation for surveys suggested by the Conference, and authorize the appointment of commissioners and detail of engineer officers to direct and conduct the necessary preliminary surveys.—(Signed) Benj. Harrison.—Executive Mansion.—May 19, 1890.”

The commission, consisting of A. J. Cassatt, Henry G. Davis, and H. C. Kerens, as representatives of the United States, was appointed, and under its direction a survey was made. Maps of this survey were published, giving the main line and indicating the probable branches which would serve as feeders. According to this survey, the total distance by rail between New York and Buenos Aires would be 10,228 miles. Of this there were 4,772 miles already built, leaving 5,456 miles to be built. The cost of completing the Intercontinental line was estimated, by the engineers who made the survey, at \$174,290,271. In the making of this survey, printing, etc., the commission expended about \$360,000. But few will doubt that the information conveyed as a result of it was well worth the expenditure. Thus matters stood when the Second Pan-American Congress met. After mature discussion of the project, this Congress passed the following preamble and resolutions:

Considering that the three corps of engineers employed by the former Committee on Intercontinental Railway have made explorations from the Northern limit of Guatemala to the Northern limit of the Argentine Republic, during the years 1893 and 1894, and have presented their report on the work, accompanied by the respective maps; and,

Considering that the said report shows that it is practicable to construct a railway which will traverse the Republics of the Continent from North to South, and that in case the railways in actual operation are utilized, the length of the lines to be constructed would be 5,456 miles, and the estimated cost of the entire work would be \$174,290,271 gold, or \$32,000 gold per mile; and,

Considering that it is a well-known fact that railroads develop the natural resources, increase the commerce and wealth, and add to the general prosperity of the countries traversed by them; and,

Considering that international railways consolidate the friendly relations amongst States, unite them by common interest, and assure peace between them,

RESOLVES:

First. That it ratifies the resolution of the Washington Conference, which commended the construction of the complementary lines of the International Railway, which is to traverse the different Republics, uniting the railway systems of the United States with those of the Argentine Republic, and connecting the principal cities situated on the line of said railroad, as much as the common interests may permit, or, in case this should be impracticable, to construct branch lines to connect said cities with the main trunk line; and finally, utilizing the lines already in operation, wherever such may be possible and compatible with the surveys and conditions of the Intercontinental Railway.

Second. That the Republics interested in the execution of this work assist it in every way that may be in their power, and especially that they exempt the same from import duties on the materials necessary for the construction and operation of the railway, but with the necessary provisions to prevent abuses of such privilege; and that real and personal properties of the enterprise be exempted from all national, state, provincial and municipal taxes; exempting it from all custom house and other duties on its traffic in transit through the different Republics; and that they assist the enterprise as much as possible by subsidies, grants of land, or by the guaranty of a minimum interest on the capital invested in each country.

For that purpose it is hereby recommended that all persons who favor the construction of the said railway earnestly endeavor to procure, from the respective governments, the granting, in favor of this enterprise, of these or other liberal subsidies such as may be found convenient and feasible in each country.

Third. That the United States of America be invited to initiate with the representatives and diplomatic officers of the other Republics accredited in Washington, the adoption of such measures as may be deemed best calculated to result in sending to the said Republics, within one year, competent and reliable persons, whose duty it shall be to accurately determine the resources of each country, and the location and condition of the railway lines now in operation, the existing condition of their commerce and the prospects for business for an intercontinental line, in case said line be constructed, and also to ascertain what concessions each of the respective governments is willing to grant to the enterprise.

Fourth. That the President of the Conference shall appoint a committee of five members, resident in the United States of America, which shall enter upon its functions after the adjournment of this Conference, with power to increase the members and to substitute them whenever necessary; to appoint such sub-committees as may be deemed proper, and to report to the next conference on the result of its labors; to furnish all possible information on the work of the Intercontinental Railway, and to aid and stimulate the successful execution of said project as much as possible, all of which shall not prevent the present committee from continuing their efforts to attain the same end; and finally, that the Commission, in accord with the Secretary of State of the United States of America, and with the Ministers of the interested countries, resident in Washington, may cause to be convoked, within the period of one year, an Assembly composed of duly authorized representatives of all the Republics of this Continent,

for the purpose of perfecting a convention to arrange for the construction of the proposed Intercontinental Railway.

A railway connecting all the Americas was considered by the delegates to the Second Pan-American Conference as among the most important projects of the Conference. It will be seen from the report that they emphasized the importance such a railway would be to the development of the commerce of all the countries through which it passed; and, according to the surveys, there was hardly a Republic through which it would not pass, and these would be connected to the main line by branches so that the commerce of all would feel the stimulus due to this new means of communication. The benefit which land transportation between the various Republics would be in case of a great maritime war between any of the Americas and European powers, was clearly pointed out, as were also the advantages which would result from quicker and more regular connections for passengers, mail and express.

But the phase of the subject which was not emphasized was the advantage such communication would bring by reason of the greater stability which it would give to the political institutions of several of the South and Central American States. To my mind, this is one of the most substantial benefits which would result, and, so far as some of the States are concerned, I have no doubt that this benefit would outweigh the others. Though sometimes overlooked, the influence of railways toward creating greater stability in political institutions is one of the great facts in the history of the nineteenth century, nor is there any convincing evidence that their influence in this direction will be any less marked in the twentieth.

Perhaps nowhere is there to be found better confirmation of the truth I have just stated than in the political history of Mexico. Less than fifty years ago Mexico was in a state of chronic revolution, but within the past quarter century its government has become as stable as that of the average of European states. Of course not all of this change is due to the rapid development of Mexican railways. Nor is it possible to tell exactly what part of it is due to this cause, for where several causes operate together it is impossible to tell what part of the result is due to any particular cause. The appearance of a strong man at the head of the government, the friendly assistance of the United States, the general prosperity of the country, are causes which might have brought about the result without the railway development, but that the latter hastened the process is not open to doubt. What is noticeable in Mexican history is noticeable to almost the same degree in the history of Chile.

Not only do railways militate against revolution by increasing the

mobility of government troops, but, by the effect which they inevitably produce upon the industrial organization of a country, the interdependence of the various sections is increased to an extent which materially reduces the likelihood of revolutions, except for very grave reasons. In other words, the division of labor, which naturally follows improved means of communication, renders the different parts of a country dependent upon each other to such an extent that revolutions become a very serious matter. While no amount of railways will keep a people from attempting to overturn their government, provided there is sufficient provocation, yet the attempt will not be made for trivial causes, as has hitherto been the case in Spanish-American states.

The substantial progress made by the Second Pan-American Conference toward furthering the plan of having the Americas connected by rail was the appointment of a permanent committee whose duty it should be to collect the necessary facts, place this information before the governments concerned and see that interest in the project did not lag. In this way provision was made against the project becoming an orphan child as soon as the conference adjourned. The intermittent impulses of Congresses were supplemented by a steady force operating to bring about the desired end. That this was a decided step in the right direction and marked a substantial gain is too clear to practical minds to admit of argument.

In compliance with the resolution of the Conference, the permanent committee, one year after the adjournment of the Conference, selected Mr. Charles M. Pepper as commissioner, whose duty it should be to visit the various Republics, study their resources, the condition of railway lines in operation, the prospects of business for an intercontinental line, and ascertain what concessions or assistance the respective governments might be willing to grant the enterprise. His appointment was confirmed by the Congress of the United States, and he thus became the official representative of the United States as well as of the committee. Congress also made a small appropriation for the expenses of the mission. Mr. Davis, chairman of the committee, and Mr. Carnegie supplemented this appropriation by contributions of their own.

The commissioner spent a year in studying the resources of the different countries, the probable tonnage which they could furnish, and in acquainting their governments with the advantage which the railway would be in developing their resources, whether these consisted of mineral wealth, timber or agricultural products. His report of his investigations, together with a map drawn under the direction of the committee, showing the main intercontinental line and branches and the actual construction

at that time, was transmitted to Congress by President Roosevelt, which, after providing for its general distribution along with other official documents, set aside several thousands for the use of the committee and made special provision for bringing it to the attention of all interested parties through the St. Louis Exposition. It was also translated into Spanish by the Bureau of American Republics and published in their Monthly Bulletin. The material for a campaign of education was now at hand and an attack was being made all along the line.

Additional reports of the progress made in the different countries and the attitude of their governments toward the project were made by the diplomatic representatives of the various Republics at a dinner given by the chairman of the committee, in March, 1905. Those included details of construction which had been completed since Mr. Pepper's report was made. At this meeting a letter from Mr. Carnegie was read, in which he urged that the United States give \$100,000,000 toward the Intercontinental Railway, provided the Spanish-American Republics would pledge their credit for an equal sum. This proposition is interesting as expressing the judgment of a keen business man, even though there is no likelihood that it will be complied with or seriously taken up.

The report made by the permanent committee to the Rio Janeiro Conference is of a most encouraging tone. After calling attention to the fact that construction along the line of the intercontinental survey in Mexico had almost reached the Guatamalan boundary; that 142 miles had been built in Costa Rica since the Second Pan-American Conference adjourned; that concessions had been granted by the Government of Columbia for the building of several hundred miles of the Columbia Central Railway on the line of the survey; that in Peru 90 miles have been built by an American Company; that the Peruvian Government had set aside the proceeds of the tobacco tax as a railway fund and had made contracts for the building of 360 miles in addition to the 90 built by the American Company, both of which were on the line of the survey; that the Peruvian Government had negotiated a loan of \$15,000,000 for the building of a branch line, 300 miles in length, as a feeder to the Intercontinental line; that Argentina had almost completed its line to the Bolivian frontier and that the Bolivian Government had set aside for railroad building the \$10,000,000 due her from Brazil under the terms of the treaty concerning Acre, and New York financial interests were furnishing the balance necessary to close the gaps in the Intercontinental line between the Argentine boundary and Lake Titicaca, the report says: "The committee does not deem it advisable to undertake a full description of existing lines, the lines under actual construction, and those for

which provision has been made, but summarizes these in the general statement that out of 10,400 miles between New York and Buenos Aires along the line of the proposed Pan-American Railway, at this date there are not more than 3,700 miles of Intercontinental Railway sections not specifically provided for." In view of the fact that at the time the Congress was sitting in Mexico there remained over 5,400 miles to be provided for, the progress made in the five years is by no means discouraging.

It is not a little difficult to harmonize the hopeful view taken by the committee with the very discouraging outlook pictured by a writer in the *North American Review* for June 7, 1907. This writer says, "There is practically no traffic future for such a road under any conditions now discernible." In support of this conclusion he calls attention to the prospective competition of the Panama Canal. But Mr. Pepper, who has studied the question more than any one else, and much of this study was at close range, considers that the competition of the Panama Canal will help rather than hamper the success of the Pan-American Railway, as he mentions among the events that have "combined to give substantial support to the Intercontinental Railway project, the definite conclusion of the question of the Isthmian Canal and the measures which insure the early construction of this international waterway."

The writer in the *Review* proves satisfactorily that most through freight and passengers between New York and Peru or Argentina will go by water, not by rail. That is equally true of freight and passengers between New York and Ayutla, but the road between those two points is built, and pays. While there are parts of the line less favorably situated, it is impossible to find a long line of railway without parts in it which of themselves would not pay. This is true of all the transcontinental lines in the United States and Canada, of the Trans-Siberian and of the Cape-to-Cairo railway. It is also true that few railway lines find a traffic already awaiting them; they must create traffic.

In comparing time by rail and by water, Mr. Smith leaves out of account the fact that boats do not leave for South or Central American ports every day, whereas trains would. He also leaves out of account the time required in getting from inland towns to the coast in this country and again in South America. Now, as there are far more inland than seaport towns, this is an item which should be taken into consideration. There is upon the part of the advocates of the Pan-American Railway no disposition to abolish or belittle the advantages of water transportation. The proposition is simply to supplement it.

The engineering difficulties upon which Mr. Smith dwells were all

taken into consideration by the engineering corps and the committee, all of whom agree that there are no engineering difficulties which cannot be readily overcome. The link which in his judgment presents the climax of engineering difficulties, that between Lima and Lake Titicaca, has already been provided for. His argument would have had great force fifty years ago, when such arguments were put forth, and believed in, with reference to our own transcontinental lines. But when during the period which elapses between the writing of the article and the time it reaches the reader the completion of the task is assured, arguments as to its impracticability or impossibility necessarily lose part of their force, and this notwithstanding the cleverness with which they are set forth.

His argument against the practicability of the enterprise, based upon the sameness in the products of the South American countries along the route, is hardly in accord with the facts. If official reports are to be credited, the region through which the railway passes in South America possesses as great a variety of mineral wealth as any other region on the globe. Mines of gold, silver, copper, tin and coal are there in large numbers and of great richness; the former of these would furnish a large incoming tonnage and the latter a large outgoing tonnage. There is also along the route the variety of timber and agricultural products which always result from such great differences in latitude and altitude as exist in the South American countries which will be tapped by the railway.

We agree that in the event of a war between a European power, or powers, and the Americas, in which the former were to get control of the sea, traffic over the railway could and would be interrupted. But we do not think that this warrants his conclusion that therefore the railway would be unimportant in case of a war with Europe. It would not be necessary for a European power to get control of the sea in order to demoralize water communications between North and South America. A few commerce destroyers could cause a demoralization to inter-American commerce which would represent a loss nearly if not quite as great as the cost of the remaining links in the Pan-American Railway. Upon this point it may be well to recall the loss to American commerce, during the Civil War, caused by a few Confederate cruisers. Unless the war were a general one with all the Americas there would in all probability be no attempt to interrupt communications over the Pan-American Railway, because of the complications which would be reasonably sure to result from such an act.

In attempting to discredit the enterprise by ridiculing its backers, Mr. Smith has this to say: "It is easy to see why a practically bankrupt Spanish-American nation should favor the Railway project at Pan-Ameri-

can Conferences. The population probably comprises a few hundred thousand people of whom the overwhelming majority are illiterate Indians and half-breeds. They have practically no capital, the building of several hundred miles of very expensive railway would employ the available labor for years, and the consequent expenditure of millions of good international gold would produce cheerfully trickling streams of commerce in place of the present stagnation." The inference from this is that the prime movers in and the champions of the enterprise are the States which come within the above classification. This imputation evidences a sublime ignorance or a sublime disregard of the facts. A majority on the committee on railway communication which reported favorably upon the project in the First Pan-American Congress represented the following states: Argentine, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Columbia, Mexico, Peru and the United States. The commission which caused the original surveys to be made was headed by A. J. Cassatt, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad. The Railway Committee of the Second Pan-American Conference had for its chairman Henry G. Davis; and the majority of the committee were representatives of Chile, Columbia, Mexico, Peru and the United States. Of the permanent Pan-American Railway Committee appointed by that Conference two of the five members, Messrs. Henry G. Davis and Andrew Carnegie, were from the United States and one from Mexico, so that a majority represented the most progressive states in the Americas. To this committee Mr. Pepper, also of the United States, has since been added. Hence, at the present time, two-thirds of the committee having charge of the project are from the United States and Mexico.

From the facts it is evident that the nations in control of the project from its inception to the present time do not belong to the class of bankrupt nations nor could their population be correctly described as consisting of a few hundred thousand illiterate Indians and half-breeds. On the contrary, they are the most substantial nations on the American continents. Nor is it at all probable that men like Blaine, Harrison, Roosevelt, A. J. Cassatt, Henry G. Davis, Andrew Carnegie, J. D. Casaus, Augusto Matte and President Diaz have permitted themselves to be made the dupes of hair-brained representatives of half-breeds, Indians and bankrupts. Smith to the contrary notwithstanding, the idea of a Pan-American Railway appeals to the most practical men and nations on the American continents as being a practical one, and it is not conclusive evidence of a disordered imagination to say that the present generation will see the realization of the dreams of Blaine.

Edwin Moxey.

ARAMINTA¹

BY J. C. SNAITH

CHAPTER XXIV—*Continued*

EPISODE OF A FRENCH NOVEL AND A RED UMBRELLA

A GLANCE in passing at the artist's canvas rendered it clear to Andover and Miss Burden that the painter was not really so much absorbed in the scenery as he ought to have been. It seemed that a youthful, yellow-haired, blue-eyed nymph, whose physical proportions were yet not exactly those of a fairy, was standing barefooted in the lake. Her dress, which was torn in at least twenty-four places, was kilted up just out of reach of the water. In one hand she held a collection of the fauna and flora of Lake Dwygyfy; by means of the other she was seeking diligently to add to their number. The yellow hair was tumbled all about her extremely frank and sunburnt countenance. The sleeves of a sorely rent and bedraggled garment were tucked up to the elbows; and a remarkably characteristic form of headgear, preserving the outward appearance of a cucumber basket, flopped about her ears in a preposterously becoming manner.

Andover was a rather short-sighted man. Therefore, he is to be excused for falling into a natural error.

"A naiad, I perceive," said he with his great air.

Muffin was by no means abashed by Andover's courtliness. She made a sort of curtsy, which had quite an eighteenth-century savor about it in its quaintness, its dignity, its grace, and its simplicity. Unfortunately, however, the performance of it involved the lower portion of her garments in the watery element.

"I am Muffin," said she, as though she took a simple pride in that fact. "Did you think I was Goose?"

"A thousand pardons, my dear Miss Muffin," said Andover; although it was tolerably clear that neither Miss Muffin nor himself felt that an apology was demanded by the circumstances.

"They call me Muffin, you know," said that artless person, wringing the water out of her skirts without a suspicion of *mauvaise honte*. "But my name is Elizabeth really. And you are Lord Something, are you not?"

"My name is Andover," said that nobleman. He scrutinized the naiad with a cool and complacent glance.

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"It is so dear of you," said she, "to be so good to Goose."

"My dear young lady!"

"Lord Andover is so good to everybody," said a pleasant and manly voice. "But unfortunately he is ruining my picture."

Andover turned to confront Jim Lascelles.

"Why, Lascelles, my dear fellow," said he, "what right have you here? Your place is in Normandy with your mother."

"She is here," said Jim. "We came on Wednesday."

"Either this is a very singular coincidence," said Andover, "or you are making uncommonly rapid strides in your art."

"Coincidence it is not," said Jim. "We spent three delightful weeks in Normandy, and then the scenery began to get flat and the people primitive and angular. And as Borrow says that there are mountains in Wales and that its inhabitants are noted for their picturesqueness we really felt that a week here would not be wasted."

"Lascelles," said his patron gravely, "I shall not live to see it, but it is increasingly clear to my mind that one day you will be president of the Royal Academy."

"My mother appears to think so," said Jim modestly.

That lady was to be seen coming round the lake toward the easel. She picked her way from stone to stone in the daintiest manner, for quagmires abounded. Jim felt quite proud of her, she looked so admirable in her cool green frock. She carried a French novel and a red umbrella. No sooner did Muffin observe her than she gave a chortle of pleasure and waded forth to meet her.

Andover's gaze was long and particular.

"Upon my word," said he, "they appear to grow goddesses at Slocum Magna."

"And the vicinity," said Jim.

"Certainly, my dear fellow. Certainly the vicinity. We take that for granted."

The greeting of Jim's mother was extremely cordial.

"This is indeed an unlooked-for pleasure," said Andover.

"Am I to be censured," said Jim's mother, "for urging my gifted son to follow the bent of his genius?"

"By no means," said Andover. "If he really felt that the Welsh mountains and their picturesque inhabitants were calling him, it is most right. Velasquez would not have been Velasquez had he not obeyed the call to Italy."

"I blame that Goose," said Jim's mother severely. "She must write to say that they had got Muffin at Pen-y-Gros as well as the mountains."

He gave up painting his Normandy peasant girls on the day he received the letter."

"May I ask one question, Miss Muffin?" said Andover. "Have you brought your mauve?"

"Oh, yes," said Muffin. "But it is not good for water."

"I presume," said Andover, "that water is not good for it."

Muffin proceeded to wring a little more moisture out of her nether garments. She gave them an additional kilt and began to come ashore.

"Keep in," said Jim Lascelles in a tone that brooked no denial. "Keep them Foot Pieces covered or you will ruin everything."

"Mrs. Lascelles," said Andover, "I seem to remember that you have a natural eye for scenery. I think I remarked it when you read the second chapter of your novel. Unfortunately my own powers of vision are so limited that I am not always able to detect good scenery when I meet it. Those tall things are mountains, are they not?"

"Yes, I think we have the authority of Borrow that they are," said Mrs. Lascelles.

"Capital!" said Andover. "And as I am afraid our presence here interferes with the nice conduct of a masterpiece, do you mind showing me how to walk upon them? It is reckoned a good thing, I believe, for one to be able to say one has walked upon the mountains."

Accompanied by the French novel and the red umbrella Andover picked his way along the margin of Lake Dwygyfy in patent leathers with box-cloth uppers. It was a beauteous evening, calm and free. Not a sound was to be heard except the muffled murmur of the tiny wavelets washing the pebbles upon which they walked. Occasionally they heard the call of a wood pigeon from the dense black mass behind them, embowering Pen-y-Gros. Once Mrs. Lascelles thought she detected the pipe of the curlew. Facing them was the gigantic Gwydr with the August sunset beginning to peer over his shoulder. His majesty was crowned with a glory that was older than he.

The naiad and the painter's easel were hidden now by a bend of the lake. They were out of sight and out of hearing too. The red umbrella rested on a large and smooth piece of slate raised in such a manner that it formed an ideal seat for two persons. The two admirers of nature's majesty were gazing around them at the immensity of things. Neither spoke for a little while. It may have been awe that enfolded them; on the contrary, it may have been a slight fatigue. For at least all experience tends to teach us that French novels, red umbrellas, and patent-leather boots with box-cloth uppers are more susceptible to the latter

emotion than they are to the former. Still it is perfectly true that Andover sighed profoundly.

"If I were that fellow Rousseau," said he, "I think I should want to sit down and write something."

"Doubtless you would have done so," said the custodian of the red umbrella, "had you been Rousseau."

She sat down with her French novel on the smaller half of the fragment of slate. She looked deliciously cool and trim in her green linen frock, embellished by a hat with a wide brim which a Breton peasant woman had plaited for her the summer before last. It had a piece of blue crêpe twisted round it. Did she know that she was looking well, or had she really persuaded herself that she was wholly absorbed in high thoughts about nature?

"Or were you Wordsworth, you would feel the same possibly," said the fair inhabitant of the green frock.

Pour encourager milor? Well, really, who can say? The emotions of a French novel, a red umbrella, and a green linen frock with a twist of blue crêpe are so complex. Nature is complex also. There was Gwydr straight before them with the sun dying upon his left shoulder. His lesser brethren were already veiled in shadow. The lake had the lustre of a dark jewel; the sky was opal; and scarcely two hundred paces distant behind that line of boulders the great things of art were toward.

Although the wearer of the patent-leather boots with box-cloth uppers was neither Rousseau nor Wordsworth he sat down gracefully upon the larger half of the slate, after dusting it carefully with a yellow silk handkerchief.

"Yes," said he, "had I been Rousseau I should have sat here indubitably and have written about Nature. But had I been Wordsworth I should have sat here and thought about Nature. There is a difference."

Jim's mother agreed that there was.

"I wonder," said she, "if Nature holds an opinion about us. When one finds her like this one feels that she must be indifferent to everything."

"That weird fellow Gauthier might have agreed with you," said Andover, "and to my mind he had a good head. 'Ouf,' he used to say, 'Nature reminds me of your Shakespeare. Every day she makes a new masterpiece. And then she says Ouf! it doesn't interest me, and she makes another.'"

"Heedless of its destiny?"

"Rightly, I think. A masterpiece can always take care of itself. Can you guess what Gauthier would have done had he sat here?"

"Smoked a cigarette," said Jim's mother.

"Precisely. He was so rational. Will you try one?"

Andover offered his case.

"I will with pleasure if you will try one of these," said the wearer of the green frock, producing her own cigarette case. "They are not so expensive as yours, but they will be better for you."

"*Pourquoi?*" said Andover. "One finds it so hard to accept the less expensive things in life."

"If one grows too much of a Sybarite," said Jim's mother, taking a sententious puff of her Egyptian cigarette, "one is apt to lose one's touch."

"That is so true," said Andover with a display of feeling that seemed almost unnecessary. "The only really unhappy man I ever knew was a chap who had the misfortune to ruin his palate with old brandy."

There would have been silence had it not been for the rooks. Jim's mother again thought she detected the pipe of the curlew. The sun had dipped a little closer to Gwydr's shoulder.

"A penny for your thoughts, Mrs. Lascelles," said Andover.

Jim's mother started perceptibly.

"I was thinking," she said, "I was thinking about my son."

"I had guessed it."

"Really?"

"Yes," said Andover, "you looked so maternal. In the best sense, of course. Spiritually, that is. You looked so tender."

"I am so anxious about his future," said she, removing her cigarette from her lips with simplicity and with solicitude. As she did this Andover took occasion to observe that her eyes were gray. Strictly speaking her face did not obey the regular canons of beauty. Her features were a little haphazard. But it was a face admirable alike for sense and for animation. Andover, who plumed himself upon being something of a connoisseur of the human countenance, felt that there was a great deal in it.

"Why anxious?" said he. "His future can take care of itself."

"I will tell you something, Lord Andover," said Jim's mother with great earnestness, "if I may."

"I am honored," said he.

"There is a wretched girl," said Jim's mother. There was a look of dismay in the eyes that were admirably gray and solicitous.

"The dooce!" said my lord.

"He can think of nothing else, and really I don't know what will be the end of it."

"Do you approve of her?" said Andover, who considered perfect practicality to be his most eminent virtue.

"She is too far away," said Jim's mother. "It would not be fair to her. I am afraid I have been weak and foolish." Feminine humility is always pleasant to some people, and Andover was one of them. "You see, she meant so much to my son that at first I had not the courage to look the facts in the face. And now that at last I have done so I fear it is too late to repair the mischief."

"The mischief?" said Andover, pricking his ears at the pleasant word.

"He has asked the girl to marry him, you know, and she has consented."

"Capital!" said Andover.

"No, Lord Andover," said Jim's mother with a little catch in her voice. "It is far from being that. It is not in the least right that she should marry him. It is not in the least right that he should have asked her."

In some subtle way, so fine are the gradations of vanity, Andover felt himself to be honored by the grave vehemence of Jim's mother. Her tone was almost tragic. Had the gray eyes been accustomed to the use of tears there is little doubt they would have shed them. She continued to honor this parcel of vanities with her maternal confidence.

"I smiled at first," she continued. "I am afraid I encouraged him a little. I felt it might help his art."

"Ah!" murmured Andover with his eyeglass fixed upon Gwydr.

"I didn't realize the danger."

"Ah, you should," said Andover, looking at Gwydr most sagaciously. "One is ready to believe that the art of our young friend was helped amazingly, but then unfortunately the art is the man."

"I have been so wicked," said Jim's mother.

"Imprudent shall we say?" said Andover with a paternal glance at the picture of attractive distress that was seated beside him. "You toyed with a barrel of gunpowder and a lighted torch and you found them combustible."

"They are hopelessly in love," said Jim's mother miserably.

"The dooce!" said Andover. "Both of 'em!"

"She is quite as bad as he is. Girls are such stupid creatures."

"I have always found them so," said Andover with unpardonable complacency.

"The wretched creature ought to have seen from the first that a struggling artist who lives with his old mother at Balham cannot possibly marry her."

"Why not?" said Andover.

"Her prospects are so splendid," said Jim's mother vehemently.

Andover assumed his gravest air.

"My dear Mrs. Lascelles," said he, "do you assure me seriously that the splendid nature of the young lady's prospects renders her unfit for your son?"

"Oh, no," said Jim's mother, "I would not say that exactly. That is——"

"Precisely," said Andover. "That is the point I wished to elucidate. It seemed to me so painfully unmaternal that a woman and a mother should consider a girl too good for her son. My dear Mrs. Lascelles, if you will condescend to heed the advice of an amateur you will see that your son marries his. If girls will be so stupid they must take the consequences."

"Do you really think I ought?" said Jim's mother.

"You know you ought, Mrs. Lascelles," said Andover almost sternly. "And you know that you will. It is the least that a woman and a mother can do."

Jim's mother sighed deeply.

"Yes, Lord Andover," said she, "I am afraid you are right."

The gray eyes were fixed upon Gwydr. But Gwydr appeared to frown upon them.

How long Jim's mother and Lord Andover sat on the round slab of slate by the marge of Lake Dwygyfy is not really material to this history. But the sun was drooping lower upon the left shoulder of Gwydr, and the shadows were creeping down from the formidable chasm of the Devil's Footstool and across the black tinted water. Around a buttress of rocks a punt glided into view. It was propelled by a pole and contained two persons.

The foremost of these, who stood in the bows manipulating the pole, was a blue-eyed and yellow-haired Amazon, bare-armed and bare-headed. Her cheeks were gay with color, her lips with laughter. Untrammelled freedom and the joy of living were to be discerned in every line of her ample person. Beside her was a Homburg hat with a Guards' ribbon.

"That fellow!" said the male occupant of the slab of slate.

Clearly the apparition of the Hat was not expected by Andover. Also it was unwelcome to him, if his tone and demeanor truly reflected his feelings. George came ashore as becomes a man of nine and fifty, with an ample sense of responsibility. He handed Miss Perry out of the punt with an air of ceremony, and insisted upon being allowed to affix the boat to its moorings. He then proceeded to take a survey of Nature in

her magnificence and her immensity. Then he gazed up at the daughter of Nature, who appeared to be modelled on very similar lines.

"By the way," said he, "what time is dinner?"

"It isn't until half past eight," said a drawl which had a mournful music of its own. "Isn't it late?"

"That man is a barbarian," said a voice in the ear of Mrs. Lascelles.

"And what of the other one?" inquired she.

"She is a goddess."

"Then I am afraid," said Mrs. Lascelles with conviction, "that she is a barbarian also. I never heard of a goddess who wasn't."

It appeared there were things in the punt. Notably a rod and tackle and a basket containing a very tolerable capture of trout.

"What beauties!" said Miss Perry as she came ashore with the basket. "If I run with them straight to the cook perhaps we might have some for dinner."

Miss Perry, who was surprisingly fleet of foot, was proceeding to put this design into execution when she came full upon Mrs. Lascelles and Lord Andover. The unexpected presence of the latter appeared to afford her great pleasure.

"It is so nice that you have come," said she with slow breathlessness. "Muffin is here. *Have* you seen her? Isn't she a sweet? And aren't these trout beauties? Gobo caught seven and I caught two. I will just run with them to the cook and then I will find Muffin."

Before Andover could find an opportunity to reply fittingly Miss Perry passed on to Pen-y-Gros Castle in the manner of a heavy-footed yet distinctly fast-moving whirlwind.

"The ridiculous creature!" said Jim's mother with a laugh.

"It seems to me," said Andover, "that our wonderful Miss Perry develops now she is in her native element."

George Betterton, having moored the punt, came up along the pebbles. He carried the rod and tackle. His tread was heavy, and owing to his recent exertions he was blowing like a grampus. He seemed to accept the presence of Andover as a natural corollary. They greeted one another with the reserve which among their countrymen is held to be the guarantee of a genuine character.

"Fine evenin'," said George.

"Fine evening," said Andover.

"For fish," said Jim's mother. "They appear to have bitten beautifully."

"Caught fourteen," said George, almost with animation. "If they average an ounce they average two pound apiece."

"I understood Miss Perry to say you had caught nine," said Mrs. Lascelles.

"Fourteen," said George with the resolute air of a man who does not brook contradiction. "Where's the gal got to?"

"Little Miss Tucker desires trout for her supper," said Andover. "There she goes. Leaps the boulders like a chamois, by gad!"

"I tell you what, Andover," said George, "that gal can handle a punt with the best of 'em. She knows how to throw a fly too. Very sure hand. Uncommonly clever gal at fishin'."

"You surprise me," said Andover. "Three minnows in a net one would expect to be the limit of her talent in the delicate art of piscator."

"There is a dear little trout stream behind the Parsonage at Slocum Magna," said Mrs. Lascelles demurely.

"Seen her sister, Andover?" inquired George. "They call her Crum-pet. Smart young gal."

"Muffin, my dear fellow, Muffin," said his friend in a tone of sincere expostulation.

"Smart as paint," said George with a perilous approach to enthusiasm. "Makes her own flies and tackle and can find as much bait in a quarter of an hour as will last for a week."

"The merits of a good upbringing," said Andover, rising from the slab of slate, "are not easily to be overestimated."

Mrs. Lascelles also rose. All three strolled by the margin of the lake until they came upon the easel. Jim Lascelles was assiduously utilizing what remained of the daylight. There was still a glow about Gwydr's left shoulder which was reflected upon the canvas. Muffin was seated on the pebbles, complacently putting on her shoes and stockings.

"Did you catch anything?" she demanded of the bearer of the rod and tackle.

"Sixteen," said that sportsman robustly.

"How splendid! *Do* let me see them."

"You will have to wait until dinner, my dear," said George. "They have gone to the pot."

"Good progress, Lascelles?" inquired Andover, conducting an amused examination of Jim's labors..

"I think I have done a good day's work," said Jim, packing up his tools.

"Yes, I think you have. I must have the refusal of it for Andover House. By the way, have you heard anything from my friend Kendal?"

"I am to go to Yorkshire in the autumn to paint Lady Priscilla," said Jim.

"Excellent!" said Andover. "And remember, if Kendal is to respect you your price must be not a penny less than five hundred guineas."

As the party turned away from the lake, a dryad emerged from the wood, breathless and bareheaded. She had three trout in a basket.

"It will be all right," she announced. "We shall have them for dinner. There are six, one apiece for everybody except Ponto, and Miss Burden thinks trout are not good for him. And I've brought three for you, dear Mrs. Lascelles."

"Then you are a very noble girl," said Jim's mother, "and I highly appreciate your act of self-sacrifice."

By this time Muffin had resumed her shoes and stockings and had risen from the pebbles. Her sister took her by the hand and led her forward with an air of the most admirable simplicity.

"Lord Andover," said she, "this is Muffin."

"I am already honored," said he, "by an acquaintance which I hope to cultivate."

CHAPTER XXV

PARIS ON MOUNT IDA

Miss Perry insisted on conducting Jim and his mother to their lodgings, which were at a small cottage in Pen-y-Gros hamlet. She was afraid they might get lost in the wood. Jim's mother took the trout within, while Jim conducted Miss Perry back to the gate of Pen-y-Gros Castle. It seemed that he was haunted with the fear that in the gloom she might take the wrong turning.

The Wargrave coat-of-arms was engraved on a stone pillar at the Castle entrance. They leaned against it. The evening shadows were fast blotting out Gwydr and his brethren.

"Goose Girl," said Jim mournfully, "we are in pretty deep water, you and I, aren't we?"

"It will be all right, Jim," said Miss Perry cheerfully. "You are sure to get rich painting all these pictures. It is a splendid idea to paint Muffin. Her picture will be worth a lot of money. And I am sure when you are rich Aunt Caroline will let me marry you."

Jim shook his head sorrowfully.

"Chaps don't often get rich at my trade," said he, "and when they do they don't do it all at once. Now suppose, Goose Girl, I did not get rich. Suppose I was only just able to rub along just as I do now, what would you say then?"

"I should like it all the better," said Miss Perry with conviction, "because then I shouldn't have to have a maid. A maid loses her temper, you know, if you put things in your hat, or you get much mud on your frock, or you get up too early."

"But don't you see, you Goose," said Jim, "that you have such grand prospects, and that it would be such a great thing for the Family if you married a swell?"

"Would it, Jim?" said Miss Perry reluctantly.

"Of course it would, you Goose," said Jim.

Miss Perry indulged in silence and reflection.

"Perhaps you are right, Jim," said she. "And if I did you would be able to marry Muffin, and that would be ever so much nicer for you."

Jim gave an exclamation of impatience.

"Who wants to marry Muffin, you great Goose?" said he.

"But, Jim," said Miss Perry gravely, "she is such a——"

"Never mind what she is," said Jim. "I have my own opinion about her. I want to marry you, and I mean to."

In spite of the proximity of the Wargrave coat-of-arms, Jim Lascelles thereupon behaved in a very imperious and heedless manner. He encircled the ample form of Miss Perry and kissed her with great boldness. As no resistance was forthcoming he repeated the operation.

"You great Goose," said he.

Whether in the continued absence of resistance Jim Lascelles would have persisted in this behavior it is hardly right to conjecture. For at this moment there came an interruption. A small round dog came waddling through the gate of Pen-y-Gros Castle. His tail was curled up in a most cynical manner, and with eyes swollen with baked meats he gazed about him with the insolence of a feudal lord.

"Aunt Caroline!" whispered Miss Perry. Doubtless there was guilt on her conscience. She drew herself in very close to the pillar.

"She wouldn't come out in the dusk," said Jim. "It is only Ponto taking the air to get an appetite for dinner."

Jim picked up a pebble, and taking exact and careful aim dropped it on the supercilious nose of that overfed quadruped.

"Now, Goose Girl," said Jim, "it is time you went up to dress or you'll get none of those trout."

This timely reminder caused Miss Perry to flee. It was twenty minutes past eight. Aunt Caroline brooked no delay and Fanchette hated to hurry.

Jim walked back sadly to his nocturnal chop. Why was he so poor? Why had he not more firmness of character? He felt that the part he

was playing was an unworthy one. He had no right to be in Wales at all. He was merely acting the part of the spoil sport.

However, the person most concerned by no means intended to have his sport spoiled by anybody. In any case he felt quite competent to conduct his suit to a successful issue. He had made the tedious journey to Pen-y-Gros Castle expressly for the purpose.

It is true that the unexpected presence of George Betterton was a little disquieting. Some six weeks had elapsed since their Sunday morning conversation at Ward's. The opinion he had then formed of the temperature of George's affections had had a marked influence on his subsequent conduct. In the opinion of this cool and shrewd calculator George was a bogey, put up by Caroline Crewkerne to frighten him.

All the same, it was a dangerous view to take. And if George had had the skill to mask his intentions George would win the prize. Frankly he did not think George had the skill requisite to such tactics. He was one of those plain fellows whom a child might read. Superficial observers of the Kendal type were always apt to jump far too quickly to conclusions. Quite a number of these had given the girl to George already. But Andover counted upon a more intimate knowledge. George was a plain, solid conservative who when it came to the point would think twice before making a duchess of a parson's penniless daughter.

Nevertheless, when he took in the wonderful Miss Perry, who in spite of all that Fanchette could do had kept dinner waiting ten minutes, he was rather inclined to feel that he had incurred an unwarrantable risk for the mere pleasure of indulging his natural vein of cynicism. George was rather boastful about the trout, which were delicious. And at the same time he waxed enthusiastic over Miss Perry's conduct of the punt, her manner of casting a fly; and he declared she could hook and play a fish with anybody.

"That is most interesting, my dear George," said Andover. "But all this merely confirms the opinion I have long since formed of her sex."

"I should like to see her with salmon," said George. "I should like to see her on Malloch Water."

"Muffin is *ever* so much better than I am," said Miss Perry.

"She must come, too," said George.

"Yes, I think it is all right," murmured his watchful adversary with a little sigh. "I think the old duffer is to be trusted."

Yet was he? Throughout the whole of dinner the problem loomed before him. Doubtless it was the conduct of Caroline Crewkerne in combination with the guilt upon his conscience that precipitated his uneasiness. That old woman had assumed a demeanor of concentrated

scornfulness which even she had never surpassed. And to make things worse she was continually putting forth sinister hints and indulging in sardonic little touches which unmistakably were aimed at his self-security.

There could be no doubt that Caroline Crewkerne was a bad one to cross. And further there could be no doubt that she bitterly resented what she called "Andover's tactics." In the first place, he had committed the unpardonable offence of seeing through and making light of her devices. It required a very bold person indeed to do that.

After dinner Araminta and Elizabeth played billiards while their elders were set to cards. Caroline Crewkerne had developed a talent for bridge, which considering her advanced age was surprising. Miss Burden also was learning to play very well, although it is true that she suffered from a cardinal weakness. Her reluctance to declare "no trumps" was due to something in her character, and in the opinion of Andover, who was her partner as a rule, it was a great handicap in life. When it was George's turn to be "dummy" he invariably fell asleep; and before the game could proceed he had to be roused forcibly.

Caroline Crewkerne was one of those vigilant and seasoned warriors who are not very particular what time they go to bed. Therefore, Andover counted upon being able to conduct a transaction that night which at the first opportunity he was determined to bring to a point. In this he was not disappointed, for Caroline Crewkerne and he easily sat out the others. It was about a quarter to eleven when George drank his final whiskey and mineral water, and in a condition of most imminent somnolence went to his repose.

"Now, Caroline," said Andover in an extremely businesslike manner, "let us settle this thing one way or the other. We have been toying with it long enough."

"What thing do you refer to, Andover?" inquired that accomplished dissembler, who merely asked the question as a matter of form.

"The future of our delectable Miss Goose. Now, Caroline, I want you to be practical. Be practical, Caroline, and I foresee no difficulty."

Caroline assumed her hanging-judge demeanor. She snuffed the air with concentrated scorn. Andover, however, a seasoned warrior, was not to be disconcerted by little things like these.

"Now, Caroline," said he coolly, "no one appreciates more fully than I do the honorable character of your motives. Your first wish and your last is to do your duty by your delectable niece."

"Don't use so many words, Andover," said Caroline sharply. "Remember you are not wasting the time of the country but of a private

individual. I don't need any reminder from you to do my duty by the girl."

"Of course not, Caroline," said the mellifluous Andover. "But I don't want you to get your idea of duty unduly inflated. I want you to be reasonable. I am prepared to marry the gal—she is a sweet, good and healthy creature, and on the mother's side she will pass muster—but she is in no sense a *partie*; and perhaps I shall be forgiven if I feel that Andover House has a right to expect one."

"Let it," said Caroline grimly.

"Forgive my adopting the language of a tradesman," pursued Andover smoothly, "but I feel that you will understand it more easily. As I say, I like the gal; and I am prepared to make what in the circumstances is a good offer. You are at liberty to reject it, of course, but frankly I don't think you can expect a better."

"Don't be too sure about it, Andover," said Caroline with a hawk-like glint from under the bushy eyebrows.

"Oh, but I am," said Andover coolly. "George is a bad egg."

"What do you mean, Andover?" said Caroline, sitting very upright.

"You can lead a horse to the water," said Andover, "but you can't make him drink."

Caroline sat with her clawlike hands clenched in her lap, the picture of suppressed fury.

"Would it surprise you to learn," said she, "that George Betterton has made an offer of marriage?"

"Yes," said Andover, "it would indeed. Either he was in his cups when he made it or he has since repented of his indiscretion. George is going to marry Priscilla L'Estrange."

"What is your authority for that statement?" demanded Caroline warily, for she had a very audacious gaze fixed upon her.

"The authority of my intuitive perception."

"Intuitive fiddlestick!" said Caroline.

"I know George nearly as well as I know you," said the audacious Andover. "Had George intended to gobble at the cherry he would have done so six weeks ago during your untimely attack of laryngitis. But George is an old hand; and although it takes a seasoned campaigner to marry Priscilla L'Estrange, it is better that he should do so as far as 216 Piccadilly is concerned than that he should marry the penniless daughter of a country parson."

With shame and trepidation and searching of heart be it written that this couple of worldlings sat into the small hours of the morning discussing the pros and cons of the case in a most indelicate manner

and with a disposition to haggle like a pair of hags at an auction. The bickering and the bartering of these two elderly persons was enough to overthrow the most resolute idealist among us.

There can be no question that the greater share of the blame belonged to Caroline Crewkerne. Andover, who knew her as well as he knew his alphabet, was really far more liberal-minded than she was. He was quite as shrewd also. For all the pretension of this old woman's trappings and her lofty airs and her contempt for all outside the magic circle—and she reserved to herself the exclusive right to perform the geometrical feat of drawing it—at heart she was ruthlessly bourgeoisie; indeed she was apt to plume herself upon that quality, which, however, she preferred to call by another name. Therefore, who shall blame Andover for his pious determination to give her a Roland for an Oliver?

Caroline Crewkerne was far better endowed with the goods of this world than many people think a private citizen has a right to be. She was a rich old woman and, like so many rich old women, she was grasping. Andover was rich also, but for all his cynical airs his culture was liberal enough to forbid his making a god of his money. However, he was never averse from a battle of wits. If it was freely spiced with a frank contempt for the polite conventional glosses which he delighted to mock, so much the better.

Andover's chief desire, apart from the state of his emotions, was to read his old friend a lesson. He knew that she had tried her hardest to overreach him. Not of course on her own behalf, but for the amateur's sheer love of performing that action. He had had the wit to defend himself successfully, and now he must see if he could not make her pay for her devices. He was perfectly willing to marry Miss Perry. And prior to so doing he was prepared to settle a certain sum upon her. But at the same time he made it a point that something fixed and definite must be forthcoming from the other side.

It was that rock which sundered them finally at two o'clock of the morning. When this condition was first laid down Caroline Crewkerne laughed to scorn "the insolent proposal," as she called it. In the presence, however, of Andover's extreme imperturbability, which none knew better how to assume when he chose, she grew gradually cooler, until at two o'clock she brought herself to say that "without pledging herself to anything she would consider it more fully, and if necessary she would take the advice of those who had had more experience in these matters."

They parted amicably, and it is to be feared with a renewed respect for one another. They had fought many shrewd battles of one kind or another over cards, over politics, over a flagrant job, over a third person's

reputation, over a sale of shares, in fact over everything except religion. It was their cheerful custom to expect no quarter and to give none. But at the same time they bore no malice.

As Andover carried his candle up the ghostly stone-flagged staircase, with suits of armor grinning at him and mediæval weapons menacing him from the walls, and the young moon peering at him through the oriel windows, he knew that his old adversary would make a last final and consummate effort to entangle George Betterton. And if she succeeded the United Kingdom would not contain a happier old woman than she.

Outside the first door in the corridor was a pair of shoes. They were rather large. Outside the next door was another pair, far less fashionable in design, yet in size precisely similar. Andover stood a moment to gaze reflectively from one pair to the other.

"I shall risk it," he mused. "George won't rise now. But it is rather a pity both of 'em are so dooced handy with a rod and tackle."

"Andover," said a grim voice behind him, "do you know what you remind me of?"

"Paris on Mount Ida."

"No," said Caroline Crewkerne. "You remind me of a fox outside a poultry yard looking for a hole in the fence."

Andover shook his head protestingly.

"A curiously banal figure," said he. "Why are you always so bourgeois, Caroline? You have no need to be."

Caroline shook her head also.

"Andover," said she with great resolution, "I don't believe a word you have told me about Priscilla L'Estrange."

CHAPTER XXVI

JIM LASCELLES ADDS HEROISM TO HIS OTHER FINE QUALITIES

Four hours later saw the inception of an imperial August day. The previous night Muffin had entered Goose's chamber by stealth, with bare feet and clad in a white nightgown only, and armed with a fat bolster. After a solemn exchange of civilities, of which Muffin invariably got the worst, because Goose's aim was wonderfully accurate and she was not susceptible to the most tremendous buffets, they ended as usual by sharing the same bed and going to sleep in one another's arms. It was never their custom to heed anything else until the light of the morning touched their eyelids. And as a general rule it touched Muffin's first. It then became the duty of that active spirit, as soon as she realized that she was

awake, to hale the still sleeping Goose out of bed. Sometimes when this herculean labor had been accomplished she had to beat that somnolent person about the head with a pillow before she could be induced to put on her stockings. This morning provided no exception to the regular mode of procedure.

The mists were still gathered about Lake Dwygyfy and little was to be seen of Gwydr and his brethren when hand in hand Goose and Muffin came trampling the dew of the early August day. Bareheaded, laughing, blithe as the winged inhabitants of the air, they were supremely happy. Each had brought up the other from her earliest infancy, and although each was exquisitely modest in all that pertained to herself, as regarded the fruit of her handiwork each had formed an exaggerated estimate. Goose was inordinately proud of Muffin, and Muffin was inordinately proud of Goose.

Tobias was borne in a bag. Although he was strictly forbidden to catch rabbits he was never denied an airing.

"There goes a squirrel," said Muffin. "Look in that tree. Up he goes, but it is not very high. I wonder if we could catch him for Aunt Caroline. Hold my bread and butter and don't eat it."

Muffin had already established herself upon the first branch, when a voice great alike in authority and scornfulness was heard through the early morning stillness.

"Come out of that tree, you ragamuffin," it said. "Leave that squirrel alone and kindly take the trouble to read the notice underneath you. 'The public is allowed in these woods on sufferance only by permission of the Right Honorable the Countess of Crewkerne. Any person guilty of disorderly conduct, or who does wilful damage to the trees, shrubs and flowers, or who attempts to take fish from the lake, or who wanders in search of game, will be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law.' Come down at once, you ragamuffin."

The voice belonged to Jim Lascelles, of course. Jim was looking rather haggard, weary and dishevelled. The truth is he had had no sleep during the night. In the acute phase of his fortunes he could not rest. A sensitive conscience assured him that he was on forbidden ground, seeking fruit to which he had no lawful claim. He would have been far better in Normandy.

This morning he was in a really desperate humor. Work had never been farther from his thoughts, and the fact that two persons had been reputed recently to have lost their lives in an attempted ascent of the Devil's Footstool, seemed to invest that precipitous chasm with a certain attraction.

"Look here, you lawbreakers," said he, "let us go and have a look at the Devil's Footstool."

The Misses Perry needed no second invitation. The dark and baleful ascent looming up from the lower end of the lake had fascinated them already, and they had even made one or two tentative attempts upon it. A walk of twenty minutes brought them to the foot of it; and Tobias being left in his bag at the bottom, the three of them began to conduct some highly interesting and extremely thrilling investigations.

From ledge to ledge they went, rising rapidly to a dizzy and precarious height. On one side of them was a torrent, on the other a chasm. But they went up resolutely without a pause, although the foothold was very uncertain and it meant death and destruction to look down. And when in the course of three hours they returned breathless and dishevelled to whence they started, having made a complete circuit of the Devil's Footstool, and the three of them sat down exulting in their weariness by the side of Tobias, they really felt that they had achieved something. All the most signal performances of Widdiford and Slocum Magna had been effaced.

According to Borrow, Wales is not only a picturesque but also a romantic country. Therefore, it must not surprise the judicious reader that by half past nine on this memorable August morning Jim Lascelles had become a hero. The breakfast table at Pen-y-Gros Castle was regaled by an extremely thrilling narrative of adventures by gorge and chasm.

It was not quite clear—and even to this day the mystery has not been solved satisfactorily—whether Jim Lascelles had saved the life of Muffin, or whether Muffin had saved the life of Jim Lascelles. But one fact emerged clear, distinct and radiant. Jim Lascelles was a hero of the first class. His conduct within the precincts of the Devil's Footstool merited a diploma.

Andover seconded the praises of his protégé.

"It is bred in the fellow," said he. "His father, you know, was Lascelles, V. C."

"He looks that kind of young man," assented Miss Burden. "His eyes are so open and fearless."

As soon as Aunt Caroline was visible, which was not until noon, she was put in possession of the facts.

"Who, pray, is Jim Lascelles?" was her first inquiry; and the tone of it was not wholly sympathetic.

"He used to live at the Red House at Widdiford," chimed both her nieces as one.

In spite of his heroism, which no amount of cross-examination could mitigate, a few leading questions which Elizabeth was called upon to answer had the effect of rendering Aunt Caroline decidedly hostile to Jim Lascelles. For the identity of the presumptuous young man was only too soon established. He was the person who had had the impertinence to fling himself out of the house in Hill Street when he had been rebuked in a becoming manner for conduct which was really unpardonable. As for the "Jim," it literally stuck in Aunt Caroline's throat.

It was almost the only reminder that their august relation had had beyond the scanty character of their wardrobes and their plebeian devotion to bread and jam, that their upbringing had been that of Tom, Dick, and Harry.

"Elizabeth," said Aunt Caroline, "it would be more seemly to my mind if you have occasion to mention Mr. Lascelles to speak of him as such."

Muffin opened solemn and round eyes of wonder upon Aunt Caroline.

"Oh, but," said she, "if I called Jim Mr. Lascelles, he would pull my hair."

"In that case," said Aunt Caroline, "you would do well to terminate the acquaintance."

"But he saved me from falling down the precipice," said Muffin, "and I am going to write to dearest papa about it."

"Caroline," said Andover, "a truce to Whig exclusiveness. Behave like a human being and ask the young fellow to dinner. Ask his mother also. I am told she is a singularly agreeable woman."

Aunt Caroline sat the image of blue-blooded defiance. George Betterton, however, who had listened torpidly to the account of the episode, was prevailed upon by the general enthusiasm for Jim Lascelles and the favorable impression he had already formed of that hero's mother, to throw the weight of his own influence into the scale.

"Right thing, Caroline," said George, "to ask the young fellow to dinner in the circumstances. Behaved very well, they tell me."

"He shall not cross my threshold," said Caroline, "until he apologizes for his behavior to me in Hill Street."

"Of course he will apologize," said Andover, "if you hold out the olive branch. He can't apologize unless you do."

"I am sure, dear Lady Crewkerne," ventured Miss Burden, "Mr. Lascelles is a gentleman and his mother is a——"

Miss Burden was unable to complete her remark. She was annihili-

lated by a terrific glance. The elder Miss Perry also, as was to be expected, behaved very tactlessly.

"Jim is just a sweet," she drawled ridiculously, "and dear Mrs. Lascelles is just a sweet, too."

The glance which had slain Miss Burden was extended to the elder Miss Perry. Its effect in that quarter was by no means so terrible. That Featherbrain sustained it with the most admirable composure.

"Jim is just a sweet," said she, "and Muffin saved him from falling over the precipice."

"I was given to understand," said Aunt Caroline, "that it was the man Lascelles who saved Elizabeth."

"Yes, it was, Aunt Caroline," said Muffin, "but Goose is rather a Silly."

Of course there could only be one conclusion to the whole matter. The massed force of public opinion was too much for the Whig remnant, even in its own stronghold. Ungraciously, it must be confessed, Miss Burden was commanded to write as follows: "The Countess of Crewkerne requests the pleasure of the company of Mrs. Lascelles and Mr. James Lascelles at dinner this evening at 8.30 P. M."

"This is one of your white days, Caroline," said her oldest friend with approbation. "A singularly gracious act in a life, which, if I may say so, has not been too full of them. We must mark it with a little white stone."

"Don't be a coxcomb, Andover," said the old lady. "Who has dared to remove the ribbon from Ponto's neck?"

"He lost it in the water, Aunt Caroline," said Muffin with all the assurance of one in favor at court, "when he fell in."

"When he fell in!" said Aunt Caroline.

"He went to sleep on the edge of the punt," Muffin explained, "and he toppled over."

"I trust," said the least of Ponto's admirers, "that the obese beast will not gain length of days from his immersion."

Mr. Collins, wearing his second-best livery, which he always affected in Wales, delivered the mandate at Jim's lodgings in Pen-y-Gros hamlet, but that hero and his mother had gone down to the lake. They were joined there presently by a cheerful party of four persons. Jim Lascelles was very heartily congratulated upon the heroism he had displayed.

"It has given great pleasure at the Castle," said Andover, "where heroism is always, and I think justly, admired. My friend Lancaster

will exert himself to get you a medal. Doubtless your Sovereign will present it to you."

George Betterton, in the manner of a true blue Englishman, went the length of shaking the hero very heartily by the hand.

"Great pleasure to me, Mr. Lascelles," said that worthy, "to hear of your gallant action. Congratulate you heartily. Would have given great pleasure to your gallant father."

Jim Lascelles laid down his palette with an air of tremendous truculence.

"To whom am I indebted for this?" said he. "Which of them is it? I suspect that Goose."

"They are both of them Geese," said Jim's mother.

"Aunt Caroline thinks it is so splendid of you," said Muffin, who was seated on the pebbles for the purpose of removing her shoes and stockings. "She has invited you and dear Mrs. Lascelles to dinner."

"You foolish person," said Jim. "I've a great mind now not to paint your picture."

"A pair of irresponsible babblers," said Jim's mother, whose eyes were really very much brighter than they had any need to be. "One is as bad as the other. But an old woman feels very proud of her son, all the same."

Jim Lascelles stuck his hands in his pockets ruefully.

"This is the dooce," said he. "Upon my word I deny the whole thing in the most absolute and unconditional manner."

"I have heard you deny your genius before now," said Mrs. Lascelles, "but, my dear boy, you have never been able to convince Lord Andover that you are not a genius. And I feel sure that all you say to the contrary will fail to convince him that you are not a hero."

"Absurd!" said Jim hotly. "I am as much of one as I am of the other."

"A dooced awkward place you are in, my dear fellow," said Andover. "Everybody who has heard Miss Muffin's thrilling account of her deliverance from an imminent and deadly peril within the precincts of the Devil's Coal Box——"

"Footstool," said the elder Miss Perry.

"Footstool, I stand corrected," said Andover, adding new embellishments to his oratory. "Everybody who has heard Miss Muffin's hair-raising narrative of her deliverance from an imminent and deadly peril within the precincts of the Devil's Footstool has conceived a deep admiration for its author. From my old and misguided friend, Lady Crewkerne, to Ponto himself, all at the Castle are of one mind. I may say

the admiration of our friend Miss Burden is already tinged with passion."

"Put on those shoes and stockings, you Ragamuffin," said Jim. "I shall not paint you."

"But, Jim," said that artless person with eyes of extraordinary roundness and candor, "you promised to."

"Lascelles," said Andover, "I am afraid, my dear fellow, you must accept the inevitable with all the grace at your command. No reasonable person can possibly doubt your heroism, and I fear it is only critics of the older school who can doubt your genius. It is hard to conceive a situation more trying to a modest young Englishman, educated at Harrow. My dear Mrs. Lascelles, I feel constrained to compliment you publicly upon having a son who is the dooce of a fine fellow."

"I am glad you think so, Lord Andover," said Jim's mother. "I think so myself."

Thereupon the green linen frock and the red umbrella and the French novel, together with an extremely choice suit of tweeds and a superb Panama hat, went along by the lake to take a closer view of that formidable chasm, the Devil's Footstool. At the same time George Betterton handed Miss Goose aboard the punt.

Jim Lascelles took up the tools of his trade.

"Get into the water, you Ragamuffin," said he. "I'll paint you with pink eyes and green hair. And your frock shall not have a single rent in it. It shall be the last cry of the fashion."

Things went excellently well for a time. It was a glorious August day. There was hardly a cloud about Gwydr; the sky was of a pure Italian hue; there was scarcely a puff of wind to muffle Lake Dwygyfy. For a bright and diligent hour Jim Lascelles was on the best of terms with his canvas.

"Keep that side, you Ragamuffin," said he, "and give the light of the morning a chance. Keep that cucumber basket out of the eye of the sun. And don't leave the water on any pretext whatever. I am not in the least interested in toads, newts, lizards, speckled trout, ferns, grass or in your general conversation. Soak and tear and soil your garments to your heart's content, but you take them Foot Pieces out of the water on pain of appearing at Burlington House as an American Heiress."

"But, Jim——"

"Silence, you Ragamuffin!"

"But, Jim, there is dearest Aunt Caroline."

It was perfectly true. The mistress of Pen-y-Gros Castle was standing five yards from the canvas. She was in the full panoply of war.

Ponto, her aide-de-camp, and Miss Burden, her gentlewoman, were by her side. Her ebony stick supported her venerable frame; her headdress was surmounted by a hat that had been fashionable in 1880. An eyeglass was in her grim old eye; and her gentlewoman held an umbrella over her to protect her aged form from the fierce rays which, according to Borrow, are sometimes reflected from the slopes of the Welsh Mountains.

"I am sorry to curtail a discourse on Art," said the mistress of Pen-y-Gros Castle, speaking in a tone that was beautifully clear, "but you do not seem to be aware that the public is allowed in these grounds on sufferance only."

Jim took off his hat and bowed in a very becoming if slightly ironical manner.

"I beg your pardon, Lady Crewkerne," said he, "but I am aware of that perfectly. I have seen the notice which warns the public at least six times this morning."

"I hope you will heed it," said Lady Crewkerne.

"It does not forbid the public to paint the scenery, I believe," said Jim coolly. Jim had really no right to be so cool in the presence of the mistress of Pen-y-Gros Castle. All the same, it is by no means certain that she did not respect him for it.

"It depends," said she, "upon what portion of the scenery the public wishes to paint. For instance, you appear to be painting some person who stands in the water. And the public is expressly forbidden to enter the water."

"I am sorry," said Jim Lascelles. "I beg your pardon, I'm sure."

Jim Lascelles for all his coolness did not quite know what to say next to keep within the rules of the game. However, that section of the public that was standing in the water saw fit rather providentially to disobey the instructions of the artist. She left the water and came resolutely to the aid of Jim Lascelles. Barefooted and with her skirt kilted in the true Slocum Magna and Widdiford manner she accosted the mistress of Pen-y-Gros Castle.

"Dearest Aunt Caroline," said she, "this is Mr. Jim Lascelles, who saved me from falling over the precipice this morning."

"We have met before, I think," said Aunt Caroline grimly.

"Wasn't it brave of him?" said Muffin.

"Mr. Lascelles," said Aunt Caroline, "you appear to have acted in a prompt and courageous manner, and I congratulate you upon your manly conduct."

"Thank you, Lady Crewkerne," said Jim with excellent gravity.

"But I am happy to say Miss Perry has greatly exaggerated the occurrence."

"Oh, no, Jim," said Miss Perry. "Ask Goose."

"There is one thing, Mr. Lascelles," said the mistress of Pen-y-Gros Castle, "that I hope you will take to heart. In future the public will be strictly forbidden to climb the Devil's Footstool."

"I think that precaution will be in its interests," said Jim. "It is all right going up, but it is a wicked place coming down."

"Well, Mr. Lascelles," said Lady Crewkerne, "it is satisfactory to learn that this injudicious adventure has terminated without loss of life. I shall be glad if you will dine at the Castle this evening."

Jim Lascelles was sufficiently mollified by the tone to accept the invitation.

"And for my part," said Jim after he had done so, "I shall be glad, Lady Crewkerne, if you will accept an apology for my behavior the last time we met. I am afraid I was very much in the wrong."

"Mr. Lascelles," said Lady Crewkerne, speaking very distinctly, "I have since thought that matter over carefully, and I have come to the conclusion that there is no need for me to revise the judgment I formed at the time. You were very much in the wrong. All the same, I have pleasure in accepting your apology. Burden, we will return. I feel the heat."

Things having been placed on this amicable basis, the mistress of Pen-y-Gros Castle withdrew with her retinue, and Muffin returned to the water.

CHAPTER XXVII

REVEL IS HELD AT PEN-Y-GROS CASTLE

Modest revel was held that evening at the Castle. Jim's mother erred so much on the side of youth that Jim was disposed to blame her for wearing her best gown. She knew as well as anybody that she always did look young in her best gown, almost to the point of impropriety. It had been obtained in Paris for one thing, not very recently, it is true, for Jim was then a gay and careless student at L'École des Beaux Arts; but even at that time of day the dressmakers of Paris were said to possess a lightness of touch, a grace and a felicity which made for youth. In her heart, there is reason to believe, Jim's mother considered her son to be unduly sensitive upon the score of her appearance.

Caroline Crewkerne was moderately civil to Jim's mother. But of course she wore a certain number of airs, as she did invariably when

she had to do with persons of her own sex whom she did not consider to be her equals socially. But perhaps there is no need to blame her. The chameleon can change its spots, but it is not really more respected than the leopard. Caroline Crewkerne was three and seventy and habit was strong in her. She belonged to a period when airs were more in vogue, when the world was not so democratic as it is in these days, when human destinies were more unequal.

If Jim's mother was a little amused by the "grand manner"—and doubtless she was, because she had seen something of Cosmopolis and was therefore not exactly a provincial—she was too good-natured and too well bred to show it. But it is to be feared that Jim resented it. He blamed himself for being fool enough to come. Jim had at least one of the essentials necessary to success in life. He was an excellent hater. He hated well, and he hated heartily, and he forgave with difficulty. And certainly he hated this old woman and all her works.

A common and watchful friend in fine lawn and pomatum stood a little apart to witness Caroline Crewkerne offer two fingers and to witness Jim Lascelles accept them. Jim got through the ordeal without any real loss of credit, although his mother knew that he was angry. However, there were compensations. George Betterton greeted the young fellow in quite a hearty manner; Miss Burden beamed upon him, and her appearance was singularly agreeable with "a romantic tale on her eyelashes"; while the Miss Perrys of course were triumphs of female loveliness. The elder of the twain in her "playacting frock," as Aunt Caroline called it, and with her daffodil-colored mane done low down in her neck in a most remarkable simulation of the eighteenth century by the hand of the incomparable but exacting Fanchette, was enough to haunt any young painter for many days to come. Muffin, too, with her brilliant health and her open manners, with a coloring only less wonderful than that of her sister, and with a physique pure of line and of a spreading stalwart symmetry looked every inch of her a veritable younger sister of the goddess. Fanchette had been coaxed, perhaps by an inborn love of her art, to embellish Muffin's yellow mane also with the hand of her great talent, so that it also sat low down in her neck in a fashion fit to inspire a sonnet. Muffin's frock was of pure white, at least it was of that hue when it was first purchased. And although it was cheap and countrified and by no means new, and it was rent in three places, and it was very short in the sleeves and very tight all over, it really suited her to perfection, as somehow everything did that she wore.

Lord Andover was delighted.

"Mrs. Lascelles," said he at the first opportunity, "what do you think of our Miss Gunnings?"

Jim's mother sighed a little.

"Perfectly distracting," said she. "And yet it only seems yesterday that they were long-legged creatures in short white socks."

By the dispensation of the powers George Betterton took in his hostess, Andover took in the wife of the Vicar, the Vicar took in Mrs. Lascelles, Jim took in Miss Burden, and the Miss Perrys took in one another.

Jim Lascelles never remembered a meal that he enjoyed less, except in after years when—but really we must not overrun our story. For the greater part of the conversation was confined to one theme, and the theme was heroism. Andover claimed the respectful indulgence of the table, while Muffin furnished her thrilling narrative with all the latest embellishments. It is true that she suffered occasional contradiction in the course of it from her muddle-headed but tenacious sister Goose, but her testimony remained substantially unshaken. Mr. James Lascelles was a hero, no doubt about that.

When the dessert stage was reached Andover pledged Jim's health in felicitous terms and in some excellent madeira. Jim responded with a vehement denial of the charges brought against him.

"Why," said Andover, "the young fellow will deny his genius next!"

"Yes," said Jim's mother, "he would; only he knows it is no use."

After dinner there was music. Caroline Crewkerne had an ingrained dislike of music which amounted to detestation, but on this occasion it was permitted as a concession to the Church. The Vicar's wife had a light soprano voice, and sang very pleasantly, although rather nervous at first. The Vicar's rendering of the "Bay of Biscay" was justly admired. Jim's mother interpreted Chopin with such refinement and delicacy that Caroline Crewkerne was able to get a short nap. But quite one of the most admired achievements of the evening was George Betterton's rendering of what he called his "one horse," a technical term which baffled everybody as to its meaning, including Andover himself, that veritable encyclopedia of human information.

George Betterton's "one horse" was, "We'll all go a-hunting to-day" with chorus. This he rendered with the most resolute disregard of time and tune, and in the most dogged and sonorous manner. The Vicar's wife accompanied him and finished three bars in front of George, and so "won as she pleased" in the judgment of Andover, who in addition to his other accomplishments was a critic of the art of music. However, Muffin and Jim Lascelles were heard to such advantage in the chorus

that there was no doubt about its success. They were importuned upon this revelation of their talent to sing a solo apiece. They contrived to evade this penalty on the plea that they had never sung in public before, although Goose declared that Muffin had sung by herself twice in Slocum Magna Parish Church with great distinction.

"But that wasn't in public," said Muffin stanchly. "Besides, it was after dearest papa had preached his sermon."

"I am afraid, my dear Miss Muffin," said Andover, "that the point is too subtle for the lay intelligence."

Although Muffin and Jim Lascelles were absolved from singing solos, they were unable wholly to evade the penalty incurred by the revelation of their gifts. They were haled to the piano to sing a duet from *H. M. S. Pinafore*; and made such a hopeless mess of the performance that Jim's mother, to whom the accompaniment was entrusted, took the extreme course of closing the piano in the middle of it and retiring in dudgeon.

A display of thought-reading concluded the proceedings. The Vicar's wife was a noted clairvoyante, noted for miles around. Andover also confessed to powers in this occult science. The Vicar's wife was only permitted to perform one feat, because the Vicar declared that if she attempted more than one in an evening it excited her so much that she never slept all night. The task allotted to her was that she should take the ribbon from Ponto's neck and tie it round Goose's finger. The feat was performed with such exemplary ease that Muffin felt sure she could do something. Her task was the elementary one of giving Miss Burden a kiss. Instead of doing this, however, she hugged Aunt Caroline. In the opinion, however, of those best acquainted with these mysteries, she was held to be so nearly right that her reputation was established forthwith.

"Isn't it wonderful?" said Goose with dilated eyes. "I shall write to dearest papa about it. At the next entertainment in Slocum Magna parish room Muffin will have to do something."

"I think," said Jim's mother, "her powers as a clairvoyante are superior to her powers as a cantatrice."

Muffin was showing a desire to give a further display of her newly discovered talent when Aunt Caroline said it was half-past ten and that Araminta and Elizabeth must retire.

After saluting Aunt Caroline in a very dutiful manner they obeyed this edict with most admirable docility. It proved a signal for the general dispersal of the company. There is reason to believe that Aunt Caroline intended that it should.

No sooner were the Vicar and his wife and Jim Lascelles and his

mother abroad in the rapt summer stillness and they were picking their way through the tomblike darkness of the wood toward Pen-y-Gros hamlet, than the inmates of the Castle sat down to the green table. Caroline Crewkerne yawned vigorously. But her opponents did well not to misinterpret that action, because this old woman was never known to sit down to cards without proving herself to be more than usually wide awake.

"Caroline," said her oldest friend, "this is certainly one of the whitest days in all my recollection of you. I can't say positively that you were genial, but I feel that I am entitled to affirm that you got through the evening without insulting anybody."

"The middle classes are so tiresome," said Caroline, cutting for the deal and winning it easily.

"The middle classes are almost extinct as a genus," said Andover. "They have assimilated culture so rapidly since that fellow Arnold wrote to them upon the subject that nowadays they are almost as extinct as the dodo."

"Pshaw!" said Caroline, carefully sorting a hand that contained four aces and three kings. "It is only skin deep. Don't be a coxcomb, Andover. I declare no trumps."

"I shall not double," said Andover, who found himself in possession of a "Yarborough."

In a very short space of time Andover and Miss Burden had suffered the indignity of the "grand slam."

"Well played, partner," said George as soon as he woke up.

There can be really no question at all that few persons could have played their cards better than Caroline Crewkerne when that old woman found herself with a good hand. And few persons found themselves oftener in that enviable position than did she. Certainly this evening she surpassed herself. It is true that the cards came her way in the most surprising fashion. But she utilized them to the full, and further she took advantage of the mistakes of her principal adversary.

It was not often that Andover was guilty of flagrant errors, but on this occasion he certainly held bad cards, and to these he added unmistakably inferior play. He forgot important cards constantly; and twice at a critical moment he revoked. Caroline was in the highest glee. Everything went right for her; and the sum she won from Andover it would not be wise or right to divulge, lest it shock the less affluent among our readers. It was not really enough "to endow a hospital for the incurably insane," as Andover declared it was, but it certainly enabled the lucky

Caroline to contemplate the purchase of a few of those Westralians, which she had coveted for some time past.

Happily neither Miss Burden nor George Betterton could afford to play for money; the former because her salary of forty pounds per annum was her only means of subsistence; the latter because his high rank rendered it necessary that in all respects his life should be a pattern to his admiring countrymen. We have no desire to lower a very worthy man in the public estimation, but this desire for respectability did not prevent his losing continually at piquet to Caroline Crewkerne. But then piquet is not like bridge. The one is old and of good report; the other is new and plutocratic.

A little after midnight George Betterton retired in earnest to his virtuous repose, while Miss Burden followed his example. And no sooner had Caroline and Andover the field to themselves than they reverted to the topic of the previous night. The matter had been left in an interesting stage. Andover felt it to be a hopeful one. He was sure that he had no serious rival to contend against, for George with all his flourishes was sure to end by marrying Priscilla. The Georges of this world invariably marry the Priscillas.

"I am willing to tie three thousand a year upon the creature," said Andover. His tone was not exactly that of an auctioneer, although his standard of wisdom rendered it necessary that he should always suit his discourse to his company. "Upon the condition, my dear Caroline, that you tie an equal sum upon her. And there is also a living in my gift worth eleven hundred a year which is likely to be vacant."

So much for the terms. Caroline Crewkerne pondered them well. She was a shrewd, covetous, hard-headed, hard-hearted old woman. But if she took a thing in hand she carried it through. And she had determined to do something for her dead and disgraced sister's portionless daughter. Up to a point she was able to plume herself upon the success of the negotiations. What she did not like was the sacrifice of some of her own money. It would not make the least difference to her. She had more already than she knew what to do with, but to part with her substance always hurt her.

"We will say fifteen hundred, Andover, and call it settled," said Caroline with the air of a moneylender.

Her old friend frankly enjoyed the situation. He knew where the shoe pinched as well as she did. Her craft and her avarice reminded him of Balzac's novels.

"If you say fifteen hundred, my dear Caroline," said her old friend, "I must say fifteen hundred, too."

Caroline pondered again. Andover was not a good life and nearly everything was entailed.

"Three thousand a year in perpetuity?" said Caroline harshly.

"Ye-es," said Andover. "Dooood liberal, I think, for a poor parson's daughter."

Caroline bristled. She looked not only prickly but venomous.

"Don't forget, Andover," she said truculently, "that the creature is a Wargrave."

"An effete strain, there is reason to fear," said Andover with perfect composure.

The headdress performed surprising feats. Andover fell to considerations of how far it might be safe to bait the old lioness. No sport is worth much unless there is a spice of danger in it. He enjoyed the play none the less because he was so sensible of its peril. Caroline Crewkerne was not a person to be baited with impunity.

However, in spite of the headdress and the gleams of red that flashed from the ruthless orbs beneath it, he was able to assume an aspect of excellent indifference. The finished duplicity may not have deceived his old friend or it may have done so. At least the old lioness grew more couchant in her aspect. But the mouth was as resolute in its sarcasm as ever.

"Well, Caroline," said Andover amiably, "let us settle the thing one way or the other. It is becoming tedious."

Perhaps Caroline thought so, too. Or perhaps she thought she had made a reasonably good bargain, all things considered, and that she was not likely to do better. For there came a further accession of scorn to the grim old countenance, and for a moment the headdress ceased its immodest gyrations.

"Take the girl and be damned!" said Caroline Crewkerne.

Andover bowed with ironical politeness. He had got his way, not of course that there was anything surprising in that. He had had it so often. Still there was a certain satisfaction in it, for it always seems a part of the essential fitness of things that one should get one's way, no matter how much one is accustomed to getting it. He was also a little inclined to plume himself, as was too often the case with him, on his diplomacy. It was really an achievement to screw a cool three thousand a year out of the most avaricious old woman in England. Yet it may have been that he had only inserted that clause into the negotiations to give them a further spice. It had enabled him to pose as the prophet of justice, liberality and other delectable things. He had never cared greatly about money, but that was no reason why he should not bait those

who did care greatly about it when he was in need of a little private relaxation.

Andover went to bed and slept the sleep of the just. By the exercise of his talents he had got a charming countess on liberal terms. How the young fellows would envy him! His affectation of youth would now lose its point. Upon the day he married his young goddess he would resume his natural age, which was sixty-five. In his mind's eye he could see himself walking down the aisle on the happy occasion with all the gravity of a pillar of the government, of one eminent in council, looking if anything rather more than his years in order to score off the rising generation.

"He is so old, my dear!" he could hear the buzz of tongues. Yes, so old; what had happened to Youth and its vaunted pretensions?

Caroline Crewkerne went to bed, and she slept the sleep of the just also. All the same, there is really no reason why she should have done so. For there was precious little justice in that old woman. She was well satisfied that she had won at cards, but in the matter of her niece she had a very decided feeling that that man Andover had overreached her. The clause of the three thousand pounds per annum took a good deal of the gilt off the gingerbread. Without that clause there would have been a certain amount of gilt upon it.

Andover for all his coxcombry was a pretty considerable *parti*, at whom the arrows of the worldly had been aimed for two generations. But in Caroline's own phrase "Andover was no fool." In spite of his vanity and his fribbling he knew his way about the world. He was a cool hand. He marked his quarry and pursued it at his leisure, in his own impersonal and peculiar way, and never once had he been caught napping. Great would be the applause and the merriment when it became bruited about that this astute bird had actually been limed by the old fowler of Hill Street. And after all nobody need know about that three thousand pounds per annum.

Therefore, both parties to this transaction slept the sleep of the just and next morning had breakfast in their rooms. At half-past five A. M. the unconscious object of their negotiations was haled out of bed by her sister Muffin. And as the descent to the floor did not arouse her, she was beaten about the head with a pillow until that object had been attained. They spent incomparable hours among the dew on the slopes of Gwydr and his brethren. Jim Lascelles was with them. He piloted them among the rocks, and was of course prepared to save their lives if necessary.

These were indeed golden and enchanted hours. For all her slow-

ness of speech and action the Goose Girl had a certain animation and inward fire when in her true Slocum Magna form. Little of it had been seen in Hill Street, for amid that rather dismal splendor she was a bird in a cage. But now with the freedom of the mountains conferred upon her, with Jim upon one hand and Muffin upon the other, existence was a carol. The old glories of the Red House at Widdiford were revived.

This sort of thing continued during a number of glorious and golden days. Andover secure in his prize was in no hurry to impale his butterfly. She was a charming picture and he would claim her at his leisure. In the meantime let her garner up a store of health and vigor upon the mountains in the society of her peers. For, truth to tell, the bridegroom-elect was apt to get fatigued rather easily, and it was really more satisfying to share a red umbrella with an intellectual equal and to discuss the French writers beside the lake.

Therefore with that admirable wisdom which distinguished him above other men, Andover was content that each of them should continue in their paradise as long as it could possibly endure. Things were going very well as they were. Why disturb them? The prize was secure. Caroline Crewkerne had given her sanction and had written to her lawyer upon the subject. There was really no more to be said. Why imperil the perfect harmony of the passing hour? All in good season; when there were no mountains, no lakes, no cloudless August skies, no red umbrellas, no green frocks, no singularly companionable, cultivated and agreeable students of the best French literature, would be the time to speak of love.

Yes, Andover was a cool hand. Indeed, so much so that Caroline Crewkerne was a little inclined to doubt his bona fides.

"I have not seen the creature in tears yet," said she three days after that memorable night in which the compact was made.

"Do not let us commit the indiscretion, my dear Caroline," said the happy wooer in his most musical manner, "of acting prematurely. I have always been a believer in *laissez faire*. If things are going obviously right, why disturb them? The creature rejoices like a lark in her youth, her companions and her mountains. I am too old for mountains myself. But do not let us curtail her happiness by a single hour. And upon my word, she seems to grow more glorious every time I look at her."

"Humph!" said Caroline Crewkerne.

She was too wise to say anything else.

"Let us do nothing, my dear Caroline," said the happy wooer, "to impede the spontaneous acquisition of health, vigor, gaiety and flowerlike simplicity. Upon my word, the bracing climate of the Welsh mountains has given her a fire and a gladness and natural spontaneity which I do

not think even Borrow himself could wholly account for. It does one good to sit apart and see it grow."

"Andover," said Caroline Crewkerne, "if I had not the best of reasons to know the contrary I should think you were a fool."

"I am very happy to be one just now," said he, "in the cause of youth."

"You were always a coxcomb," said his unsparing critic, "and I quite expect that one of these days you will have to pay a price for it. In my opinion it is quite time the creature began to shed a few tears."

"No, no, Caroline. Let us have the common humanity to give her the undiluted joy of her mountains as long as we can."

Caroline shook her worldly wise old head. She grew very thoughtful indeed. There was the question of the red umbrella. But she did not alarm herself. Andover had played that game so often.

The days passed merrily. It was a perfect time, with hardly more than the suspicion of a cloud about the noble head of Gwydr. And as the waters of Lake Dwygyfy preserved their seductive and delicious coolness it is not to be wondered at that the picture of the naiad made great progress.

There was no doubt about the wonderful increase of power that had come to Jim Lascelles. Having given his days to the painting of the Goose Girl and his nights to thoughts of her, this expenditure of spirit was now manifesting itself in his brush. The naiad bade fair to be a brilliantly poetic composition, whose color had that harmonious daring that had given Monsieur Gillet an European fame. The frank treatment of the naiad's blue eyes and yellow hair, which had made the portrait of her sister so wonderful, were here adjusted to the majestic scheme of Dwygyfy's blue waters, and Gwydr's brown slopes crowned with a golden haze, with here and there a black patch of the woods about Pen-y-Gros. Andover, who among his other recommendations was a trustee of the National Gallery, ministered to the pride of the painter's mother by his outspoken praise of what he considered to be a signal work of art.

The August sunshine, however, cannot last forever. And at last, as Muffin's second triumphant fortnight was nearing its close, the clouds gathered about Gwydr and his brethren, and the woods of Pen-y-Gros were drenched with a sopping mist. This presently turned to a down-pour of rain, which lasted a day and a night, and in that period something happened.

(To be continued)

NEW LIGHT ON CARLYLE¹

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

TIME has dealt ironically with the man who requested that no biography of him should be written. From earliest youth to extreme old age he resented the intrusion of curious eyes within his own four walls. Writing to Miss Welsh, October 12, 1823, discoursing eloquently on the thought that after death our friends will remember us with love alone, and all our faults be forgotten, he exclaims, "The idea that all my deformities shall be hid beneath the grass that covers me, and I shall live like a stainless being in the hearts of those that loved me, often of itself almost reconciles me to the inexorable law of fate." What a motto this sentence would have been for Froude to have placed on the title-page of his biography! And we know that Froude had read these very words in Carlyle's own manuscript. The "stainless being" has had his "deformities" subjected to a ruthless searchlight. The idlest vagaries of his dreams and the most hasty imprecations of transient irritation have received the permanent mold of cold type. His best friend and most ardent disciple, in an eager and honest effort to tell the whole truth about him, laboriously constructed a colossal myth. Let us hope that Browning was right when he said that in the next world we shall enjoy some better means of communication than words. For language, even when used with the excellent combination of sincerity and literary skill, often produces an effect the exact opposite of its maker's intention. But as clouds and fogs obscure a mountain only for a time, and are powerless to lessen its real proportions, so misrepresentation can never destroy a great man. Truth lives in an atmosphere of falsehood as mountains live serenely amid clouds. And the final truth is that Carlyle's character was as noble as his genius was lofty.

Just as the love-letters of the Brownings form one of the greatest of the world's love stories, and raise one's opinion of the possible nobleness of human nature, so the letters between Carlyle and Jane Welsh would be intensely interesting had neither writer attained other fame. It is like a novel or a great drama: the man loved the woman from the first moment, and after a siege of five years, captured her. At the last it was an unconditional surrender; but a spectator who did not know

¹*The Love Letters of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh.* Edited by Alexander Carlyle. With Numerous Illustrations. Two Volumes. New York: The John Lane Company.

The Making of Carlyle. By R. S. Craig. New York: The John Lane Company.

the end, would never believe in a victorious outcome. Few better opportunities have ever been given the world to study the intricate workings of a woman's heart. The man in this particular element is the constant, the known quantity: there was not a day in these five years, even when union seemed farther away than a star, that he did not love her; and with the boldness, not of professional art, but of naked sincerity, he told her so again and again. But the woman—she passed through every conceivable phase in her mental and emotional attitude toward her correspondent. To his intense mortification, she addressed him first as Mr. *Carlsisle*; and when remonstrated with, did it a second time. Indifference can go no farther than that. Then she gradually became aware of his extraordinary mental power, and responded to it with unwilling admiration. Naturally enough, she found his letters intellectually stimulating, as who would not? And being at this time eaten up with ambition herself, she felt that he could aid her immensely toward realizing her vain dreams of literary fame. So while opening her mind to his influence, she kept the door of her heart firmly closed. Soon she began to see that, mentally, he was enormously her superior: she saw this with a mortification that changed into a tremendous respect; for it is the simple truth to say that even in the days of his greatest fame no one believed in Carlyle's genius more implicitly than did Jane Welsh in the dark hours of his utter obscurity. Whatever she was, she was no fool: she saw clearly that the obscure peasant's son who made love to her was one of the elect of all the earth. Then she discovered, that while she wanted fame only, he wanted to be worthy of it; and it dawned upon her that the distance that separated them morally was greater than the distance between their minds. So the base of her fancied social superiority, from which she had somewhat contemptuously regarded her clumsy admirer, began to shift: from looking down, she found herself looking up: and for the rest of her life, whenever she looked at Carlyle, she looked in no other direction than that. In a woman, the desire to be good is strong, and survives even in the presence of evil; Jane Welsh's spirit of pride and mockery was quelled by the simple moral grandeur of her lover. She told him that she loved him, but was not *in love with him*; she knew the difference well enough, for she had been passionately in love with Irving, and had suffered keenly. She had reached the stage where she would not marry Carlyle, but promised to marry nobody else; and Carlyle pretended to be content with that. Then came a crisis; she was forced to face the possibility of losing him forever; and the awful blank revealed to her the actual state of her heart, and she found she was really in love. Carlyle had won her without once yielding to her caprices, without one

single touch of servility, and without the least blindness to her defects: an amusing part of the correspondence is his complete frankness about her many faults. They both agreed on marriage finally because they felt that while they probably would not be entirely happy together, they would assuredly be miserable separate. Never was a marriage entered upon with more misgivings on both sides—and yet there is not the slightest doubt that the love of both was passionate and sincere. He had loved her steadily: she had swung around the complete circle of emotion, and had finally been drawn indissolubly to him by his rock-like constancy. It is Donne's great figure of the compasses, only in this instance the man is the fixed foot.

“If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two;
Thy soul, the fix'd foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if th' other do.

And though it in the centre sit,
Yet, when the other far doth roam,
It leans, and hearkens after it,
And grows erect, as that comes home.”

In truth his firmness “made her circle just.”

The world's thanks are due to the editor of these two volumes for his courage and wisdom in printing all the letters, for his pains taken to insure complete accuracy, for the excellent notes, which are always clear and helpful, for the adequate illustrations, and for the extremely valuable appendices. These contain the original poems that passed between the two, and incidentally give for the first time the credit of the authorship of the best one to Carlyle: it is the one example that has always been cited to prove that Mrs. Carlyle had some genuine literary talent, and thus disappears the last spark of her purely literary fame. The editor's conclusions on some of the matter in these appendices—notably in the relations between Miss Welsh and Irving—may not seem convincing to the reader; but the facts are fairly printed, so that everyone is free to judge for himself. Froude receives a few hard knocks in the *Introduction* and *Notes*, but we are glad to see that these volumes are not intended as a controversial document; interesting as this melancholy fight may be to the members of the two families, the world has almost ceased to take any interest in it, and will soon forget it entirely; for even the proverbial door-nail is not so dead as an extinct literary controversy. The value of this correspondence lies in its wonderful revelation of the hearts of a great man and an interesting woman; and in the light that it throws on the early growth and development of Thomas

Carlyle. No one can fully understand his position in the history of literature without reading these volumes.

It is an extraordinary fact that Mr. Craig's book should have appeared synchronously with the *Love-Letters*, for his conclusions are apparently based on a knowledge of their contents. His work is properly called, *The Making of Carlyle*; but it might equally well be entitled, *A Commentary on the Love-Letters*. All things considered, it is perhaps the fairest and most accurate account of the early years of Carlyle's life that has ever been published, which is certainly saying a good deal. Mr. Craig is no advocate for anybody or anything; he is tremendously interested in Carlyle, and a devout believer in his genius, or he would not take the trouble to write so big a book about him; but the controversies that have risen over his grave cause sorrow rather than anger. His references to the *Love-Letters* are especially interesting, now that we can verify his conclusions by the actual published originals. He says (p. 258): "With her he kept up an incessant correspondence which has never yet been published, if indeed in its entirety it exists." Again, (p. 328): "Probably all the letters will be published some day, not improbably by Carlyle's representatives under pressure of circumstance." This is not a bad guess.

Mr. Craig traces Carlyle's life, both in its external facts and in its mental development, from his birth in 1795, to the year of the publication of the *French Revolution*, which made him a famous man, and marked the end of his terrible struggle for recognition. The bitter years of obscurity are perhaps the most interesting to study, for they contain the whole of the fight. It was during these years also that his greatest book was written, for Mr. Craig rightly judges that *Sartor Resartus* is Carlyle's masterpiece, as well as his spiritual autobiography. "*Sartor* had proved that in Carlyle lay the most original thinking force in literary Britain." This sentence will probably find more favorable judgment than the following (p. 468), "*Sartor*, however, is a book of the Ages, ranking alongside *Job* or *Faust*, a book the world does not receive the like of every century or every millennium."

Several important facts that have been hitherto unnoticed or unstressed are made clear in this volume. "Carlyle never suffered extreme poverty, and never in all his life did he live in *very* disagreeable situations. . . . Few men have defied and toiled and struggled and risen so comfortably, sunnily, well-housed and circumstanced as Thomas Carlyle." This statement will surprise many, but it is abundantly proved. Carlyle's *ill health* was actual, not imaginary; but the worst trait in his nature was his daily substitution of the mountain for the mole-hill. Many au-

thors have suffered far greater hardships than he, without making one-tenth of the pother; and marriage, which cures many a man of this vice of complaint, only added to Carlyle's; for his wife's gift in this direction was even greater than his own. Mr. Craig also points out the fact that the modest style of living of the young couple was not forced upon them by Carlyle's pride, but by necessity; Jane Welsh had no money, and was no heiress; she was even poorer than he. This fact, the ignorance of which has caused all kinds of abuse to be heaped on Carlyle's head, is made redundantly clear in this biography. Again, their going to Craigenputtock, so pathetically described by Froude, was in reality the wisest and best thing to do, and no blame can be given to the husband. It is shown furthermore that Jane Welsh's original love affair with Irving had a powerful influence upon the steps leading up to the marriage with Carlyle; indeed, Mr. Craig proves that at the last Miss Welsh sought the marriage rather than accepted it. It is absolutely clear that Carlyle could have endured separation far better than she. Again, owing to Froude's unfortunate although unintentional misrepresentations, the world has believed that Carlyle destroyed both his wife's health and his wife's religious belief, after their marriage; a terrible accusation, which is wholly, absurdly false. It is proved to be false in this volume, and the *Love-Letters* completely establish Mr. Craig's position. Miss Welsh suffered from ill-health and racking headaches years before she married Carlyle, and during the whole period of their courtship; her health surely was not broken down by housekeeping. Nor did she at any time during the five years of their acquaintance before marriage have any Christian belief. Carlyle, though he had made his peace with orthodoxy, was much nearer Christianity than she; and his religious influence on her was never destructive. Another important point made is that the real origin of Carlyle's peculiar style is seen in his letters. It has been often assumed that Carlyle originally wrote in the conventional way, as his publications before *Sartor* show: and that later he deliberately adopted the style known as Carlylese. This was true in the case of Walt Whitman, whose curious style was a deliberate after-thought; but Mr. Craig shows that the Carlylese is in his early letters, and that the conventional style was a mask, which he threw off in *Sartor*, and never wore again. All of the above points, and some others, make this volume an important contribution to Carlyle literature—both biographical and critical.

There are a few slips which should be corrected in another edition. The mythology needs revision in one instance (p. 122), "represents the birth of Artemis Carlyle—Carlyle newly sprung from the forehead of Time." The chronology requires readjustment on pages 47 and 55, where

according to our text, he sets out for Annan in 1809 (his fourteenth year), remains there three years and then leaves for Edinburgh "in his fourteenth year." On page 56 the departure for Edinburgh is rightly given as 1809. On page 58 Carlyle's words are quoted, saying that on the third day of the journey from Ecclefechan he had walked "some twenty miles." But on the next page we read, "The young fellows took three days to the journey, walking thirty miles a day." It is not quite true to say (p. 76) "Fame was denied him till he was nearly fifty—in reality an old man." He attained fame before he was forty-five, and an "old man" is hardly synonymous even with "nearly fifty." The statement about his style (p. 77) "its style, like all he wrote before *Sartor Resartus*, is clear, severely grammatical and orderly," flatly contradicts what is elsewhere proved in this same book, namely, that the style of *Sartor* grew out of the early letters. It is perfectly natural that credit should be given Mrs. Carlyle for the Swallow verses (p. 458), but the editor of the *Love-Letters* shows they were written by her husband. It was not in *Representative Men* (p. 469), but in *English Traits*, that Emerson described his meeting with Carlyle.

It is a pity that so valuable and interesting a work as this should be marred by so bad a style. Some phrases jar badly, as "By nights he orated to Mrs. Carlyle," and "she (Miss Jewsbury) was a great admirer of Carlyle and a disciple of sorts of his teaching." And there are many sentences that are abominably put together. For example: "For one of the first results and the consequence of that marriage which was to prove epoch-marking was the birth on December 4, 1795, of the first child born to James Carlyle and Margaret Aitken, a boy who was named Thomas in accordance with Scots family tradition after his paternal grandfather." Again: "Carlyle's parents were the necessary precursors of himself, as indeed good parentage is perhaps the essential pre-requisite for every great and good man, without which such is almost inconceivable." In fact, considering the real cerebration shown in this book, it is one of the most badly written valuable works that ever came to a reviewer's table.

But if it is badly written, it is beautifully printed. It is a pleasure to read such large and clear type, to see such beautiful paper, and to hold in the hand a volume of over 500 pages which is so light. Here is where Great Britain is immeasurably superior to America. There is simply no comparison at all between the average printing, presswork and paper of a book issuing from John Lane or any other first-class English firm, and the normal style and depressing weight of books published in America.

William Lyon Phelps.

JAMES HUNEKER: INDIVIDUALIST¹

BY EDWARD CLARK MARSH

WITH a frankness that is altogether praiseworthy, James Huneker has affixed to his books labels which have the rare virtue of telling something about what they contain. The import of such titles as *Melomaniacs*; *Visionaries*; *Iconoclasts*; and now *Egoists*, is not cryptic. However much they may include, they will commonly be taken as barring out those manifestations of human life and thought which are reputed safe and sane. To the average man they will suggest something of morbidity; and if the average man will look further than the titles, he shall not be cheated of his expectation. It would not be easy to sum up under a single rubric all the men and subjects with which Mr. Huneker's books have dealt; their range is too wide for that. Yet they own to something in common, which marks them as having to do with a special set of phenomena. The men whose names are most frequently on the author's lips are those whom the world reckons madmen, either "sick souls," creatures of unhealthy sensibility, or the radicals, the free, independent thinkers who defy old formulas, break cherished idols and found new religions. Here, then, is one critic's specialty—since criticism must be a specialized business.

This preoccupation with themes which are taboo to the conservative is perhaps the first characteristic of the author to strike the reader of his books. But the second forthstanding characteristic involves something like a paradox. Criticism is, to be sure, for most part a business of specialization; yet the range of some of the great critics has been extraordinarily wide. One recalls at once Hazlitt's generous sympathies, Coleridge's wide reading, the learning and catholic understanding of Taine. The Frenchman, indeed, created a new standard for critics, and paved the way for such observers as the Danish Brandes, whose survey takes in the whole field of European literature. Within the restrictions of his special predilections, Mr. Huneker has followed this model. His *Iconoclasts* includes, for instance, studies of the Norwegian Ibsen, the Swedish Strindberg, the German Hauptmann, the French Hervieu, the Russian Gorky, the Italian D'Annunzio, the Belgian Maeterlinck and the Irish Shaw. But in these days of facile cosmopolitanism this sweeping of the horizon is not rare. Much more uncommon is the vertical range of Mr. Huneker's observations. He is not a critic of one art, like Arnold,

¹*Egoists; A Book of Supermen.* By James Huneker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

nor of two or three, like Symonds and Pater, but of all the arts. George Moore has written much and well concerning music and painting, as well as literature; but among English writers I can recall no one who has passed so freely from one plane to another as Mr. Huneker, with the single exception of the brilliant Arthur Symons, with his *Studies in Seven Arts*. Indeed, the American has fairly outdone the Englishman, for he has invented new arts to criticise. Among the most astonishing of his virtuoso-pieces are two of his short stories, *The Eighth Deadly Sin* and *The Spiral Road*—the one an exposition of the art of perfume, the other of the art of pyrotechny. On these fantastic achievements of the future he has, with grave irony, trained his battery of technical criticism. In another of his stories, *A Master of Cobwebs*, he has written of his hero: "He was a critic who wrote brilliantly of music in the terms of painting, of plastic arts in the technical phraseology of music, and by him the drama was discussed purely as literature." A franker bit of satirical autobiography could not be desired.

In the development of this versatility chance has doubtless played its part; something must also be conceded to heredity. Of Austro-Hungarian descent on his father's side, his mother was a daughter of James Gibbons, an Irish agitator and poet. Mr. Huneker was educated for the Church; hence his leaning toward mysticism, and the patristic and scholastic lore with which his pages are saturated. Yet his direct approach to literature was through journalism. As a boy he wrote letters on painting and artists from Paris to American periodicals. His technical training in music was solid and thorough. He is said to be an admirable pianist. In his connection with the New York press (latterly with the *Sun* newspaper), he has been successively critic of music, the drama, and painting. His published works comprise four volumes of essays: *Mezzotints in Modern Music* (*Brahms, Tschaiowsky, Chopin, Richard Strauss, Liszt and Wagner*); *Overtones: a Book of Temperaments* (*Richard Strauss, Parsifal, Literary Men who loved Music, The Eternal Feminine, The Beethoven of French Prose, Nietzsche the Rhapsodist, Anarchs of Art, After Wagner What? Verdi and Boito*); *Iconoclasts: a Book of Dramatists* (*Ibsen, Strindberg, Becque, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Hervieu, Gorky, Duse and D'Annunzio, Maeterlinck, De l'Isle Adam, Shaw*); *Egoists: a Book of Supermen* (*Beyle-Stendhal, The Baudelaire Legend, The Real Flaubert, Anatole France, J.-K. Huysmans, Maurice Barrès, Phases of Nietzsche, Mystics, Ibsen, Max Stirner*); a book devoted to *Chopin: the Man and his Music*; and two volumes of short stories, *Melomaniacs* and *Visionaries*.

There remains a third characteristic which will have struck every one who has followed Mr. Huneker's course in letters: his independence of

other critical support. For the full measure of his pioneering zeal it would be necessary to turn to the files of the newspapers in which is buried the bulk of his writing. He is given to quoting Stendhal's shrewd saying concerning romanticism, with its application to so much besides: "Romanticism is the art of presenting to people literary works which in the actual state of their habitudes and beliefs are capable of giving the greatest possible pleasure; classicism, on the contrary, is the art of presenting literature which gave the greatest possible pleasure to their great-grandfathers." Mr. Huneker has not waited for his romantics to become classics before admiring them. Fifteen years ago his columns bristled with appreciation of a young Irish playwright, then practically unknown, one Bernard Shaw. He led the fight in America for Richard Strauss while the issue was doubtful, and when the victory had been won left the laurels to others. He was the first American critic to give serious consideration to the works of Strindberg and Hervieu. At the present moment in New York the name of Claude Debussy is the rallying point of the musical radicals, and much critical pother has been raised by those who have just discovered the Music of the Future; it is some years since Mr. Huneker wrote one of the best appreciations of the Frenchman that has appeared in English. Even in his latest book, which with its attention to Flaubert and Stendhal and Baudelaire, appears almost reactionary for this arch-modernist, he brings forward the French mystics Ernest Hello and Adolphe Retté, whose names have scarcely hitherto been heard on this side of the water. Path-breaking is, to be sure, a dangerous if necessary business; the man who points the way seldom enters into the Promised Land. In spite of mistakes, Mr. Huneker has lived to see many of his earlier enthusiasms justified by general agreement: to see Strauss accepted as a master, Shaw a popular playwright, Ibsen a great dramatist. If these triumphs seem obvious enough at present, they were by no means so obvious fifteen and twenty years ago.

Shall it be claimed, then, that this pioneer of radical thought has been a moulder of public opinion, a critic whose utterances have served to fix the status of the men of whom he has written, a formulator of judgments for his readers? Doubtless he has had his influence; but it would require some hardihood to maintain that he has affected profoundly the beliefs of any large section of the public. Indeed, if one may judge his theory from his practice, it may be doubted whether this has been any part of his aim. The ideal of "objective" criticism occupies little space in his mental furnishings. His judgments of men and things are frankly his own; there is no pretence of projecting them into space, and establishing for them any sort of external validity. He is not judicial. He is not

dispassionate. Somewhere he has quoted approvingly Swinburne's dictum to the effect that there is no reason for writing criticism except to praise nobly. So he selects for his subjects the men with whom, on one account or another, he is strongly in sympathy. Worse still in the eyes of the official measurers of the arts, he is wont to dwell on certain phases of a man's work, to the exclusion or neglect of other sides with which his sympathy is not keen. Thus he has written much of Nietzsche; but for him the poet in Nietzsche has swallowed the philosopher. His is not the "complete" or "final" estimate of the German writer (neither, it may be remarked, is any one else's estimate). Criticism is, to use one of his own favorite metaphors, the springboard whence he projects his own views of the world. He does not adopt the time-honored formulas, and his work is often lacking in form. Also his conclusions frequently fail of definiteness. His opinions do not come in parcels neatly tied and labelled. At his best he is scarcely a court of last appeal, but only a stimulating, provocative influence; at his worst he is perverse and even incoherent, but not dull. His style is capable of becoming irritating, yet it is strong and sinewy—the reflection of a vigorous and acute intellect, original withal. If the entire critical race be divided into two classes—those who assume to do their readers' thinking for them, and those who write for the purpose of provoking thought—there will be no doubt as to the division to which Mr. Huneker belongs.

Measured by this standard, his writings have a value that is admirably illustrated by his latest book. It is in the literary field that he is most easily "placed," and *Egoists* is, with the exception of *Iconoclasts* (which dealt with writers for the stage), the first of his volumes to be devoted to literature. Because of its point of view, deliberately chosen and consistently maintained, it is organic beyond most books of essays. *A Book of Supermen*: the sub-title may be allowed, though it brings under a single category such dissimilar spirits as Walter Pater and Max Stirner. The men who form the subjects of these pages are alike in that they are strongly individual thinkers and artists. Most of them are preachers as well as practisers of individualism. In an era of socialist ideas Mr. Huneker is whole-hearted in his contempt for what he deems the sentimentalisms and sophistries of socialism. He is as stoutly individualist as he has ever been. But he is less flamboyantly defiant of the ways of the world than of yore, and he has abated the aggressive cynicism of youth. Moreover, the range of his sympathies has widened rather than contracted. Consequently he sees more sides of his subject than before. Champion of immoralists though he has been, he ranges himself more than once on the side of order and decorum.

He attacks the legend of Baudelaire's Satanic wickedness, and proclaims Ibsen the austere moralist that he was. It would be hard to find a trace of iconoclasm in his admiration for Flaubert and his defence of the French author against the slanders of Maxime du Camp. This essay is, indeed, one of the most vigorous and substantial of Mr. Huneker's writings—a genuine and unaffected appreciation of a great artist. His affinity with Anatole France gives peculiar interest to his estimate of that whimsical, ironic genius. It is an admirably intimate study. His enthusiasm for the mystic Huysmans and the egoist Barrès is evidently sincere; it will not inspire an equal enthusiasm in every reader. The Ibsen is a footnote to the more elaborate study in *Iconoclasts*. The article on Max Stirner was written on the occasion of the translation into English of Stirner's book, *The Ego and His Own*. Mr. Huneker has a high opinion of the importance of this work, but the essay is not one of his successful efforts. It is sprinkled with names and citations which evidence wide reading and arouse a suspicion of consequent mental indigestion. There is a similar show of learning in the essay on Stendhal, which stands at the beginning of the volume, but there is also much more in this study. As an evaluation of Stendhal's work and his position in literary history, it is less weighty than the chapters Brandes has devoted to the same subject; but Mr. Huneker's is incomparably the more lively and interesting presentation of a somewhat baffling personality.

And here is perhaps at last the key to Mr. Huneker's most significant achievement. He is not to be understood as a critic without reference to his work as a fictionist. Literature, the arts, exist for him only in close relation with life. Whatever his medium, his attitude remains much the same. Character interests him more than events. He regards his heroes primarily as men, not as mere automatic producers of books and plays and pictures, and he probes into their psychology with the curiosity of the novelist. For the recording of his discoveries, it is relatively unimportant what medium he shall use. In this novel-writing age, it is natural that he should have essayed fiction; it is equally natural that his stories should be what they are. For a parallel to his work in this sort one must go to France. It is the fiction of ideas—for the mere story in the restricted sense, the bare narration of events, his contempt is profound. The drama in which he displays his characters is seldom externalized; it plays itself out in their souls. But the characters themselves, no matter how little they may accomplish, are real. By the same token, they are far removed from the mediocre puppets of realistic fiction. They are exceptional souls, created for the sake of what they can express. They are the spokesmen of the author's ideas—for fiction is in his hands

a tool, not an end in itself. The stories in *Melomaniacs* are concerned with the aberrations of musical genius. Clever in conception, filled with fantastic wit and mordant irony, they display an astonishing insight into certain so-called morbid states of soul. Of the amazing tales in *Visionaries* a typical because extreme example is *The Third Kingdom*—a half-crazed monk's dream of the great world-drama, the invention of the Christian religion. It is a conception of genuine imaginative reach, and the form is hardly more than an accident. It is rather a metaphysical rhapsody than a story.

Let it be granted, then, that James Huneker is too much the critic to be a wholly successful writer of fiction. It is equally true that he is too much the fictionist to treat literature as something separate from life. To the work of criticism he brings a well-stored mind, the result of wide reading and a tenacious memory. Lacking the scholar's temper, he has erudition, though he does not always carry his learning lightly. In spite of pronounced predilections, the range of his sympathies is wide, and he is capable of healthy enthusiasms. His versatility is unquestioned, and awakens resentment in those who would confine every man to the path he may first mark out. (There is discernible a personal note in what he writes of Baudelaire: "His mistake, in the eyes of his colleagues, was to write so well about the seven arts. Versatility is seldom given its real name—which is protracted labor.") Above all, his mind is vigorous and supple, and he has the gift of telling expression. He is a *décadent* in the sense in which, as he insists, the word should alone be used: he decomposes his phrases, breaks up the old formulas, and makes new syntheses of ideas. As a critic, whether of music, the plastic arts, of poetry or fiction or philosophy, he is of those who never attain finality; but he is always stimulating, provocative of thought, and by virtue of this quality, not invariably possessed by critics, he is entitled to a distinctive place in American letters.

Edward Clark Marsh.

THE BRITISH COLONIAL SYSTEM¹

BY ANNIE G. PORRITT

If present-day politicians were willing to learn lessons from history, no publication could be more timely for the Tariff Reformers and Imperialists of England than Mr. George Beer's two volumes on British

¹*The Origins of the British Colonial System. 1578-1660. British Colonial Policy. 1754-65.* By George Louis Beer. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Colonial Policy. It will be remembered that when Mr. Joseph Chamberlain started the movement for a return to protective duties and colonial preferences in England he had just returned from a visit to South Africa, which was then suffering from the financial and commercial depression consequent upon the termination of the Boer War. At that time Mr. Chamberlain, who was then Secretary for the Colonies in Mr. Balfour's Cabinet, had recently discovered the Empire of Great Britain. Before he became Colonial Secretary, Mr. Chamberlain had been interested chiefly in domestic affairs. He had gained his political reputation and popularity in the municipal affairs of Birmingham, which he had converted from an overgrown village to a great, prosperous and enlightened city. In national politics his name was best known in England from its association with various democratic measures—the Reform Acts of 1884 and 1885, which gave the vote to the working classes throughout the length and breadth of the United Kingdom; the Acts for the reform of county and parish government, and the Act granting compensation to all working people injured in the course of their employment. Before he went into politics Mr. Chamberlain had been a successful business man, and there is no trace in any of his speeches of his ever having been deeply interested in the study either of history or of political science or economics. If he had studied history, and if he could have read Mr. Beer's two volumes on British Colonial Policy before he delivered the fateful speech of May 15, 1903, he would have learned that Great Britain had had colonial possessions before he became Secretary for the Colonies, and he would further have learned that the scheme he propounded for binding the Empire into one self-sufficing whole—making Britain's "splendid isolation" a fact and a permanent condition—was neither new nor original with him. He would have realized that it was nothing other than a resuscitation of the Stuart colonial policy—an endeavor to hark back to the principles and policies of the hundred and fifty years which preceded the Boston tea-party and the loss of the American colonies.

It is true that the criticism which has been directed at Mr. Chamberlain's policy since 1903 has torn much of it to shreds. No statesman could address now to any colony the appeal which Mr. Chamberlain made to Canada on October 6, 1903, in a speech at Glasgow, an appeal which appeared in the newspapers of Scotland and England the following morning, but which it was found expedient to delete later, when the speech was reprinted. "There are many things," Mr. Chamberlain then said, addressing himself to the colonies, "which you do not now make. Leave them to us, as you have left them hitherto."

Similar admonitions—perhaps more forcibly reinforced—were addressed to the American colonies in the early days of their existence. They were resented then, as Canada in 1903 resented the mere suggestion that she should cease her industrial development at the behest of any English statesman. Fortunately nowadays the colonies can quickly make their resentment known, and no British Parliament has now the power to overrule the will of the colonies as regards their domestic affairs. Since Mr. Chamberlain made his Glasgow speech both Canada and Australia have made it unmistakably clear that they are in no mood to make any sacrifices for the sake of the manufacturers of Great Britain, and that so far as they are concerned there can be no return to the old colonial policy which Mr. Beer expounds and describes in his two volumes.

Mr. Beer dates the beginning of England's colonial policy from 1578, although three decades had still to pass before any permanent settlement was made on the mainland of North America. England did not undertake the cost of colonizing America and of defending her new outlying possessions without the expectation of definite advantages in return. "From the standpoint of the state," writes Mr. Beer in discussing the motives for early colonization—the colonization of Virginia and the West Indies, as distinguished from that of New England—"from the standpoint of the state, as opposed to that of the emigrating individual, the colonizing movement was essentially an economic one. In sanctioning the settlement of America, the English Government assumed concrete and definite responsibilities and expected that in return certain compensating advantages would accrue to the parent community." These economic advantages were twofold. In the first place, the colony was to be a source of supply for the mother country. This was the primary object of the colonizing activity of England in the seventeenth century in the East and West Indies and in Virginia. England's foreign trade was hampered and interfered with by the French, the Dutch, and the Spanish, and for all those commodities which she could not herself produce she desired a source of supply under her own control. The second use that England had for a colony was as a market for her own productions. This conception was a corollary to the other, especially in the days when imports were literally paid for with exports, and when the exportation of gold and silver was viewed with the greatest alarm and distrust.

The consequence of this conception of colonies was naturally an effort to confine the activities of the colonists to the production of such commodities as were needed by England, and to restrain them from

expending their energies in manufacturing to supply their own needs. In the more tropical colonies, and in Newfoundland, this effort was on the whole successful, with the result that the West Indies and Newfoundland were much more highly valued by the English Government than were the colonies on the mainland of America. New England was ever the stumbling-block of the men who endeavored to carry out the old British Colonial Policy. In early days the colonization of New England was viewed with distrust as a mere draining away of population which was needed in England—a drain which was not compensated by the supply to England of any products dissimilar from her own. “Prior to the completion of industrial revolution,” writes Mr. Beer, “England had no surplus population. . . . During this long period (i. e., during the whole of the seventeenth century and the first half of the eighteenth) emigration from England to America, although it was of slight dimensions, was viewed with great alarm. The prolonged duel with France emphasized the comparative smallness of England’s population, even adding thereto that of Scotland and Ireland. Thus in 1670 a well-known economic and political writer, Roger Coke, said that ‘Ireland and our plantations do, in proportion to England, more exhaust it of men than the West Indies do Spain.’” Coke maintained that England’s existing military inferiority to France was due to this emigration. “Our plantations,” he said, “rob us of all the growing youth and industry of the nation, whereby it becomes weak and feeble and the strength as well as trade becomes decayed and diminished.” “Consequently,” continues Mr. Beer, “if England assumed the heavy responsibilities incidental to the establishment of a colonial empire, counterbalancing advantages had to be derived in some other way. This fact accounts to a great extent for the old colonial system, whose aim was to develop English industry and trade by creating a self-sufficient commercial empire in which the colonies were to supplement the economic activities of the mother country.”

The reciprocal sacrifices which the English government demanded of the colonists and of the English people were not unevenly balanced. Mr. Beer leans to the opinion that on the whole the colonists had the best of the bargain. Thus in tracing the history of tobacco in Virginia in the reigns of James I. and Charles I., Mr. Beer asserts that the interests of the consumer and of the farmer in England and Ireland were totally ignored. The Stuart kings were indeed wholly opposed to the interests of the consumer. They regarded tobacco as a noxious drug whose consumption should be checked as far as possible; but so long as it was grown in Virginia they were willing to obtain revenue from it. Even in the mat-

ter of revenue, however, the English Government made a large sacrifice in excluding foreign tobacco, which paid a heavy import duty, in favor of Virginia tobacco, which came into the country under much lighter rates. The colonies were also given the monopoly of the English market by a total prohibition "under a grievous penalty" of all tobacco growing in England and Ireland. The policy of forbidding the growing of tobacco in Great Britain for the sake of the revenue derived from imported tobacco, it may be remarked, was not broken through until 1907, when an Act was passed permitting its culture in Ireland and in the last session of Parliament, the permission was extended to Scotland.

From the beginning of the colonial system until the American Revolution, both the colonies and the people of Great Britain acquiesced in the control of trade by the Government. It was not against the regulation of trade, but against the imposition of taxes for the raising of revenue that the American colonies protested in the years preceding the Revolution. Public opinion in the eighteenth century was entirely in favor of governmental regulation of foreign and colonial commerce. The English Government recognized its obligation to defend the colonies against foreign foes. The English navy all through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was used to protect the trade between England and the colonies from the depredations of the Barbary pirates. In the eighteenth century, without British aid the American colonies would have been helpless against the attacks of the French. The fact that the Mother Country afforded protection to the colonies gave an equitable basis to the colonial system, and justified it in the eyes of the colonists. "During the eighteenth century," writes Mr. Beer, "up to the controversies at the beginning of the revolutionary movement in 1764 and 1765, the colonies made no complaint against the trade laws as a whole. During these two generations there were many acute political controversies; but this system did not figure in them at all. The colonial attitude is well represented by Franklin, who in 1754, after enumerating solely those regulations that restricted colonial trade, said: 'These kind of secondary taxes, however, we do not complain of, though we have no share in the laying or disposing of them.' Similarly in 1764, James Otis, the leader of the revolutionary movement in its earlier phases, after calling attention to the fact that the colonies were 'confined in their imports and exports to the good of the metropolis,' wrote: 'Very well, we have submitted to this. The Act of Navigation is a good Act, so are all that exclude foreign manufactures from the plantations, and every honest man will readily subscribe to them.'"

The ninety-four years between 1660 and 1754 are not included in

either of Mr. Beer's volumes. The one on British Colonial Policy, which was published first, includes only the eleven years between 1754 and 1765. From this Mr. Beer has worked back to the beginning of the British colonial system; but as yet he has carried the history only to 1660. The years from 1754 to 1765 mark the most momentous economic change, as well as the beginning of the greatest political change, which the British Empire has undergone. In the middle of the eighteenth century there was a gradual transition in the popular estimate of colonies. Until 1750, colonies had been considered chiefly as sources of supply, and their value had been measured by the products which they could export to the Mother Country. From 1750 onward, the opinion of those Englishmen who furnished the colonists with manufactured goods began to outweigh that of the importers of colonial produce. "This view," writes Mr. Beer, "was also strengthened by the fact that the European outlet for English woolens, the most important of the Mother Country's manufacturing industries, was threatened by the endeavors of nearly every European state to supply itself with these products. On account of its climate North America furnished a much larger market for woolens than did the tropical West Indies, and in addition a market that was rapidly expanding. In that age of keen international commercial rivalry the value of such an outlet for England's chief industry was especially patent. The landed classes were in general greatly interested in the woolen industry, and hence were in alliance with the manufacturers as opposed to the trading and commercial interests. They were able to impress this view in the terms of the Treaty of Peace of 1763. This treaty marks a turning point in British colonial policy, in so far as thereafter greater stress was laid on colonies as markets for British produce than as sources of supply."

Not many of Mr. Beer's readers, either in this country or in England, will be inclined to acquiesce in all of his conclusions. Throughout both volumes, but especially in treating of the years from 1754 to 1765, Mr. Beer apparently holds a brief for the English Government. He condemns unsparingly the unwillingness of the colonists to contribute to the enormous military expenses which burdened Great Britain as a result of the French War. He even doubts that the American Revolution represented any forward movement in freedom or democracy. "It is easily conceivable," he writes, "and not at all improbable that the political evolution of the next centuries may take such a course that the American Revolution will lose the great significance that now attaches to it, and will appear merely as the temporary separation of two kindred peoples whose inherent similarity was obscured by superficial differences resulting from dissimilar economic and social conditions." In the light of this

dictum, English readers may well discount the support which Mr. Beer's arguments might be assumed to give to Mr. Chamberlain's attempt to revive a system of colonial preferences and limitations, and to doubt whether trade regulation could ever succeed in giving permanent cohesion to the Empire. It is of the year 1661 that Mr. Beer writes: "The aim was to create a self-sufficient economic empire, and in the main this result had been attained." If Mr. Beer is correct, and the colonial policy of the English Government was fully successful in 1761, was the success worth while, one may inquire, when twenty years later the Empire was disrupted and Great Britain shorn of her most vigorous, most enterprising and most valuable colonies?

Annie G. Porritt.

CHANT ROYAL

BY MARION CUMMINGS STANLEY

"Great Spring comes singing upward from the south."

Now wheels the year into the lengthening light,
Now from the south on weariless swift wing
The birds in migrant millions take their flight;
A thousand forests greenly fluttering
Upon the wind their leafy banners throw;
A thousand valleys brim with rosy snow
Of blossomed orchards, and the lambs astray
Upon a thousand velvet hillsides play;
Far runs the fresh green o'er the furrowed plain.
With lifted brows and glorious array
Great Spring comes singing from the south again.

A golden girdle round the world runs bright,
A million flowers set the jewelled ring,
From California's yellow fields bedight
With poppies, to the woods where, wakening
Pale from the latter snows, Mayflowers show;
And over seas in English fields I know
The primrose peeps, and April moves to May
Through hawthorn hedges white as driven spray,
And to the grassy meads beside the Seine
Where purple fleur-de-lis their flags display,
Great Spring comes singing from the south again.

In Italy the orange blossoms white
And myrtles pale as stars of morning fling
Their wind-blown perfumes for the bride's delight;
To ruined shafts the vine's new tendrils cling.
Now daffodils on plains of Enna grow,
And fair in Hebron's vale the lilies blow.
Afar the bulbul sings all night his lay
Where the rose gardens of Shiras are gay,
And beautiful are India's rivers when,
Lighting the lotus flower's silver ray,
Great Spring comes singing from the south again.
Old is her song. When young was Egypt's might,
And all the land bowed to the Memphian king,
Maidens and youths with joyous mystic rite
Yearly to Ra their offerings did bring;
They sang to see great Nilus overflow
When Spring went by three thousand years ago.
When all our cities are but mounded clay
And a strange race shall toil and weep and pray,
As we to-day so shall those weary men
See the young leaves, and shout for joy and say,
"Great Spring comes singing from the south again!"
There are who ever sing how from our sight
Stark Winter covers every shining Spring
And how the years with iron fingers smite
To dust and ashes every lovely thing,
And Death is lord of Life,—but deep, I trow,
The tides of Life are full, Life's glories glow
Beneath the dusty mantle of decay,
And though the bitter storms may wail, always
Soft south winds breathe again a sweet refrain,
And to a world of ruined beauty, aye
Great Spring comes singing from the south again.

Envoy.

O ye whose hearts are bowed 'neath sorrow's sway,
Know ye that sorrowing shall pass away,
Hope from despair shall bloom, joy out of pain;
And this the token,—through the world to-day
Great Spring comes singing from the south again.

Marion Cummings Stanley.

THE COST OF TECHNIQUE IN FICTION'

BY PHILIP TILLINGHAST

THERE can be no question that in technique the modern novelist has made vast strides. It would be well-nigh impossible to-day for any writer to find a publisher for a book as faultily and loosely constructed as most of the volumes of Dickens or even Thackeray. In those days it was the matter which was essential; the manner was left quite to the whim of the individual writer. The difference between the novel to-day and that of fifty years ago, so far as structure is concerned, is that between the carefully composed painting and the random snapshot of a pocket camera. To-day even the apprentice in fiction-making has a pretty good knowledge of its rules. It is often surprising to find certain admirable tricks of construction in otherwise quite mediocre novels; while among the better grade of novels, those that come well up in the second rank and just miss their title to a place in the first, the technique is usually very good indeed—so good that a critical mind has no difficulty whatever in discovering the structural reason for every important incident in the story; although having done so he may vigorously object to that structure on the ground that the original intention was a mistake in judgment.

But, having granted the modern advance in technique, and the consequent general improvement even in the inferior grade of fiction, we sometimes are forced to ask ourselves whether there has not been in some other respect a corresponding loss; whether, in other words, there has not been a rather heavy price paid for the sake of an improved technique. The early English novels, loose and rambling, shifting in point of view, and with constant exasperating intrusion of the author as self-appointed Master of the Show, nevertheless succeeded in giving us men and women who were alive—men and women who after the passage of half a century are still alive and seemingly in possession of a perpetual vitality. Uncle Toby, Squire Western, Mr. Micawber, Colonel Newcome, look out and

¹*The Glass House.* By Florence Morse Kingsley. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Romance of a Plain Man. By Ellen Glasgow. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

The Spell. By William Dana Orcutt. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The White Sister. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Inner Shrine. (Anonymous.) New York: Harper and Brothers.

Dragon's Blood. By Henry Milner Rideout. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

speak to us from the printed page as forcefully and eloquently as a Rembrandt portrait looks out and speaks to us from the canvas. Just why these characters out of a cruder art than that of to-day remain real, while the characters in the most finished modern novels rarely attain a nearer approach to flesh and blood than the antics of dancing shadows, is a phenomenon not easy to explain. It is not that they are "out of drawing," to use a phrase of the studio; on the contrary they are apt to be drawn very well indeed; you feel all the while how surprisingly close to life they come. And that is precisely the trouble; because so long as you consciously think of them as being life-like you fail to sense them as being alive. You take an intellectual cognizance of their joys and sorrows, but your pulse does not quicken or your color change, because emotionally they leave you cold. And this is almost inevitably the consequence of an intricate and overwrought technique, the consequence of working along the lines of artifice rather than of nature. You cannot make an eagle soar naturally in a small cage; you cannot develop a big human character within the hampering limits of a petty plot; you cannot make flesh-and-blood human beings if you force them to belie their own natures for the sake of obtaining symmetry of structure. Accordingly, when once in a long while one comes across a novel that, while incidentally well constructed, contains a number of human beings who, in their vital and intimate relations, touch one's heart with genuine gladness and pity, such a book deserves to be hailed with gratitude and congratulation.

Such a book beyond question is the new volume by Mrs. Florence Morse Kingsley, *The Glass House*. Mrs. Kingsley has enjoyed for several years a certain degree not only of popularity, but also of that more highly prized approval that comes from the discriminating few. Yet it must be frankly admitted that there was nothing in the previous work of the author of *The Singular Miss Smith* that would have justified the prophecy that she would ever produce a book of such quality as *The Glass House*. In the simple strength of its presentment of the minor tragedies of married life, the discontent that grows slowly but insistently from a scanty purse, the demoralization that comes from little

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daily neglect of household duties, the present reviewer recalls in recent years only one other volume where similar effects were obtained with a like economy of means—and that was Mr. George Horton's sombre and intimate drama of *The Long Straight Road*. Mrs. Kings-

ley has no new story to tell. The woman who, though loving her husband and her children, wearies of the daily grind of home duties, the

nerve-racking task of keeping up appearances on a limited income and succumbs to the temptation of bettering herself socially and financially, though husband and children suffer in consequence, is not a new figure in fiction. Nor is the problem which she confronts a new one—the problem whether a wife and mother is justified in shirking the drudgery of domestic cares, and giving herself heart and soul to creative work that means eventually success and fame and the fulfilment of long-cherished ambitions. But it matters little whether the theme of a novel is old or new if it can be worked out under new conditions and with a set of people so individual, so real, so vibrant with the pulses of life as are the characters in *The Glass House*. Edith Loomis, in the old college days, had been the one brilliant girl of her class, the girl of whom great things were expected in intellectual achievements; but some years of marriage to a hard working but unsuccessful man; the birth of three children; the daily grinding effort not merely to keep up appearances, but even to provide the needful clothing and the requisite three meals, necessarily banished all thoughts of a literary career as something hopelessly and absurdly impossible. The early dreams might never have awakened again did it not happen that one of her classmates, whom she remembers as a timid, dull-hued sort of girl and who has undergone a complete metamorphosis by marrying into wealth and position, chooses to seek her out and to insist that she no longer bury herself alive. “You must join our college club,” she tells her, “you must come to the next meeting and read to us that clever story you wrote in college;” and because Gertrude Poynter will not take no for an answer, Edith Loomis goes to the club and reads her story and has an ovation together with an offer for the story from a magazine editor—and incidentally she forgets all about her husband’s dinner, and thus begins a new era of literary success and domestic discomfort. With Edith Loomis’s literary successes the reader is not greatly concerned; the really important part of the book is the portrayal of the far-reaching effect her neglect has upon the character of the other people concerned—upon the husband, who little by little loses his grip on life because he is uncomfortable and discouraged and humiliated by seeing his wife’s hard-earned checks go to pay running expenses; on the oldest daughter, Louise who, lacking the needful maternal care through the crucial years of girlhood, develops all her worst traits of selfishness and envy and foolish vanity, and very nearly wrecks her life through sheer ignorance of what life means; and even on the younger children, on little Helen who, physically a mere child, rises splendidly to the occasion and bravely and ungrudgingly performs a woman’s task in bringing the neglected household into some sort of order, mothering as best she may

her disconsolate small brother and making herself the one small indispensable keystone that holds together the unstable household. These are just a few of the aspects which give the book a most uncommon strength and interest. In a word, it is a very forceful and eloquent object lesson in the relative values of money and position, genius and fame, love and sacrifice—and best of all, the lesson is not conveyed by any skilful artifice of technique. The author has simply set before us a group of real people, defined their relations toward one another and then has contented herself in letting them work out their own destinies without interference from herself. The book is not without an occasional crudity, but its net results might well be envied by many another contemporary writer of wider and bigger reputation.

The relation between happiness and money is also a leading motive in Ellen Glasgow's new volume, *The Romance of a Plain Man*. Perhaps the simplest as well as the shortest way to define this book is to say that it belongs in the same general class with "The Romance of a Plain Man" Professor Robert Herrick's admirable *Memoir of an American Citizen*; for both these books are written in the first person, both of them depict the efforts by which a self-made man has worked his way up from a friendless and obscure boyhood to the eventual triumph of achieved ambition—whether this ambition happens to be a seat in the United States Senate or the offer of the presidency of a railway. The chief difference between the two books is that of environment. Professor Herrick's book deals with the Chicago stock-yards, and all the attendant unsavory conditions of business dishonesty and political trickery. Miss Glasgow's book depicts life no more profoundly, it is true, but at least on a higher level both morally and socially. An atmosphere of old-fashioned Southern courtesy and breeding, of Southern standards of duty and honor pervades this book, as in a measure it pervades all of Miss Glasgow's books—but in none of the others to quite the same degree of perfection, quite the same attainment of delicate and subtle values. The main narrative quite lives up to the title. It is essentially the plain story of a plain man; a man who, because of his humble and rather vulgar origin, cannot understand the finer feelings of those more gently born. At heart, he has the right instincts. From earliest boyhood he has had one great ambition in life, namely, to become eventually president of the South Midland and Atlantic Railroad. But this ambition dates from the day when, as a small, ragged, not over-clean boy, he is told regretfully by a small, spotless and unattainable girl that she cannot play with him because he is common. Ben Starr wants education

and wealth and prestige, and he goes to work to get them, doggedly, relentlessly; but you know all the time that he does not want them for their own sake—he wants them at first in order to prove to Sally Bland that he is not common; and afterward, when he has proved to her that he is not common and has won her in the face of all the opposition of her family and her social world, he continues to want them and to strive for them because of a fixed idea that more money and more positions of trust will bring her greater happiness. As it happens, Ben Starr is mistaken in this belief, because the pursuit of wealth means a degree of absorption in his business that leave little time even to think of his wife and no time at all to place at her service. And yet he does not realize until almost too late that the only months of real happiness she has known was during a brief period of financial reverses, when he was struggling back to life after a protracted illness and she earning with her own hands the money needed for daily necessities. The ultimate lesson Miss Glasgow would teach seems to be this: that because he was a plain man, Ben Starr's self-education was necessarily slow; that because the obvious difference between himself and the men in Sally Bland's own class was money and position and education he made the natural mistake of thinking that the attainment and possession of these things was the one thing essential to success and happiness; and the last and most important lesson he had to learn was that the essential thing did not lie in these achievements but behind them—it lay in the power to mould his own character until he was capable of attaining his goal; but that having attained it, he might, and under the specific conditions of the story, actually did, better secure his wife's happiness and at the same time prove himself a bigger and finer man by missing his opportunity and deliberately sacrificing the ambition of a lifetime.

A recent book which serves excellently as a text from which to discuss the relations between modern technique and healthful realism is *The Spell*, by William Dana Orcutt. Here is a volume which is a good model of careful construction. It has its big central theme, both specific and general; on the one hand, the spell exerted by a bygone civilization over the men and women of to-day; on the other hand, the spell of a woman's fascination that little by little, almost unconsciously, comes over a married man because in this woman the spirit of the past seems to be incarnated. The scene of the story is wisely chosen: Florence, the city of the Renaissance, eternally young and yet living chiefly on her past glories. The actors in the story are one and all carefully chosen with an eye to strict economy of means and all dovetail into the completed picture with a nicety that errs only in being a little too clever to be quite lifelike. As

a human drama, the story ought to move the reader strongly. Here are a young couple on their honeymoon, realizing at last a cherished dream and free to spend many precious months in one of the most beautiful spots on earth. And just because the wife does not find herself interested in

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musty old manuscripts and yellowed parchments, she lets her husband go, day after day, to the old Florentine library in company with another woman, not realizing until the harm is done the folly of her course, and even then too proud to interfere. The author develops still another thought in his final working out of the situation; namely, that in life it often happens that what we seek for tirelessly elsewhere is often nearest at hand; that the glamour which hangs around ancient tradition and vanished epochs is often elusive in so far as we believe them something alien and strange to the best in our modern life, and that at last we may come to find, as the man in this story of *The Spell* came to find, that the true reincarnation of the past is not in the person of the woman who deliberately strove for this effect, but in that of the wife who was contented to be simply and naturally what nature meant her to be. All this, be it understood, is a statement of the effects which the book seemingly ought to produce rather than what it actually succeeds in producing. As a matter of fact, it falls measurably short of what it might have been, and the reason of its partial failure is because it lacks that indefinable and yet unmistakable note of human sympathy, that contagious appeal which, for lack of better terms, we refer to as real "flesh and blood," in so far as it pertains to characters, and as "atmosphere" in reference to the stage setting. The author describes his people well enough; we know the sort of people he has in mind, and we believe him thoroughly when he tells us how and when and where they rejoice or sorrow. But the fact remains that their sorrows and their joys leave us rather cold, because after all they are merely the joys and sorrows of some of the author's friends and not of our own—and that is the vital difference between a book like this and a book which tells us of the joys and sorrows of those who are intimate friends of ours—and this trick of making us feel a personal friendship is at once the hallmark of the really big novelist. It is not a trick easy to attain, and there are few more serious obstacles in the way of it than an exaggerated sense of the importance of technique.

Another recent volume which comes to mind in this connection, both because it is an Italian story and because it contains more of technique than of real substance, is *The White Sister*, the last novel of the late Francis Marion Crawford. While it is quite true that Mr. Crawford

could scarcely, even had he so desired, have written a really dull story, yet it is, on the other hand, equally true that during his later years he produced many volumes which were readable solely because of his marvellous craftsmanship, his astounding dexterity as a veteran teller of stories. It would be profitable some time to study rather carefully the

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history of Mr. Crawford's development from the publication of *Mr. Isaacs*, which may not unfairly be defined as possessing a maximum of raw material and a minimum of technique, down to this last book of his, which one is tempted to say represents a maximum of technique and a minimum of material. One hastens to add this qualification: plenty of things happen in *The White Sister*; but the material of which it is built comes too near to melodrama to be material worthy of the earlier Marion Crawford—the Marion Crawford of *The Roman Singer* and of *Saracinesca*. *The White Sister* is the story of a nun who has taken her final vows in one of the most rigid of Italian religious orders, because she not only has been discarded by her family as being illegitimate, but because she believes that her affianced husband has been massacred while serving on a military expedition to Africa. It happens that she has been mistaken in every particular: that she was not illegitimate, that she was not disinherited, and that her lover, after many years of captivity, makes his way home safe and sound. Hardly any one other than Mr. Crawford would have attempted the task, under such circumstances, of liberating the White Sister from her vows and making it possible for her to marry with the sanction of her church. Even he, one feels at times, hovers perilously near the low level of melodrama—and it is technique and nothing but technique that saves him.

Among the novels of the month which are attracting some attention, there is one that is likely to receive rather more than its due share of notice because of the utterly irrelevant circumstance that it is published anonymously—I refer to *The Inner Shrine*. It is not a well-constructed book; it is not a pleasant book; it is not even a plausible book—and yet it is one of those books that will be read and discussed and considerably overrated because, with all its faults, just a few of the characters do possess the merit of a living personality, the power of direct personal appeal. Skilfully disguised though it is, the plot is melodrama from first to last. A young Frenchwoman, unhappily married to an American, resident in Paris and rather foolishly striving by reckless gaiety to hide from herself her disappointment in the husband whom subsequent

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events prove to have been a spendthrift and a coward, suddenly finds herself a widow. From her many flirtations she has hitherto emerged unscathed, but her last victim proves to be a man who refuses to be made a laughing stock, and who revenges himself by ingeniously and systematically circulating lies about her. The husband believes these lies, challenges the other man, and then on the field of honor turns his pistol to his own temple and fires. It is only long afterwards that the widow learns these facts which prove her husband's lack of faith. Meanwhile, she has impoverished herself in order to make her husband's mother believe that the worthless son has settled an annuity upon her; she has come to America, has bravely earned her own living and has honestly won the esteem and love of another man, and is about to accept him. Then suddenly the melodrama begins. The Frenchman who drove the first husband to his death intervenes again with fresh lies. Prospective husband number two proves himself equally credulous, and the rate at which the lady's good name is torn into shreds both in public and in private by friends and enemies alike, is not merely absurd, but positively wasteful. One-tenth of the amount in real life would have ruined her beyond any hope of rehabilitation. That is why the book leaves any sane reader with an impression that it was not worth while. Here was rather a fine woman—in some ways a distinctly lovable woman—and the author has seen fit to treat her with an amount of insult and contempt that makes a mockery of probabilities—and yet he expects us to believe that she still respects and cares for the man who so outrageously misuses her. In spite of its crudities, the book in its earlier chapters has distinct possibilities; and one cannot help resenting the entirely unnecessary cheapness of its latter half.

The first impression that one brings away from *Dragon's Blood*, by Henry Milner Rideout, is that the author has yet much to learn on the technical side of his art. *Dragon's Blood* is not a novel; it is little more than a string of loosely connected episodes; it has no definite and consistent point of view; and if it has some single and paramount central idea, the author has failed to show it. It deals for the most part with the first impressions of a young German, upon his arrival, as local agent, for some big business house in an unsavory Chinese river-town; his introduction to the small group of fellow-exiles that constitute a wretched, homesick, fear-haunted little colony; and his gradual education in things Chinese, through the aid of a plague scare, a native

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uprising, and a prolonged siege with the prospect of nameless horrors at the end of it. Yet the author's purpose is hardly that of a study in character development, either of the young German or of his companions in danger. Neither is it a consistent and well-rounded narrative of adventure; for, although the book contains the raw material for half a dozen stories, it cannot be said, in the way it is here used, actually to get anywhere—it fails to work up to any real crisis, such as may fairly be demanded of every well-wrought novel.

Yet, in spite of these deficiencies, the fact remains that *Dragon's Blood* is a rather noteworthy achievement. It certainly forces one to see what the author wishes one to see. The sights are, many of them, extremely unpleasant, but this fact does not in the least diminish their sheer pictorial power. It reads like a book which has, in a certain sense, written itself, because the author is still thrilling and shuddering over impressions that refuse to be forgotten; and the result is that the book itself is equally difficult to forget. There is no escaping from the vividness of its evil sights, its loathsome smells, its pervading and relentless insistence on filth and degradation; swarming and unclean humanity, and all the unspeakable ooze and slime of a Chinese river-bank. One feels that the picture is overdrawn; it has that exaggerated note of color that one associates with the flamboyance of modern poster art. But, like the modern poster, it attains certain effects which could not be achieved by milder and more conventional means. And what the reader remembers is not alone a series of strange, exotic landscapes, redolent with picturesque squalor, but an equally painful impression of the long, half-hearted losing fight of white men and white women against the insidious poison of a fever-stricken country, the loneliness of exile, the general demoralization of a land where moral and ethical values have largely lost their significance. Under such conditions it is comparatively easy for an author, with a fresh and keen sense of the value of words, to make the few men and women of the story, who hold on to their old-time sense of honor and of right, stand out, in rather heroic proportion, against the physical and moral murk of the background. The episodes, unfortunately, are too long for quotation, and too closely dependent upon each other to be effectively epitomized, but we can, at least, quote a single paragraph of the purely pictorial side of the book, in order to give some idea of its graphic value.

They had left behind the silted roadstead, and now, gliding on a gentle flood, entered the river-mouth. Here and there, against the saffron tide, or under banks, quaggy as melting chocolate, stooped a naked fisherman, who—swarthy as his

background but for a loin-band of yellow flesh—shone wet and glistening while he stirred a dip-net through the liquid mud. Faint in the distance harsh cries sounded now and then, and the soft popping of small arms—tiny revolts in the reign of a stillness aged and formidable. Crumbling walls and squat ruins, black and green-patched with mould—old towers of defence against pirates—guarded from either bank the turns of the river. In one reach, a “war-junk,” her sails furled, lay at anchor, the red and white eyes staring fish-like from her black prow: a silly monster, the painted tompions of her wooden cannon aiming drunkenly askew, her crew’s wash fluttering peacefully in a line of blue dungaree.

A man who can write a paragraph like the above is well worth watching. Technique, so far as he needs it, is bound to come in time, for technique is that part of the art of fiction which may be taught; but not all the technique in the world can help a writer to the acquirement of an ability to see life strongly and to picture what he sees—and this is a gift which Mr. Rideout unquestionably possesses.

Philip Tillinghast.



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